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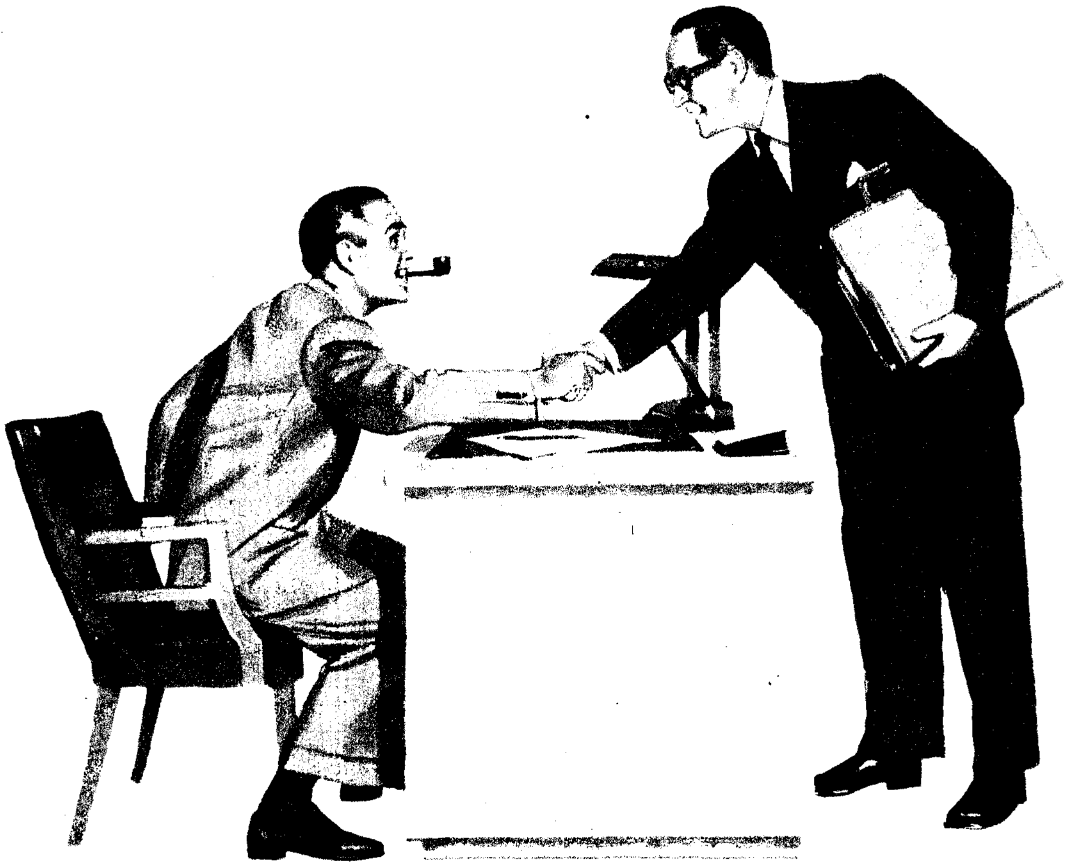

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December 8, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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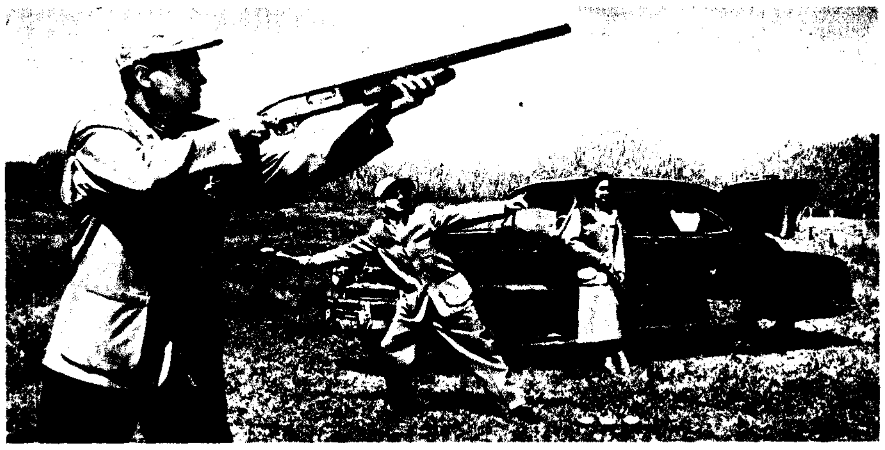

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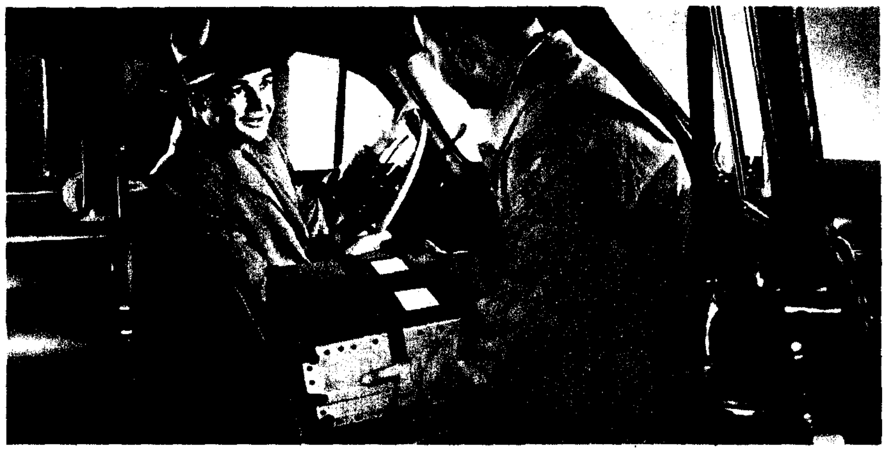

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The Cover

In a sheltered inlet off the muddy Mississippi at Helena, Arkansas, the mixed crew of the raft Lethargia relaxed while photographer Lew Merrim took their picture from the deck of a railroad car ferry. The participants in the 95-day, 1,800-mile voyage from New Kensington, Pennsylvania, to New Orleans (left to right): Mary Ellin McCrady, Milton Borden, Geraldine Garcia (with Delilah, the dog) and Donald Brown. For a report of this extraordinary adventure, by Collier's Bill Davidson, see page 15.

Week's Mail

Balts, not Slavs

EDITOR: I have read the thoroughly comprehensive, factually vivid survey Tyrannies Must Fall, by Allan Nevins (Oct. 20th).

However, the author, in referring to the Soviet dictatorship's purpose to erase the established sense of nationality of all surrounding countries of the U.S.S.R., states: ". . . It (the Soviet dictatorship) holds not only Poland, Bulgaria, Slovakia and the Baltic States, which are mainly Slavic . . ." In the interest of accuracy, may I note that this statement, branding the Baltic States as being mainly Slavic, is rather incorrect.

These Baltic States—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania—are populated by 6,000,000 people who have never in the past had, and who do not in the present have, any ethnical and linguistic kinship with the Slavs. On the contrary, the Baltic peoples have courageously fought to maintain their own national, non-Slavic integrity, independence and the rights of self-government on the lands in which they have been rooted for the centuries.

JANIS LIELMEZS, Wheat Ridge, Colo.

. . . The line of Mr. Nevins' argument in his colorful article is that history shows that tyrannies must fall. To follow that line, it seems also fair to say that history shows that every type of government must fall, and this definitely includes democracies. The question is not really whether a given type of government must or will fall, but rather when it will do so, and how.

The life expectancy of tyrannies (still basing ourselves on history) is in general much longer than that of democracies. Individual dictators cannot, of course, reign past their individual life spans, but the systems they erect often last for centuries after them. EDMOND BLUM, New York, N.Y.

The Versatile Maria

EDITOR: The very striking cover and two-page color spread on Maria Riva (Top Hatters' Top Hats, Oct. 13th) is of special interest to us at CBS-TV, for we recently signed Miss Riva to a long-term contract.

Your idea of seeing what five of the top designers could do with a batch of material, including a toy telephone, was an amusing conception, and to have chosen Maria Riva to model the hats an equally smart idea. For not only does Miss Riva look charming in the hats, but so different in each picture.

Miss Riva's ability to change her appearance so completely with each role she plays is a tremendous asset to any actress, but of vital importance to a television star. Miss Riva in one season will have played more parts than most Broadway or Hollywood actresses portray in a lifetime. And, in a single performance, she is seen by more people than see a hit Broadway play in its entire run.

So far this year, Miss Riva has appeared on Studio One as a princess; as a destitute Viennese; as the favorite model of the great Rembrandt; as a sweet, unsophisticated English girl and as an Italian inmate of a Nazi prison. On Danger and The Web she has been seen as a night-club entertainer, a gun moll and a nurse. And, recently, on Lux Video Theater, she was the beautiful wife of a notorious Nazi official.

WORTHINGTON MINER, New York, N.Y.

More Eggnog

EDITOR: Sincere congratulations and admiration for the Preview of the War We Do Not Want (Oct. 27th). The nub of the matter is in your own words on page 17: "The free world has no quarrel with the oppressed Russians, but only with their Soviet masters." Our leaders and lawmakers have frequently avowed this during the past five years. Why, then, do they not, in accordance with their oaths of office, proceed by every means directly against the only enemies of the United States, the Soviet masters? A dictatorship cannot change its outlook and policies. It is not a government. It represents only itself, a criminal clique menacing the world. One thing can prevent the Unwanted War—recognition of these facts and prompt leadership by ourselves in action by the free nations.

RAY L. MERRILL, Denver, Colo.

. . . The first step of any potential enemy will be to gain control of the Middle East oil fields, for without them he is doomed to failure from the beginning. Victory is spelled OIL, *not* AEC.

CLARENCE B. FOLSOM, JR., Arvada, Colo.

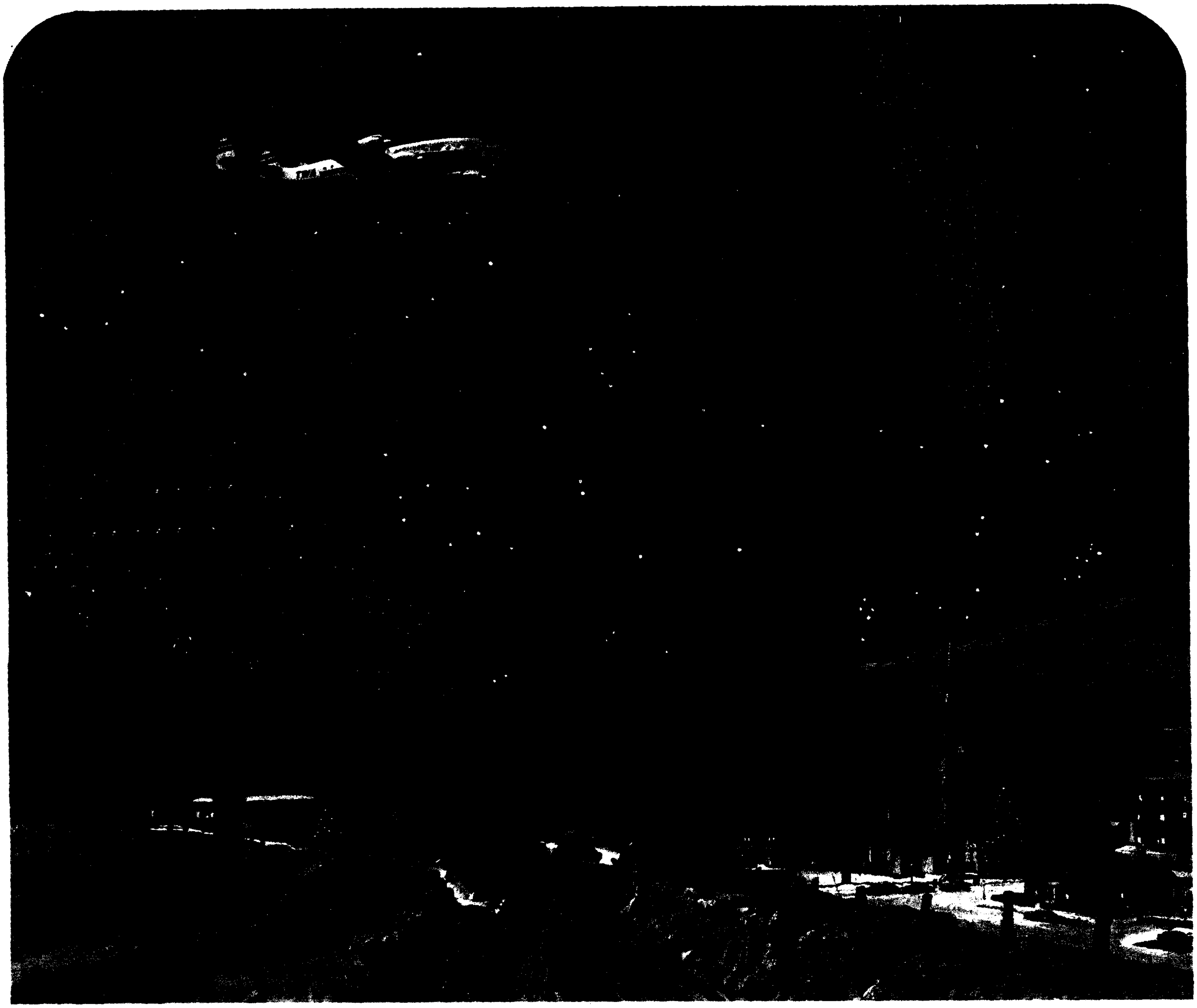
. . . I bought my copy of Collier's this morning and, at the risk of losing my job, have not put it down since then. I've also skipped lunch. As I finished each article, I searched my desk thesaurus for the proper words. None of them can convey my feeling, which is not only one of admiration and praise, but of thanks. You must be very proud. Congratulations!

L. HENRY KOVELL, Hollywood, Calif.

. . . That an organization of your standing should devote an entire issue to this most important current international problem and prospective holocaust should greatly stimulate interest and enthusiasm in civil defense programs and civil defense organizations throughout the nation. . . .

We here believe (1) that if we do not prepare, mentally and physically, to meet and recover from such an attack, we could be overwhelmed by the disaster of war with Communism; (2) that if we do develop civil defense and do have to utilize it in meeting a Communist attack, we can save thousands of lives, and perhaps freedom itself, as exemplified by our way of life; (3) that if we

(Continued on page 10)



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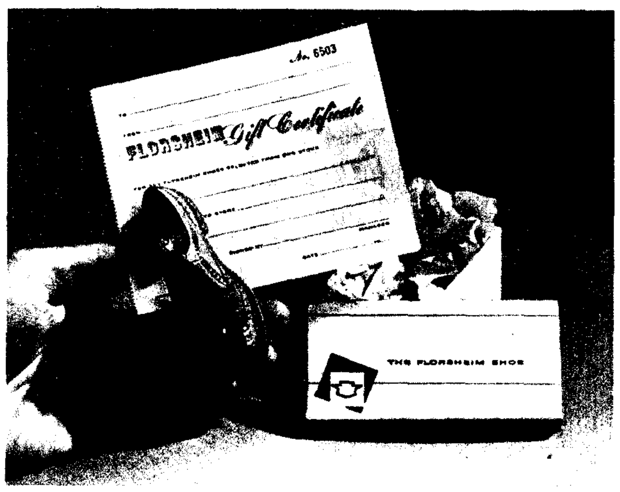
for Christmas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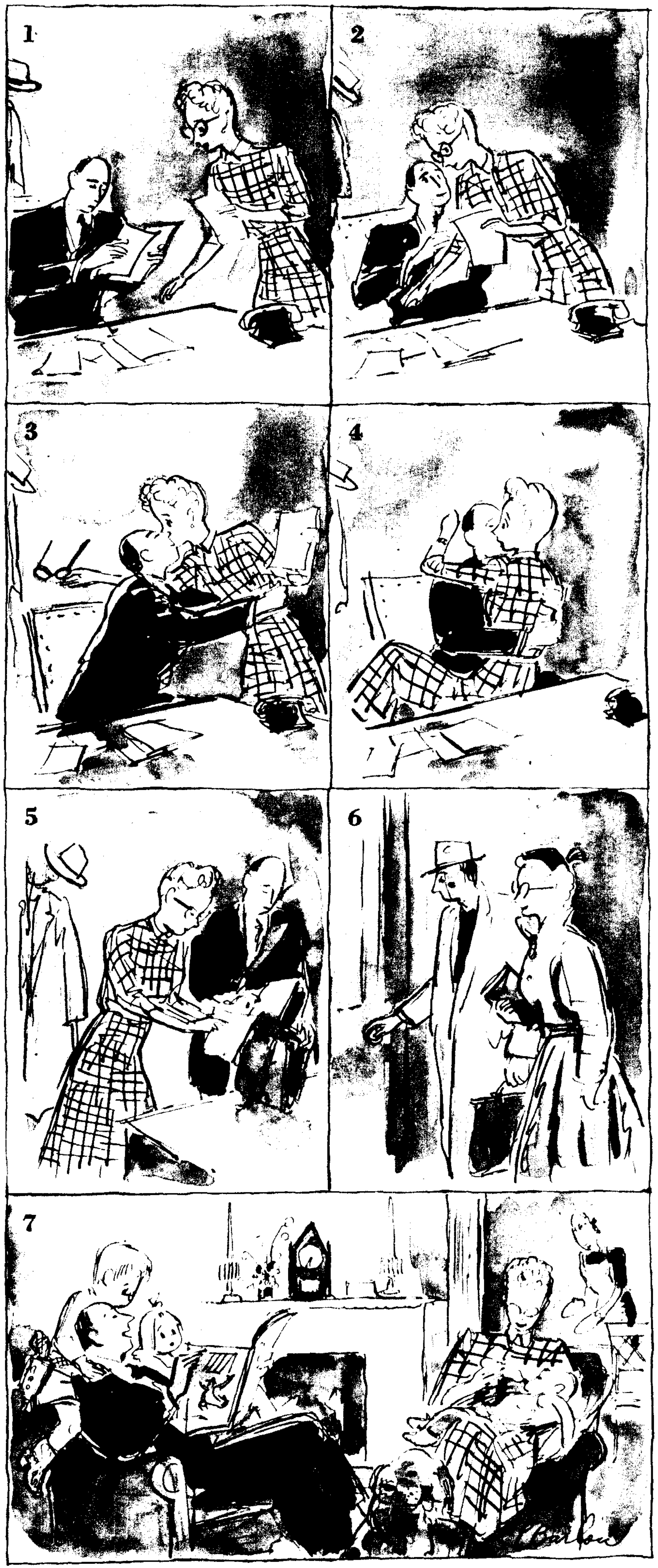
THE SECRETARY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Barlow

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

None of our business, of course, but we'd still like to know what Elizabeth and Philip said about us after they got home, took off their shoes and gathered around the fireplace with the family.

★ ★ ★

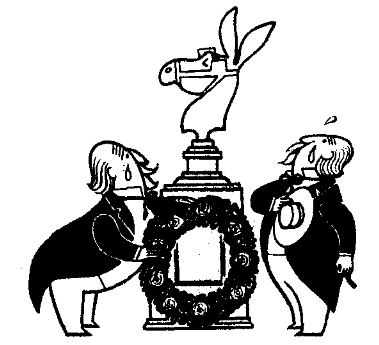
We've just read an editorial in the University of Virginia's student daily, the Cavalier. The writer of this upsetting leader urges that the heavy dough to obtain football stars put up by old grads of so many schools be diverted to strengthening faculties, financing nonathletic scholarships, paying for important researchings and similar nonexciting intellectual projects. Well, you know what they say about daydreaming young idealists.

★ ★ ★

There was a time in our thoughtless youth when we laughed lightly at the Honorable Clare Hoffman, Representative in Congress from Michigan. Mr. Hoffman is an anti-pockets man. He wears suits which have no outside pockets in the coat and only two (both hip) in the trousers. Used to give us quite a heavy chuckle. But the news from the Internal Revenue offices in San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and elsewhere has convinced us that maybe too many of our important public servants have too many pockets. For two cents—a modest sum that we could readily carry in our hatband—we'd organize a new national political party. Call it the No Pockets party. After being elected, our entire slate of candidates would be obliged to wear special improved Hoffmans—no pockets at all.

★ ★ ★

All sorts of intelligences are coming in to the old Forty-eighter's desk. . . . In Nebraska, about one out of every five employed residents is on a government payroll—federal, state and local. . . . A doctor in Maine announces that the more you weigh, the more and louder you snore. True snoring, says he, begins at about a hundred and eighty pounds. . . . A burglar in Alabama jimmied into a parsonage and stole 76 sermons from his own pastor. . . . Good Citizens Mr. and Mrs. John Carnahan needed a house to live in. Bought 20 acres of woodland near Pine Village, Indiana, and together felled trees enough to build a fine log cabin with their own hands. Cost them $200. . . . Farmer in Iowa was proudly showing off his new mechanical corn picker. Got too close and the contraption ripped off his pants. While trying to retrieve them, the machine snatched the shirt off his back. Got away in his shorts and shoes. . . . Mr. Jenkins Pratt, of Salamanca, New York, says he wishes history would stop repeating itself. Says every time it does, the price goes up. . . . And another gentleman, who doesn't give his name, says from Paducah, Kentucky, that it's all right to say there's nothing certain except death and taxes, but that dying doesn't get tougher every time Congress convenes. . . . Memorial services for the vanishing mule were held in Elberton, Georgia. Eulogies were delivered. Tears were shed. Meeting ended with the singing of: "Oh, the brown Missouri mule has a copper-plated throat, and the welkin splits apart when he hits an upper note."



LOWELL HESS

★ ★ ★

Yep, Old Forty-eight is getting quite a shower of mail . . . In Henderson County, the betting is nine to five that gambling won't be wiped out in that part of Kentucky . . . The University of Chicago has been looking for an editor of the student weekly, The Maroon, who will sit at his desk and handle copy instead of roaming around dredging up stuff he won't be in his office to edit . . . Elm virus and oak wilt are killing thousands of trees in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and the rest of the South . . . Fellow named Blount—Theodore B.—wants us to buy a yacht. Says he hasn't got one to sell at the moment, but will look around, if we're in the market . . . Bicycle Information Bureau writes from Chicago that by the first of the year Americans will own one bicycle for every 2½ cars, trucks and busses now on the roads . . . National Dunking Association is sending out official dunking bibs, pinkie rests and membership badges. Have abandoned the old-fashioned sling for the pinkie, or little finger. Interfered with free arm action . . . Dr. F. T. Goldfrap, of Muncie, Indiana, tells us that "Texas has recovered from her inferiority complex." That's something we had missed . . . Buried Treasure Association of Wallula, Washington, is about to go out of existence. Government flooding the sand dunes near that town where gold worth millions was supposed to have been buried by bandits back in 1873 . . . Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, predicts that the Florida season will be a success this winter in spite of the absence of government officials from Washington enjoying on-the-cuff vacations . . . Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, (population 1,000) knows what's going on with the Influence Boys. All government business is conducted in the local post office. And there's a sign conspicuously posted on the door: "SORRY—NO FAVORS."

★ ★ ★

Now that we've recorded all that, let's get on with major problems. For example, if you didn't know there was a black market in hospital interns, you had nothing on us. But the Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Medical Bulletin says so and we've never yet caught the Bulletin lying. Seems there aren't enough medical-school graduates to go around. Therefore, the hospitals are send-

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Here's "Howdy", the idol of millions of kids in a delightful Yuletide comedy — all about an overdue Santa Claus, a space ship dash to the North Pole and an awful mistake by Ugly Sam! See Howdy Doody, Clarabell, Buffalo Bob and the whole TV cast make it possible for Santa to bring a Merry Christmas to children everywhere!

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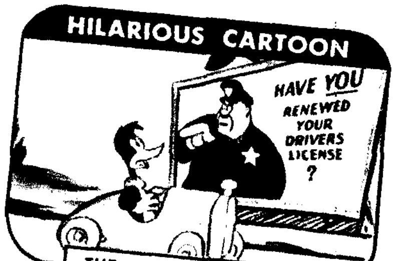
Amazing, intimate action shots of a rowdy, mischievous trio of baby bears! They stampede horses and take possession of a deserted camp for a riot of fun!

HILARIOUS CARTOON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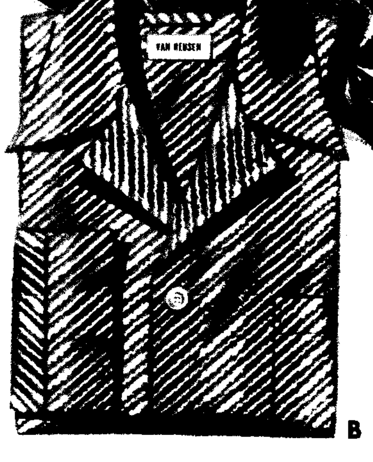
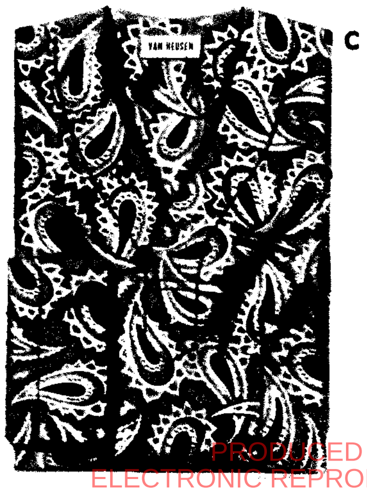
Van Heusen
REG. T. M.
pajamas to all
and to all a good night





'Twas the night after Christmas, and oh, how he sleeps! Yes, give him sweet dreams for Christmas . . . give him Van Heusen pajamas. Eye-opening patterns . . . eye-closing fabrics that are washable. Better yet, Van Heusen has sewn in the relaxation . . . makes them roomy in the right places. All three exclusive patterns available in button and pullover models.

A. Pinwheel Patterns, **$4.95**
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ing scouts to the medical schools and signing up the lads before graduation. The Bulletin doesn't say what the inducements are—better-looking nurses, TV in intern quarters, shorter hours or what. We're told, too, that there's a grey market in grey ladies, but the Bulletin ignores that. A grey lady is a lady who reads to patients in hospitals—between the rounds being made by black-market interns.

★ ★ ★

With things the way they are, it's becoming harder and harder to concentrate. For example, there's that lady in Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Will T. Preeble notifies us she discovered suddenly that her house was on fire. Naturally she telephoned the fire department. But for the life of her, she couldn't remember her own address. Gave the wrong street and wrong number. Firemen tore off amid bloodcurdling siren screams. But they didn't find the fire. Just about then, the lady remembered. She phoned again—and she got it right this time. Fire department tried new address. Okay. Fire out. Of course, it didn't do the house much good.

★ ★ ★

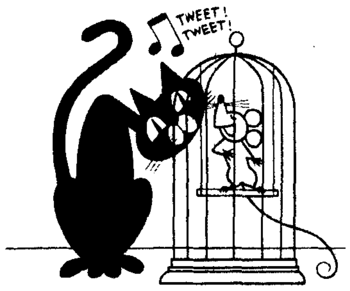
We were invited to enter a cooking contest in Jackson, Mississippi. An all-male affair, limited to men who can—or think they can—cook. We have submitted our favorite recipe. As we understand it, a jury takes this recipe, puts it on the fire, then decides whether we really can cook or just mess up the kitchen. We sent them our directions for making clam chowder. Haven't heard yet. With our customary modesty, we claim to brew the best clam chowder ever hung together since the stuff was discovered, according to the best information we have, by Captain Jabez Pethwick in 1762 at Marblehead, Massachusetts. You take—but never mind. We shall withhold the details until we receive that award from the contest at Jackson.

★ ★ ★

Old Forty-eight's Collier's associate, Midwest Editor Bill Fay, has come up with a discovery which should make the lives of all young parents a great deal more endurable. Mr. Fay has three offspring—the oldest slightly less than four. They demand bedtime stories. They have their favorites and insist on them. And the slightest ad lib in any of the stories comes in for sharp criticism, the kids never failing to correct Mr. Fay for a deviation. After several tough arguments about how the stories should go, Mr. Fay went forth and bought a recording machine. And now he merely sits at the bedside while the words—of the approved versions—come off the tape. The kids have told him several times that his presence is not necessary.

★ ★ ★

More mail for 48. . . . Washington has just sent 500 used taxicabs to Finland. Nice way to treat a nation that's always paid her debts. . . . Forty square feet of ceiling fell on an audience in a Union City, New Jersey, burlesque house. Audience was stamping on the floor, yelling, "Take it off." . . . New draftee in Chicago told a sergeant he thought it silly for the government to be spending millions to encourage enlistments when a guy was going to be drafted anyway. Sergeant said: "Gotta do something with the money. Want it to lay around in the Treasury to get moldy?" . . . From various spots in these forty-eight states come reports of (a) a mouse that sings like a mockingbird, (b) a cat that catches crickets alive for her biologist owner, (c) a catfish that grabbed a pelican by the throat, dragged it underwater and drowned it, (d) a horse which won't eat oats unless they're cooked, and (e) a black bear with antlers.


TWEET!
TWEET!

★ ★ ★

Guess we'd better stop before things get any worse.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

do have the best civil defense we are capable of producing and do not need it, we will be the luckiest people on earth.
THANE M. DUREY, Painesville, Ohio

. . . I am certain that because of the masterful editorial presentation it will have an effect on people beyond the borders of our country. I firmly hope that it will help to save the world from the war, which, as you so ably point out, none of us wants.
SYDNEY H. EIGES, New York, N.Y.

. . . In a war with Russia, victory would be only a little less disastrous than defeat. We should find ourselves compelled to police the entire world. That would compel us to transform our nation into a militaristic state, more absolute and grandiose than Hitler's.

Possibly some elements in our society would like that. It would be the end, however, of the America in which we have grown up and which we love. I would as soon be vaporized by an atomic bomb.
W. H. ROBERTS, Larson College, Conn.

. . . Collier's has tried many devices to increase its circulation but your jingo issue of October 27th—Russia's Defeat and Occupation 1952-1960—is certainly an all-time low.

Here's my reaction as a magazine reader—never to buy an issue of Collier's or to have a copy in my home. I dare you to publish this letter—I hope many thousands of your readers feel the same as I do about this inexcusable issue.
PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER,
President, Best & Company, New York

Best's block-away neighbor, Saks Fifth Avenue, thought so well of the October 27th Collier's that it exhibited the issue's original art work in its main display window.

. . . That's a chilling and impressive and important issue of Collier's for October 27th and, in my opinion, is a definite public service. I hope it is a complete sellout and the hand-to-hand distribution is enormous. If everybody doesn't know about this subject matter, then too few people know about it.
H. B. RORKE, Chicago, Ill.

Let's Not Be Literal

EDITOR: I have been reading your Week's Mail. It seems to me that some of the letters are rather juvenile. Does it really matter whether a man in a picture is wearing a white or Oxford gray suit, or whether a tree grows up or out?

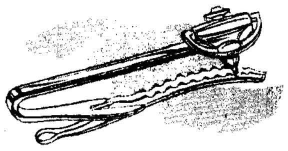
Personally, if the joke can bring a smile or the story take one's mind off personal and world troubles, I really think they are well worth space and error.

I enjoy your magazine very much.
MRS. MARION MAGGARD, Shawnee, Kans.

"What so proudly we hail"...

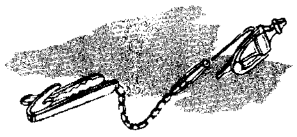
by RAY HICKOK

Each design on this page depicts a proud chapter out of American history. . . from the replica of the hand-cast Door Knockers that once graced our stately Colonial mansions, to the sturdy Conestoga Wagon Wheels that rolled Westward to span a continent . . . each is an authentic symbol of the American traditions that are, today, the hope of tomorrow's world.



Ever see a Bantam Crocodile?

The tie bars on your right are our new Hickok Bantam or Demi-length design. They can be centered on any width of tie. And each one of them features our exclusive Hickok Crocodile Grip. The important features of this patented grip are that it slips on and off easily, holds tie firmly, neatly centered in place, and cannot harm the fabric of your shirt or necktie.



Ascot, the aristocrat of tie guards . . .

The ancestor of our Ascot Tie Guard, shown on the tie to the right, was born away back in the Edwardian Era, when men affected the type of neckwear we see today only at formal morning weddings. The virtues of the Ascot Tie Guard are that it seems to float on your tie, permits it to flow or drape gracefully, yet holds it anchored securely and correctly centered in place.

Awarded America's highest style tribute . . . the 1951 Fashion Academy Gold Medal

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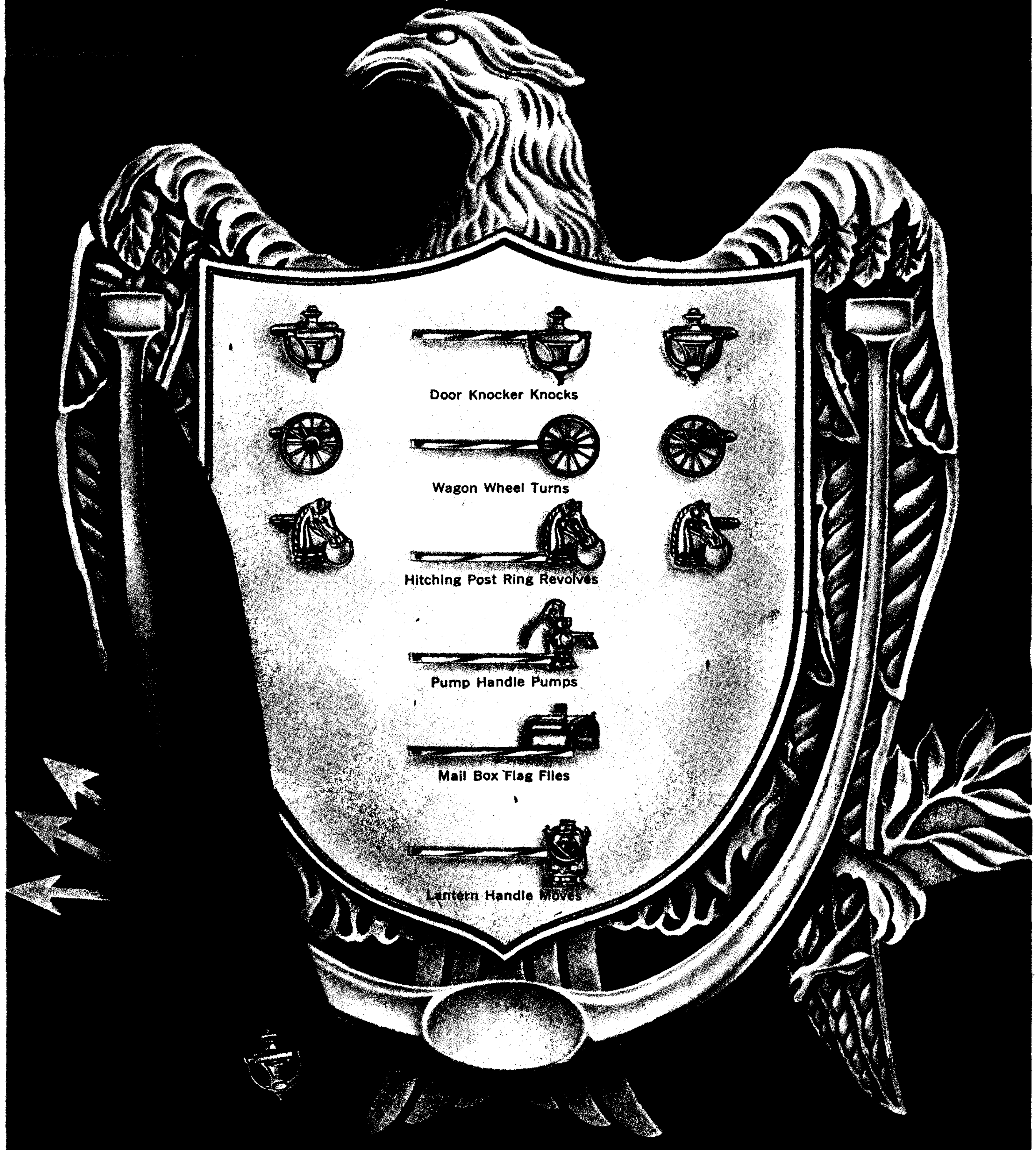
AMERICAN TRADITIONAL

MOVABLE MINIATURE

Jewelry by Hickok



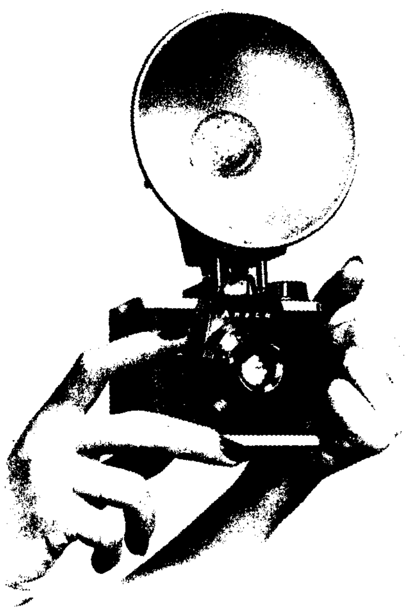
All designs available in both Bantam Tie Bars, as shown above, and in Ascot Tie Guards, as on tie at left, $2.50. Cuff Links, only in designs illustrated, $2.50. All prices plus Fed. Tax.

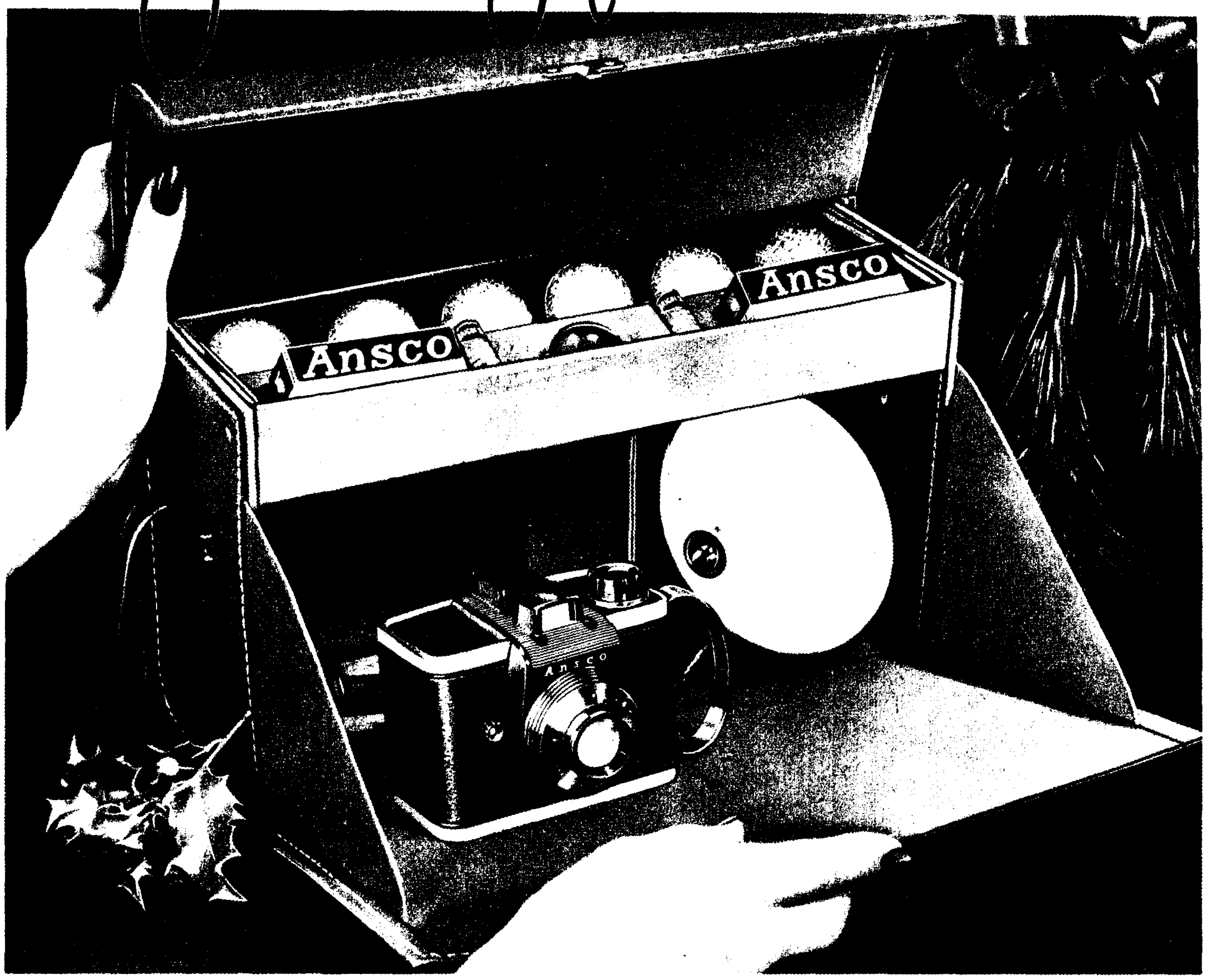
HICKOK

Quality · Style Leadership

BELTS • BUCKLES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • SUSPENDERS

Solve Your Gift Problems

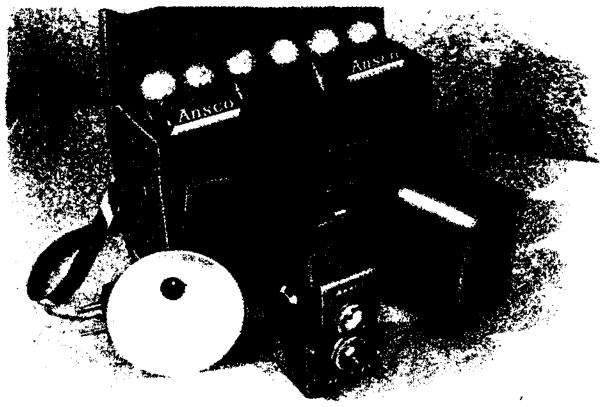




America's Newest Camera Value!

ANSCO READYFLASH OUTFIT

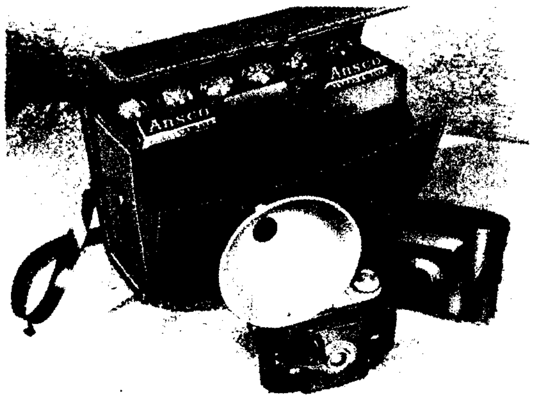
The rich pigskin grained Texon carry-all case contains the new Ansco Readyflash Camera, complete with flash attachment, 6 flashlamps, portrait lens, and 2 rolls of Ansco Supreme Film. Everything needed for 2¼ x 3¼" pictures indoors or out . . . Christmas morning and all year long. ***A real Ansco Value at $15.60***



Superb Gift Value!

ANSCO REDIFLEX OUTFIT

Popular reflex-type Ansco Rediflex Camera, complete with eveready case, flash attachment, 6 flashlamps, portrait lens and 2 rolls of Ansco Supreme film. Makes 12 2¼ x 2¼" pictures on 620 film. In attractive luggage-tan carry-all case. . . . . . ***A real Ansco Value at $24.35***



A Complete Outfit, Nothing Extra to Buy!

ANSCO FLASH CLIPPER OUTFIT

The famous Flash Clipper Camera in attractive luggage-tan carry-all case with flash unit, 6 flashlamps, eveready camera case and 2 rolls of Ansco Supreme film. Makes album-size 2 1/16 x 2½" pictures. . . . ***A real Ansco Value at $26.35***

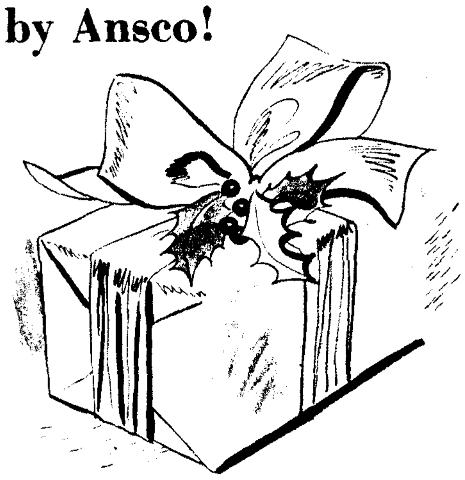
3 ROLLS
GUARANTEED
620 SIZE
Ansco
THER FILM

SAVE 5¢ A ROLL—Ansco All-Weather Film in New 3 Roll Economy Pack!

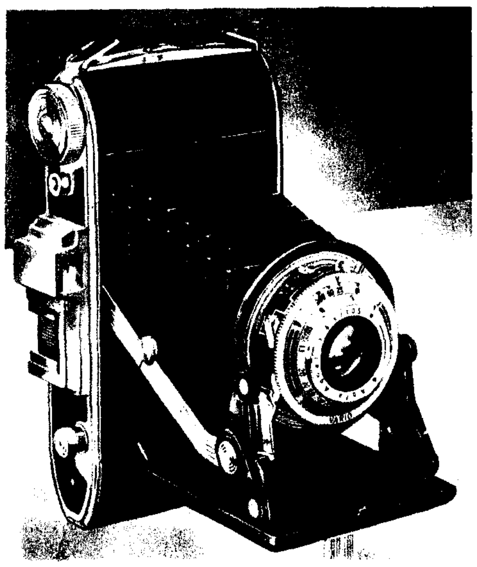
Remember, only Ansco All-Weather Film guarantees you perfect pictures . . . in *any* camera . . . in *all* weather . . . *all* the time . . . indoors or out. Yes, you call your snapshots perfect OR YOU GET A NEW ROLL FREE! Packed in gleaming foil for lasting freshness.

with Ansco Cameras

Dealers, everywhere, now display this wide range of precision-made cameras . . . priced to fit any budget . . . fully guaranteed by Ansco!



Why not make this Christmas a photographic Christmas? Just think of the years of pleasure you will be giving . . . the joy of being a proud owner of one of these handsome Ansco Cameras . . . *all* precision-made and engineered to the highest quality standards. Your dealer is ready, now, to show you why an Ansco Camera is a wonderful buy for the money! See him today . . . and start your Christmas shopping early!

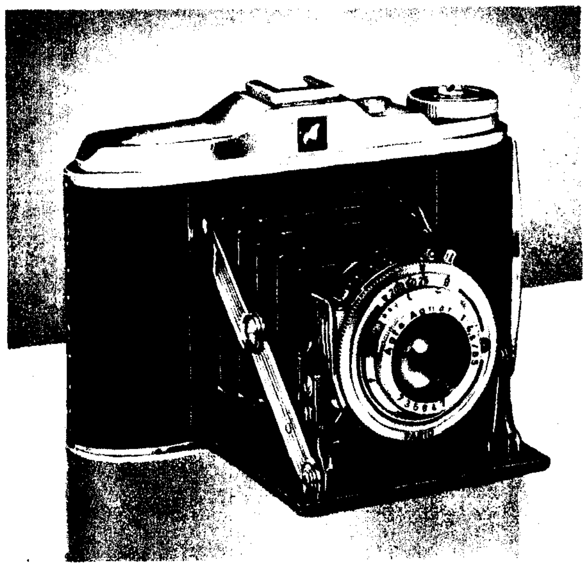


Smart Styling and Rugged Construction

ANSCO VIKING f6.3

Coated Agfa Agnar f6.3 anastigmat lens. Flash-synchronized shutter with speeds to 1/200 second, plus bulb. All metal body with built-in shutter release. Optical-type eye-level view finder. Makes 2¼ x 3¼" pictures on 120 film. . . **A real Ansco Value at $35.05**

With coated Agfa Agnar f4.5 lens. . **$48.65**

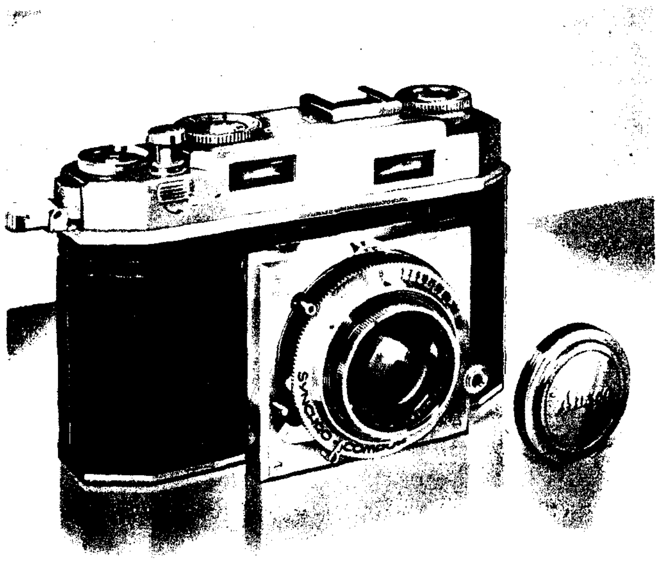


The Gift for Lifetime Satisfaction

ANSCO SPEEDEX f4.5

Coated Agfa Agnar f4.5 anastigmat lens in flash-synchronized shutter. All metal body. Built-in shutter release. Optical-type eye-level view finder. Easy-loading swing-out film spool. Makes 12 2¼ x 2¼" pictures on 120 film. . . **A real Ansco Value at $36.50**

Speedex f4.5 Special. Apotar f4.5 lens in Prontor shutter. Double-exposure eliminator. **$48.65**



Beautifully Made Precision Instrument

ANSCO KAROMAT

Coated Xenon or Heligon f2.0 anastigmat lens in Synchro Compur Rapid shutter with nine speeds to 1/500 second, plus T and B. Lens-coupled, split-image range and view finder; rapid film transport and shutter cocking lever; self-erecting front with 6 point suspension. All metal body, satin chrome finish, genuine leather covering. Uses standard 35mm magazines. . . . . **A real Ansco Value at $164.10**

Viking, Speedex and Karomat Cameras are precision-made by Agfa craftsmen in the American Zone of Germany. These cameras carry the Ansco name and guarantee.

Ansco

the gift that gives the year 'round

Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.
"From Research to Reality."

Eveready Cases for Ansco Cameras

Each case is beautifully made of rich grained genuine leather, carefully stitched and lined. All cases are equipped with convenient carrying straps.
The Speedex and Viking cases have separate snap-lock compartments to accommodate filters, close-up lenses or cable release.

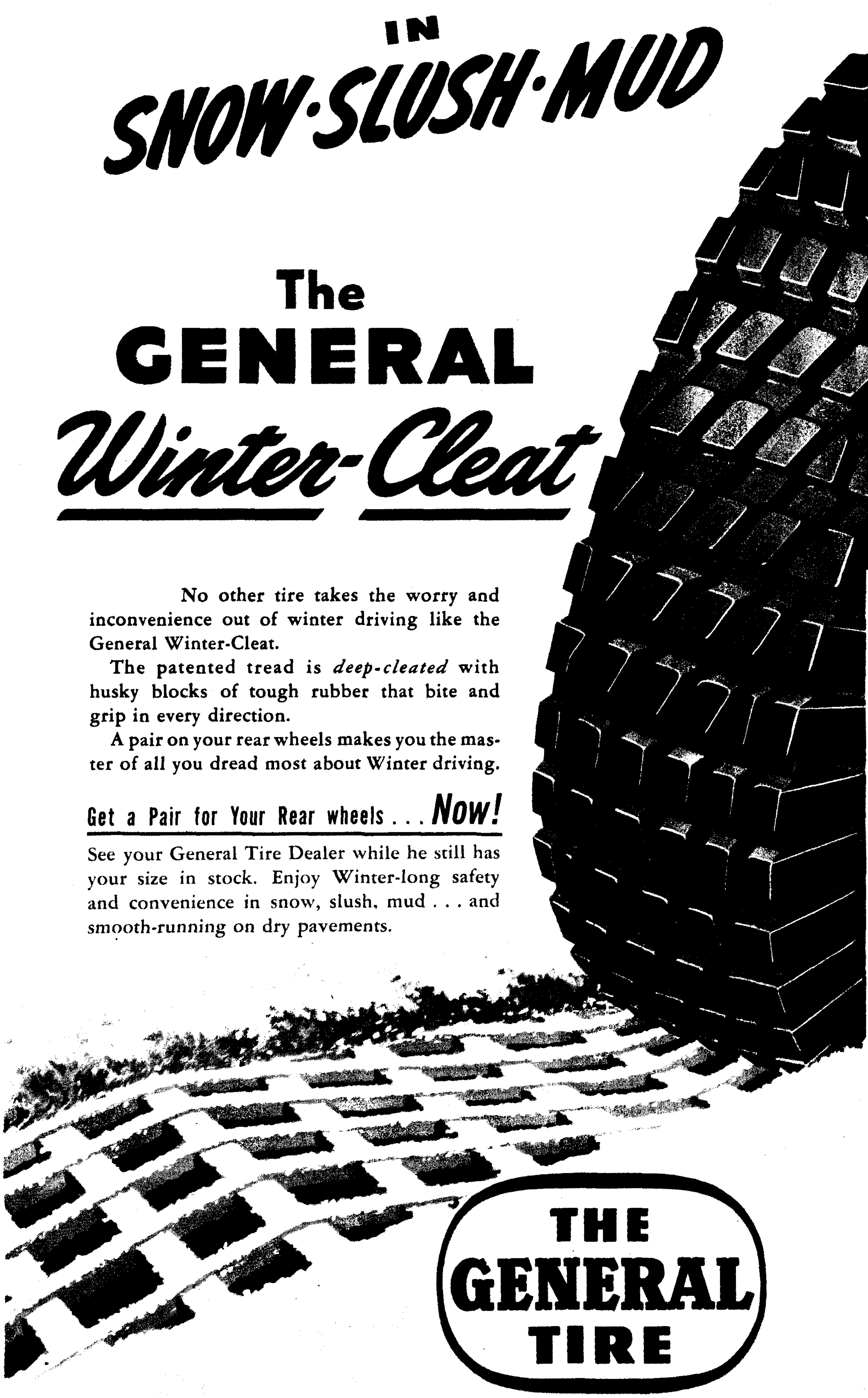
Case for Speedex and Viking Cameras	**$ 6.95**
Case for Karomat Camera	**12.50**

320 Tough Rubber Cleats Grip...

IN

SNOW·SLUSH·MUD

The GENERAL *Winter-Cleat*



No other tire takes the worry and inconvenience out of winter driving like the General Winter-Cleat.

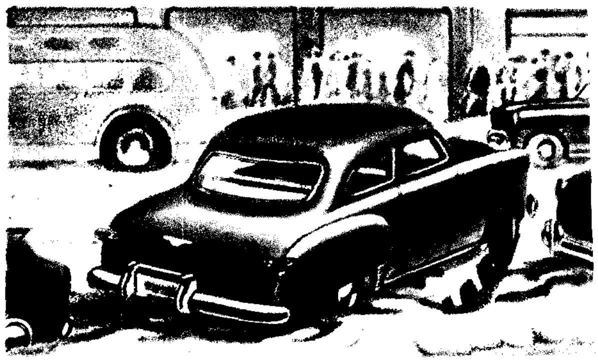
The patented tread is *deep-cleated* with husky blocks of tough rubber that bite and grip in every direction.

A pair on your rear wheels makes you the master of all you dread most about Winter driving.

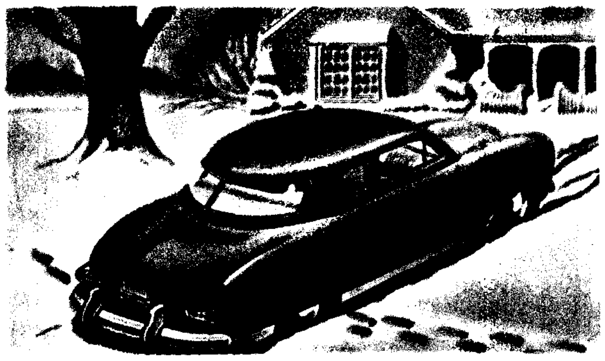
Get a Pair for Your Rear wheels . . . *Now!*

See your General Tire Dealer while he still has your size in stock. Enjoy Winter-long safety and convenience in snow, slush, mud . . . and smooth-running on dry pavements.

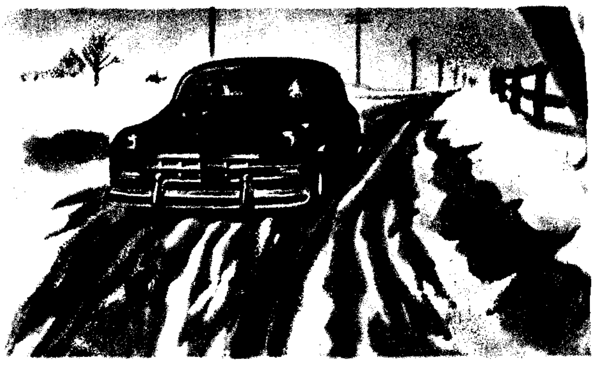
THE GENERAL TIRE



SLUSHY, ICY GUTTERS—With Winter-Cleats you pull away, easily from ice-rutted curbs.



INCLINED DRIVEWAYS—No slip, no spin. No need to spread unsightly ashes or salt.



UNIMPROVED ROADS—Winter-Cleats are deep cleated to GRIP hard in mud and mire.

©1951 THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

RAFT OF FUN

By BILL DAVIDSON

Pennsylvania to Louisiana in the Huck Finn way—that's the exciting saga of these two girls and two boys, complete with storybook adventures of all kinds

I

EVER since Mark Twain wrote The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn in 1884, it has been the secret desire of millions of Americans to emulate the young Mississippi voyager—to construct a raft and float down a river on it, escaping from the world in carefree Huck Finn fashion, never knowing what adventures might befall them each day.

Last summer, two young men and two young women did just that, spending 95 days in a leisurely, yet exciting voyage through the heartland of America, down the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

In the course of their 1,866-mile trip, the four adventurers—Mary Ellin McCrady, Geraldine Garcia, Milton E. Borden, Jr., and Donald A. Brown—drifted through some of America's most historic country: past the scenes of George Washington's early military triumphs, the waterways followed by Daniel Boone and the great French explorers, the great houses of the ante-bellum Southern aristocracy, and the roistering Mississippi River towns that have not changed much since Mark Twain's day.

During their journey, the four young people on the raft faced perils almost daily, in whirlpools, under caving banks, beneath the bows of oncoming vessels, over the spillways of dams; and from contact with poisonous water snakes, drunks, the changing river bed, and other assorted dangers of the river.

As the result of all this, the name of their craft, the Lethargia (meaning "slow-moving one") became almost as well known as another famous raft, Kon Tiki, to anyone who came within range of newspaper, radio or newsreel during the months of July through October, 1951.

Despite all this publicity, many questions still remain to be answered about the Voyage of the Lethargia. How did those four strangers get along, dealing with one another day in and day out for the more than three months of the trip? Did any romance develop in the extremely close quarters of the tiny 12- by 20-foot raft? How did they manage the necessities of everyday living? The answers to these questions tell the inside story of a fascinating saga.

The Voyage of the Lethargia took root mostly in the restless nature of Mary Ellin McCrady. Miss McCrady, an attractive blonde, was born in Washington, D.C., and she spent most of her twenty-four years traveling. After her third year at the University of Michigan, she went to Europe. It was in England, where she met a British youth who taught her to enjoy American jazz, that she first conceived the idea of the raft trip, "to float down the Mississippi River with him, to show him what America really is like, and listen to jazz in its birthplace, New Orleans."

Eventually, the British boy backed out of the trip, but the idea kept growing on Mary Ellin, as a group adventure, long after she returned to the University of Michigan, where she graduated last June with a B.A. in sociology.

During her last semester in college, Miss McCrady began trying seriously to recruit people for the voyage, and the campus newspaper, the University of Michigan Daily, ran a story under the headline, "University Coed Seeking Companions for Adventurous River Ride." This pulled in three

FROM
NEW KENSINGTON
-PA-
TO
NEW ORLEANS

BILL AHLSTROM

Start of the voyage. As crowds watch from riverbanks, raft Lethargia is towed into Allegheny at New Kensington, Pa., not far from Pittsburgh. Later, disaster struck when raft capsized in Ohio River; crew barely missed death. Below, Mary Ellin McCrady and Don Brown begin salvage operation

ACME

prospects—a girl who changed her mind when she learned that the river was deep enough to drown in; Milton Borden, a thirty-year-old graduate student who had switched to forestry after practicing engineering; and Don Brown, a twenty-three-year-old undergraduate majoring in sociology.

Precise, handsome Borden, the scion of an old New Bedford, Massachusetts, family, had gone to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and had worked as an aeronautical engineer during the war, organizing ski clubs on the side. He was just finishing the requirements for his master's degree in forestry at the University of Michigan when he read the Michigan Daily story and decided to look into it.

As for Brown, a hearty, six-foot-one-inch, 230-pound ex-GI from Detroit, he isn't sure to this day why *he* decided to follow up the newspaper article. Brown says, "When I saw this piece in the paper, I thought that here was a chance to have a little fun. I guess I talked about it too much to my fraternity brothers, and before I knew it, it was too late to back out without losing face. So the next thing I knew, I was on a raft."

Geraldine Garcia, the fourth member of the crew, was a commercial artist working in Boston when she read a letter from Mary Ellin to a mutual friend telling about the trip. She wrote back, asking to be included, and Mary Ellin, who knew her slightly, agreed. The twenty-four-year-old Geraldine, a chunky redhead, was, like the others, a chronic adventurer and traveler, and in a few days she was ready to go.

This, then, was the group which converged on New Kensington, Pennsylvania, last June to begin the construction of the raft Lethargia. They chose New Kensington, an aluminum-manufacturing city on the Allegheny, for two reasons. First, it was just about the last big town before reaching the head of navigation; and secondly, the local chamber of commerce had offered to help them, in exchange, of course, for a little publicity.

They definitely needed help, since they arrived with a grand total of $180 in cash and no concept at all of the expense of the materials needed to construct a raft. Mary Ellin's original idea was to tie a few logs together and merely drift away with carefree abandon. Engineer Borden soon convinced her of the unfeasibility of that, and they began to build from materials donated by local businessmen. They got 12 watertight oil drums from a construction company and other donors; two lumber companies gave them $200 worth of planks and two-by-fours, and a local sheet-metal contractor made them special steel cones to streamline the drums.

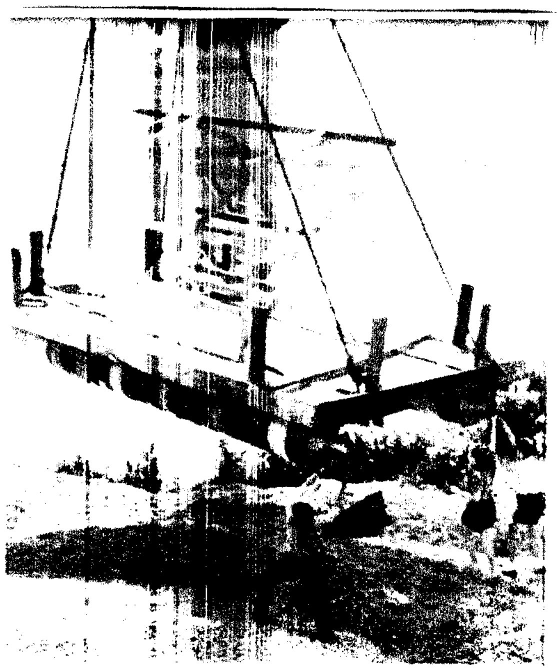
A drugstore contributed a first-aid kit, a department store gave them tools, an interior decorator donated canvas for the bunks, and a water jug was presented by the New Kensington Water Authority—along with a wine bottle "filled with pure New Kensington water from the new waterworks," to christen the raft. One of their principal benefactors (icebox, dishes, pans and the like) was a man who painted his name on the raft in foot-high letters and then got angry when they erased it. He thereupon threatened to float down the river on a competing raft, outfitted with a line of beautiful chorus girls; although he abandoned this plan, he eventually made a number of bets in the community *against* the raft reaching New Orleans.

While building the raft in a construction company yard near the river, the crew lived in two tents on the farm of a kindly policeman named Walter Sharkey, who slipped extra food into the frugal orders of fruit and milk which they purchased from his roadside store (they were living on a $1-a-day budget). They worked at least nine hours a day, and soon the raft began to take shape. The deck planking went onto the 12 drums, each capable of keeping 400 pounds afloat, and then the framework of the cabin was erected.

The cabin contained two sets of double-deck bunks—one set six feet six inches long for the men, and another just six feet long for the women—with a two-foot-wide aisle between them. Space was left for a galley at the rear of the cabin on the girls' side, and for what the Navy calls a "head" at the forward end on the boys' side.

"We put off the designing of the head," says Mary Ellin, "because it was too embarrassing to talk about." But eventually Borden found a bottomless old oaken bucket *(Continued on page* 70)

The crew of the Lethargia while the raft was being built (l. to r.): Geraldine Garcia, Don Brown, Mary Ellin McCrady, Milton Borden



The almost-completed raft is lowered into the Allegheny River at New Kensington. Cabin was finished by adding canvas walls and roof

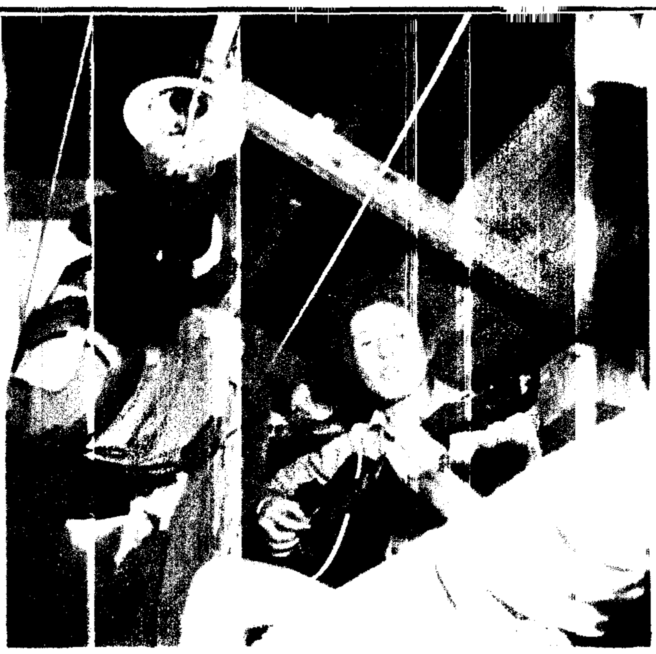
At Brilliant, Ohio, rafters got a free meal from executives of a generating plant, after getting stuck on sand bar short distance away

Domestic scene afloat. Gerry peels potatoes for the evening meal, while Mary Ellin keeps log and steers outboard engine with her foot

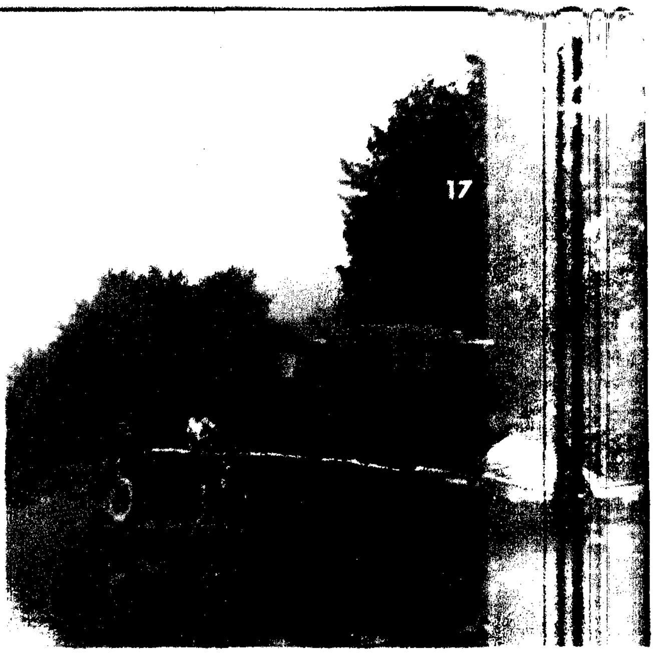
Crew had to buy special pan for washing feet after Brown exploded at use of dishpan for that purpose (he insisted on new dishes, too)

When Don wanted privacy, he'd put megaphone—used to hail passing boats—on head and sing to himself. Milt made this candid shot

Lethargia's first mascot was nondescript pup named Samson. His neck ribbon came from jug used to christen raft at New Kensington



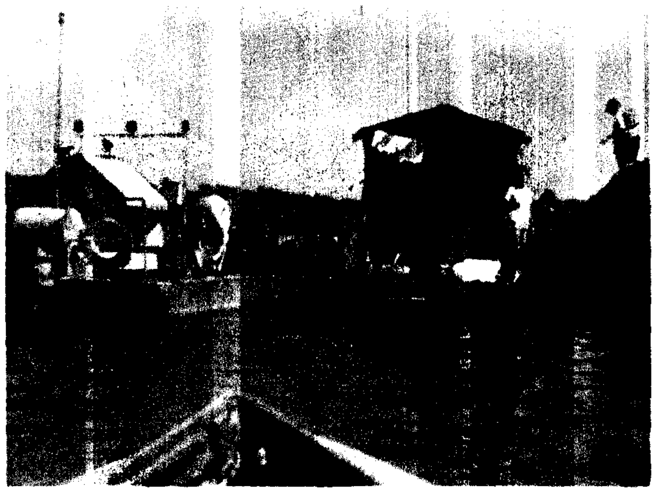
Mary Ellin kept crewmates entertained by playing her guitar, which she named "Stella." She was the moving spirit of expedition; idea came to her while in Europe



A misty morning on the Ohio River. As Mary Ellin takes steering oar, rafters prepare to get under way from Long Bottom, O., anchorage

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MILTON BORDEN, ROBERT L. PURDY AND LEW MERRIM

Both men grew beards after a while, because it became too much trouble to shave. Above, Don Brown, seated in cabin, trims whiskers



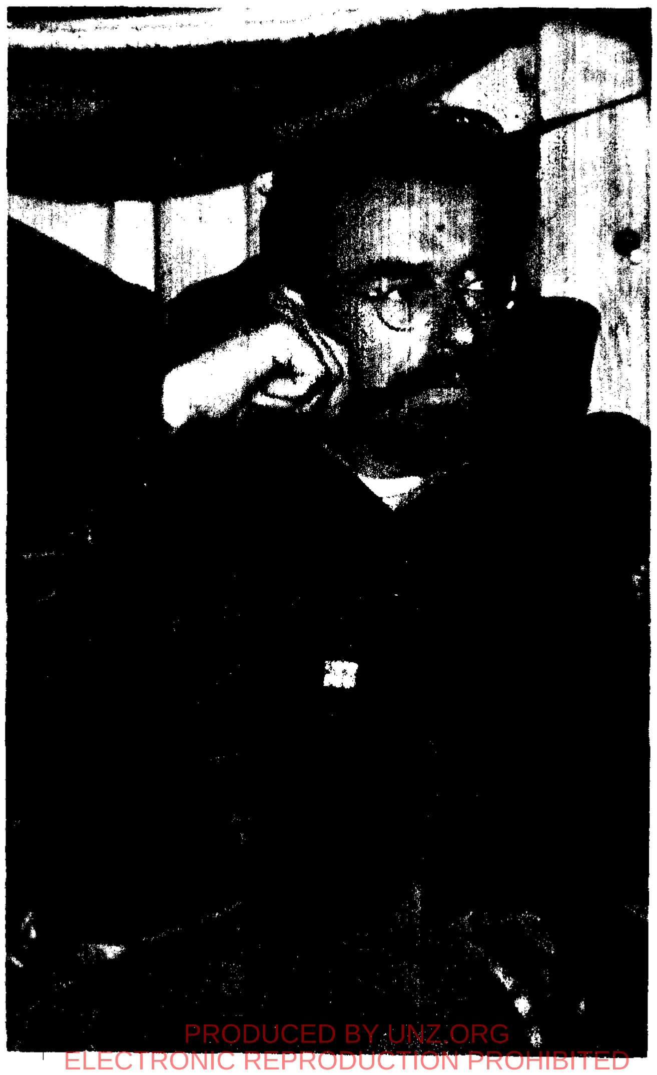
Going through a lock at dam near Portland, O. Many of Lethargia's scares occurred at locks. Once, raft almost got hung up when crew forgot to untie ropes

MONONGAHELA

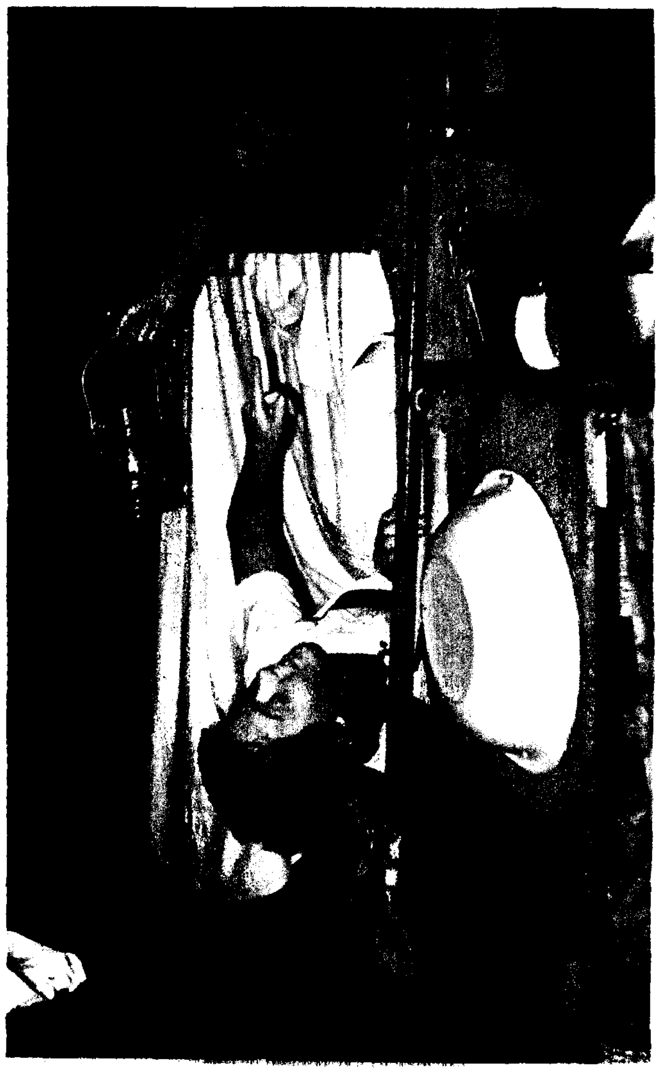
The stern-wheeler Monongahela steams off upriver, after sending a boatload of food to raft crew as gift. Other river craft did the same

Mary Ellin at steering oar. Although men did most deck work, she helped; Gerry presided in "galley" and handled relations with reporters

Milt Borden, who took most of the photos shown here, was charged with getting gasoline for stove, and other supplies; Don did the heavy work, like lugging water



Gerry passes lantern up to Mary Ellin before turning in for the night. Note curtain over bunk, for privacy in dressing and undressing



Collier's Regional ALL-STA

SELECTED BY THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHE

By BILL FAY

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY accomplished what probably was the most startling form reversal of this upset-studded 1951 college football season. Trailing 0-14 with 11 minutes to play, TCU exploded three touchdowns to edge out previously unbeaten Texas A&M, 20-14. All three touchdowns were engineered by a sophomore quarterback named Ray McKown, who came off the bench after TCU's top passers—Mal Fowler and Gil Bartosh—were injured.

McKown ran 49 yards for the first touchdown, executed a surprise onside kickoff to set up the second touchdown, and hurdled the Aggies' massive line from two yards out to score the winning touchdown with one minute and 35 seconds remaining on the scoreboard clock. However, there was one serious flaw in McKown's performance, and it escaped the attention of the officials, the players, the coaches and 34,000 spectators. McKown's onside kick—key maneuver in the blitz which deflated the Aggies' midseason reputation as the nation's sixth ranking team—was illegal!

The illegality was not discovered until two days after the game when Dutch Meyer, TCU's head coach, reviewed the movies of the spectacular fourth quarter. In slow-motion detail, Meyer watched McKown kick off *approximately 15 yards from the right side line.* The slowly rolling ball—purposely kicked along the ground—skidded diagonally across field to the Aggies' 30-yard line where end Wayne Martin fell on it to retain possession for TCU.

According to the rules governing kickoffs, the ball must be spotted within the "inbound lines"—the chalked "hash marks" which intersect the yard-line markers at a point 53 feet and four inches (roughly 18 yards) from each side line. After double-checking the movies, Meyer phoned Ray George, the Aggies' coach.

"No doubt about it," Meyer said, "we kicked off about three yards to the right of the 'hash mark'—between the 'hash mark' and the side line. It's an illegal kickoff."

"Well," George said, "it was an honest mistake. I don't think the three yards affected the play very much. Let's forget it."

Meyer's alertness in detecting a minor three-yard kickoff error illustrates one important point: football coaches are painstakingly thorough. They analyze the work of *every player* on *every play* when they review game movies.

Each week during the past season, more than 275 members of the American Football Coaches Association reported directly to Collier's on the performance of outstanding All-America candidates. These exclusive film reviews—supplemented by scouting data and on-the-field observations—were consolidated by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, including Lloyd Jordan of Harvard, president of the American Football Coaches Association; Frank Leahy of Notre Dame; Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma; Lynn Waldorf, California; Lou Little, Columbia; Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth; Carl Snavely, North Carolina; Henry Frnka, Tulane; Ray Eliot, Illinois; and Meyer of Texas Christian.

After evaluating the weekly reports on leading All-America candidates, Collier's board nominated the five regional All-Star teams listed on these pages—All-East, All-Midwest, All-South, All-Southwest and All-Far West. The 62d All-America, to be selected from these regional All-Star rosters, will be announced in next week's issue. Here is the sectional breakdown on the *(Continued on page 73)*

VILLANOVA'S JOE DEROSE

EAST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Frank McPhee	Princeton
E	Ed Bell	Penn
T	Paul Tetreault	Navy
T	George Young	Bucknell
G	Brad Glass	Princeton
G	Nick Liotta	Villanova
C	Joe DeRose	Villanova
Q	Harry Agganis	Boston U.
H	Dick Kazmaier	Princeton
H	Mel Massucco	Holy Cross
F	Jim Monahan	Rutgers

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Tom McCann, Holy Cross; Joe Rilo, Villanova; Victor Pujo, Cornell; Karl Kluckhohn, Colgate.

TACKLES: Bob Evans, Penn; Bill Hegarty, Villanova; Charley Metzler, Cornell.

GUARDS: Gerry Audette, Columbia; Gerry McGinley, Penn; Bill Skyinskus, Syracuse; Peter Pocius, Maine.

CENTERS: Bill Bryson, Navy; Baird Brittingham, Yale; Dave Hickok, Princeton; Ed Kozdeba, Fordham; Bill Vesprini, Dartmouth.

QUARTERBACKS: Rocco Calvo, Cornell; Mitchell Price, Columbia; Charley Maloy, Holy Cross; Bob Bestwick, Pitt.

HALFBACKS: Ben Addiego, Villanova; Fred Shattuck, Penn State; Tom Collins, Dartmouth; Joe Johnson, Boston College; Stu Merz, Cornell; Brad Myers, Bucknell; Ted Marchibroda, St. Bonaventure; Tom Bell, Army.

FULLBACKS: Joe Varaitis, Penn.; Howard Hansen, Columbia; Bob Haner, Villanova; Bob Spears, Yale; Hal Seidenberg, Cornell.

TULANE'S JEROME HELLUIN

SOUTH

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Vince Kaseta	Tennessee
E	Buck Martin	Georgia Tech
T	Marion Campbell	Georgia
T	Jerome Helluin	Tulane
G	Bob Ward	Maryland
G	Ray Beck	Georgia Tech
C	Doug Moseley	Kentucky
Q	Vito Parilli	Kentucky
H	Hank Lauricella	Tennessee
H	Steve Wadiak	South Carolina
F	Ed Modzelewski	Maryland

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Blaine Earon, Duke; Ben Roderick, Vanderbilt; Steve Meilinger, Kentucky; Jack Lewis, Wake Forest; Jim Slay, Mississippi U.; Harry Babcock, Georgia.

TACKLES: Bill Pearman, Tennessee; Charlie LaPradd, Florida U.; Bill Turnbeaugh, Auburn; Ed Listopad, Wake Forest; Bob Miller, Virginia.

GUARDS: Ted Daffer and John Michels, Tennessee; Gene Donaldson, Kentucky; Joe Palumbo, Virginia; Ed Bauer, Auburn.

CENTERS: Larry Smith, South Carolina; Gene Moeller. Tennessee; Melvin Singuefield, Mississippi U.; Andy Miketa, North Carolina U.

QUARTERBACKS: Darrell Crawford, Georgia Tech; Bill Wade, Vanderbilt; Hal Ledyard, Chattanooga.

HALFBACKS: Bert Rechichar, Tennessee; Frank Smith, Miami; Bill Hair, Clemson; Bobby Marlow, Alabama; Charles Smith, Duke; Chester Freeman, Louisiana State.

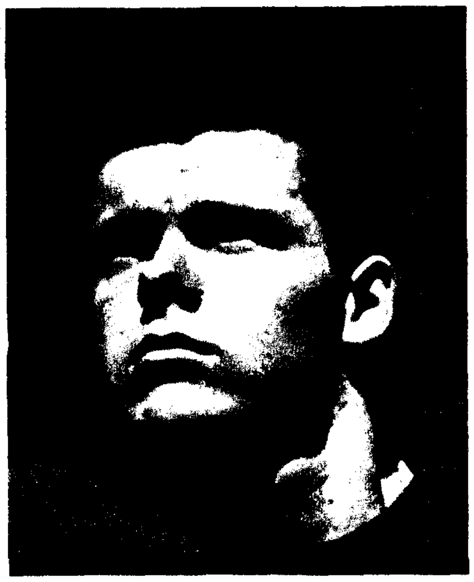
FULLBACKS: Bill Miller, Wake Forest; Dick Ernsberger, Tennessee.

TEAMS

SSOCIATION

Next Week

THE 62d ALL-AMERICA



WISCONSIN'S JOHN COATTA

MIDWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Gene Felker	Wisconsin
E	Lowell Perry	Michigan U.
T	Bob Toneff	Notre Dame
T	Don Coleman	Michigan State
G	Don MacRae	Northwestern
G	Dan Thomas	Indiana
C	Wayne Robinson	Minnesota
Q	John Coatta	Wisconsin
H	John Karras	Illinois
H	Vince Pisano	Michigan State
F	Bill Reichardt	Iowa U.

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Jim Mutscheller, Notre Dame; Sherwin Gandee, Ohio State; Leo Sugar, Purdue; Mike Knopick, Wichita.

TACKLES: Tom Johnson, Michigan U.; Chuck Ulrich, Illinois; Joe Masnaghetti, Marquette; Don Boll, Nebraska; Don Borgschulte, Missouri; George Mrkonic, Kansas U.

GUARDS: Peter Kinyon, Michigan U.; Charles Studley, Illinois; Bill Hughes, Michigan State; Chuck Boerio, Illinois.

CENTERS: David Hansen, Wisconsin; Dan Sabino, Illinois; Bob Heid, Ohio State.

QUARTERBACKS: John Mazur, Notre Dame; Gene Rossi, Cincinnati; Dale Samuels, Purdue; Paul Giel, Minnesota.

HALFBACKS: Vic Janowicz, Ohio State; LeRoy Bolden and Billy Wells, Michigan State; George Rice, Iowa U.; Charlie Hoag, Kansas U.; Johnny Bright, Drake; Don Stevens, Illinois; Johnny Pont, Miami (O.).

FULLBACKS: Alan Ameche, Wisconsin; Charles Hren, Northwestern; Gene Gedman, Indiana; Bud Laughlin, Kansas U.

BAYLOR'S STAN WILLIAMS

SOUTHWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Stan Williams	Baylor
E	Bill Howton	Rice
T	Jim Weatherall	Oklahoma
T	Dave Hanner	Arkansas
G	Jack Little	Texas A&M
G	Herb Zimmerman	TCU
C	Dick Hightower	So. Methodist
Q	Larry Isbell	Baylor
H	Glenn Lippman	Texas A&M
H	Gib Dawson	Texas U.
F	Bobby Jack Floyd	TCU

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Ted Vaught, Texas Christian; Pat Summerall, Arkansas; Harold Riley, Baylor; Tom Stolhandske, Texas U.; Charles Hodge, Texas A&M; Bill Jurney, Arkansas.

TACKLES: Mel Leierer, Oklahoma A&M; Ken Casner, Baylor; Glenn Walls, Rice; Jerrell Price, Texas Tech; Doug Conaway, Texas Christian.

GUARDS: Fred Williams, Arkansas; Harley Sewell, Texas U.; Bill Athey, Baylor; Jim Donarski, Arizona U.; Dick Calhoun, Baylor.

CENTERS: Hugh Meyer, Texas A&M; Tom Catlin, Oklahoma; Bob Griffin, Arkansas; Aubrey Phillips, Texas Tech.

QUARTERBACKS: Fred Benners, Southern Methodist; Lamar McHan, Arkansas; Ray McKown, Texas Christian.

HALFBACKS: Dan Drake, Rice; Billy Tidwell and Yale Lary, Texas A&M; Dunny Goode, Hardin-Simmons; Bobby Dillon, Texas U.

FULLBACKS: Bob Smith, Texas A&M; Byron Townsend, Texas U.

USF'S OLLIE MATSON

FAR WEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Bill McColl	Stanford
E	Ed Barker	Washington State
T	Jack Jorgensen	Colorado
T	Herm Clark	Oregon State
G	Les Richter	California
G	Pat Cannamela	So. California
C	Donn Moomaw	UCLA
Q	Don Klosterman	Loyola
H	Frank Gifford	So. California
H	Ollie Matson	San Francisco
F	John Olszewski	California

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Dewey McConnell, Wyoming; Ernie Stockert, UCLA; Gern Nagler, Santa Clara; Ed Bartlett, California; John Thomas, Oregon State; Gordon Cooper, Denver.

TACKLES: Hal Mitchell, UCLA; Ralph Krueger, California; Bob Karpe, California; Bob Van Doren, USC.

GUARDS: Elmer Willhoite, USC; Norm Manoogian, Stanford; Duane Putnam, College of Pacific; Ted Holzknecht, Washington U.

CENTERS: Dick Patrick, Oregon U.; Keever Jankovich, College of Pacific.

QUARTERBACKS: Ed Brown, San Francisco; Bill Mais, California; Gary Kerkorian, Stanford.

HALFBACKS: Harry Geldien, Wyoming; Dave Mann, Oregon State; Tom McCormick, College of Pacific; Paul Cameron, UCLA; Bud Roffler, Washington State.

FULLBACKS: Hugh McElhenny, Washington U.; Sam Baker, Oregon State; Merwin Hodel, Colorado; Bob Mathias, Stanford.

1857

A Part of the Town

Bernie Price's aspirations were humble, his victories limited to a few successful skirmishes with his creditors. Little he had done was worth celebrating, and yet there were men in town—important men—who thought his life deserved a testimonial

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

OLD Bernie Price was alone in the city room of the Colonial Springs Evening Star, sitting awkwardly on a high stool before a mechanical wreckage that served him as a typewriter. It was about five o'clock of a raw, blowy Saturday afternoon in November; the office was cold and Bernie had on his threadbare overcoat, with a plaid muffler around his neck. The telephone was jangling persistently and he was trying to ignore it. He had the day's edition of the Star spread out on his cluttered desk and was pecking out space-rate obituaries for the Richmond, Charleston and Pittsburgh morning papers.

He finally turned, made a long reach toward Caldwell's desk, got the telephone, and said into the mouthpiece, "Star. Price speakin'."

"Bernie!" a voice growled. "This is Diggs Harris."

"On my way up there now!" Bernie babbled. "Just leavin'."

"If you don't pay me that eight dollars," Diggs said solemnly, "I swear, Bernie, I'm goin' to beat hell out of you!"

"See you in five minutes, Diggs!" Bernie chattered. "Wait right there!"

He replaced the telephone on Caldwell's desk and resolved to avoid Diggs until he cooled off. Diggs was a brawny man who worked in the baggage room at the railroad station. Bernie had borrowed the money from him the day the power company cut off his lights the previous winter.

He returned to typing the obituaries. He copied the notices verbatim except for the insertion of such words as "prominent" or "well-known" after the names of each of the deceased, so that when the items appeared in the metropolitan journals an obscure backwoods preacher was identified as "an eminent churchman" and a madam from Jitney Street became "a useful and beloved citizen." Sometimes he even got by with his favorite expression—"noted housewife and mother."

Again the telephone was ringing—long and relentlessly. When Bernie was satisfied that only his wife Agnyss could have that much persistence, he answered it—at the same time grabbing a pencil and a sheet of paper.

Agnyss started rattling off the list of things to bring home almost before he had the receiver to his ear.

She wanted French bread—two loaves.

"Check," said Bernie.

A dozen oranges. Four lemons. Two large bottles of ginger ale. Artichokes.

"Ain't artichokes kinda high?" Bernie protested.

Agnyss said yes but the Drydens were coming for dinner tomorrow and Tiffy was so fond of artichokes with vinegar-and-oil dressing. And two pounds of sweet potatoes. Not *yams*. Also meat for supper tonight. And—

"Well, great God, Ag!" Bernie said. "Ain't you even got the meat for tonight?"

A biting drizzle was coming down. Bernie felt the grocery sack getting moist, and with every step he was afraid it was falling apart

Agnyss said how could she when he hadn't left her any money.

Well, Bernie said, he didn't have but sixty cents to his name either. Agnyss said he'd just have to get an advance because she wasn't half through. Bernie stopped making the list.

She was still rattling blithely on when he laid down both pencil and telephone and began looking for a cigarette. He reached automatically into his right overcoat pocket. His hand came in contact with a thick wad of crumpled envelopes. No cigarettes. He investigated the left pocket and found only another massive wad of papers. All of his pockets bulged with papers. People would hardly have recognized Bernie if they had seen him without the papers sticking out of his pockets. Some of the more imaginative residents of Colonial Springs theorized that he carried around all kinds of notes on all kinds of low-down doings and that if the papers were examined there would be discovered and exposed a whole bizarre subterranean life of the town. As a matter of simple fact, every one of the papers was an unpaid bill.

Bernie was still searching for a cigarette, leaning down occasionally toward the telephone on the desk to say, "Check!", when the intercom connected with the office of Hoyt Walker, the Star's publisher and business manager, buzzed. Bernie hopped over to the apparatus. His movement was spry. He always moved spryly when the intercom snapped out its hornet buzz.

"Yes, Boss?" he called down.

"Been tryin' to get you for two hours," Hoyt said with annoyance.

"Out on a special assignment," said Bernie. He had been across the street, since edition time, playing fifteen-cent poker in a lawyer's office.

"Uncle John is givin' a little dinner party at the hotel this evenin'," Hoyt said. "He wants to know if you'll be sure to cover it."

"I'll take care of it, Boss," Bernie said. "You can count on it."

He found a fairly satisfactory snipe in the ash tray on Caldwell's desk, lighted it, and picked up the telephone. His wife was still jabbering.

"—Hoy's Department Store said in their ad they had bed sheets on sale. Maybe you better—"

"Gotta go now! Can't make it for supper!" Bernie cried suddenly, and hung up. So much for Ag.

Finishing his work, he took special envelopes from his desk, stuffed his copy into them, and sealed them. Gathering up the envelopes, he trotted out the door and down the stairs, skittered through the alley, and peered around the building to survey the lay of the land down toward Main Street. It looked clear. He set off.

Bernie had developed a technique of walking that no one else in town understood or even remotely appreciated. He had it down to a fine art. His aging legs in his baggy pants went at full tilt in a kind of trot-canter that carried him along at a speed that made it impossible to overtake him and yet, miraculously, left him perfectly balanced to scoot instantly across the street or up an alley, or even whirl all the way around and, without breaking stride, go back in the direction from which he had just come. Occasionally he startled motorists by dashing out into the street and hopping into their moving cars.

Many who witnessed Bernie's elaborate locomotion concluded he was trying to beat a deadline or get to the scene of a disaster. Legs flying, he kept his chin tucked against his collarbone and his head at a peculiar downward slant. His eyes were as sharp as a hawk's, and on an ordinary clear day he could spot a creditor five blocks away in the level sections of town.

The creditors sighted far off presented no problem. It was to escape those who came upon him suddenly—materializing from around corners or springing out of doorways—that he had worked out his method of getting from one place to another: spotting an object at the end of the block and then promptly visualizing all of the places in between he could duck into or behind. So, as he now entered the block between the Star office and Main, he noted as potential havens a veterinarian's office, four parked cars, one alley, and a pile of empty packing cases left for the trash collector.

He made it to the Tip Top Cash Grocery without event. He peered through the misty plate glass to verify an important deduction he had made—that the proprietor, Jim Kilventon, was absent from the store and that the cash register was in the charge of a callow youth already busy with the Saturday country trade. Bernie not only had an uncanny accuracy in gauging the very penny to which he could push his credit, but within the archives of his mind he had filed significant information on the personal habits and idiosyncrasies of every merchant in town, such as the knowledge that at this exact moment, Jim Kilventon would be around at Dave East's barbershop, getting a fast shave.

He dashed into the bright store, grabbed one of the carts, and scooted through the crowded aisles, snatching packages and cans with less regard for content than for the space of time in which he had to work. A few minutes later, with the inexperienced clerk still confused over his request to "mark it down," he came out, laden and triumphant.

BERNIE eased through the revolving door into the ornate lobby of the Robert E. Lee Hotel with the bag of groceries in his arms; he left the bag with the cigar-counter girl and put his letters in the mailbox. He was about to take the elevator to the mezzanine when he saw John M. Walker, founder and owner of the Star, coming across the lobby with his hand extended in greeting.

"Glad to see you, Bernie," John M. said warmly and with an intimate grip on his forearm. "Glad you could come."

John M. was a lean, white-haired, dignified man who bore few of the marks of his early struggles with the Star, when he might pay off an employee with a sack of flour or a bushel of potatoes which had been accepted for a subscription or an ad. It was said around town that John M. today could write a check for four hundred thousand dollars. Always a little scholarly, he had grown mellow since his retirement to his colonial home in the good section beyond the fair grounds.

"Yes, sir, Boss!" Bernie babbled. "Thank you, sir. Thank you."

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Ma and Pa Kettle - Hollywoo

By LIZA WILSON and DAVID McCLURE

Audiences flock to enjoy the latest escapades of this droll pair of rustic adventurers. Their first three low-budget films, shown mostly at rural and neighborhood theaters, grossed a whopping $8,000,000

Buttermilk

Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main, stars of the Kettle series, enjoy a snack in the actress' dressing room. In person, as in their films, Kilbride is shy and retiring, Marjorie brash and exuberant

Gold Mine

THE hottest box-office couple in Hollywood today are no enraptured celluloid lovebirds, but a thin, tattered little man who looks like a fugitive from a corn patch, and a broad-beamed, stringy-haired woman with the voice of an Iowa hog caller. Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main have never evoked bobby-soxers' squeals or spinsters' sighs, and in any compilation of famous screen lovers it is doubtful that they would receive even honorable mention. Still, as Ma and Pa Kettle, the harum-scarum hero and heroine of a continuing series of low-budget comedies, they have brought into the theaters an audience that Hollywood thought it had lost long ago.

Although returns have not been tabulated on their fourth adventure, Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair, the executives of Universal-International are blandly confident that it will be a money-maker: the other three Kettle pictures, made at a cost of $400,000 each, have already brought in a total of more than $8,000,000. The first of the series, Ma and Pa Kettle, was listed by exhibitors as one of the 10 most profitable pictures of 1949, while Main and Kilbride were named as the character actress and actor with the greatest box-office draw. Last year, Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town repeated what Hollywood had considered a one-shot success. In its box-office take, it topped most of the year's star-studded masterpieces.

This is the kind of conundrum that causes the average producer to chew his cigar and reach for the aspirin. In an industry where the clean-cut profile is a major stock in trade and a lady with a well-turned bosom is considered collateral at the bank, why should the fickle public clasp to its heart a hayseed pair like the Kettles? As a hero, Pa is a pint-sized Don Quixote, the sort of vacant-minded dreamer who has trouble matching the buttons and holes on his vest.

Ma, on the contrary, is the kind of woman who would send most males scuttling for tall timber. She rights wrongs with a whoop and a holler, rushes at villainy with flailing elbows, and resembles a one-woman cyclone, with Pa flying in her wake. Although the Kettles have 15 children, connubial bliss is indicated by no more than an occasional random peck. The Kettles, in short, are about as romantic as clabber milk.

In the light of all this, various explanations for their success have been attempted. Leonard Goldstein, the young producer of the films, believes the secret lies in "audience identification"—in the fact that almost anybody, seeing the Kettles, can recognize in them real people they know. Hollywood producer Jerry Wald thinks it's that the films are "warm, human and humorous, like the early Will Rogers pictures." Percy Kilbride himself believes the public loves the characters because "anybody, even the lowliest bum, can feel superior to the Kettles."

An Oklahoma exhibitor put it most succinctly: "The public," he said, "likes corn."

A study of the situation reveals that his point is well taken. The Kettle pictures are, candidly and shamelessly, as full of corn as a grist mill. Every trick in the old maize bag is used; for instance: Percy Kilbride milking a cow to the strains of The Blue Danube; Marjorie Main battling to subdue pancakes in which Pa has carelessly and appropriately spilled a box of unpopped corn; Percy caught in the revolving doors of a New York hotel; Marjorie making bread for the county fair with Pa's cement mixer.

Crammed with prat falls, breakaway furniture, frantic domestic animals and hilarious chase scenes, the films might be a throwback to the days of the famous Mack Sennett slapstick comedies, except that the Kettle movies are longer and technically superior.

The men who have *(Continued on page 76)*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY JOHN FLOREA

The Kettle family—minus two. Child actors have posed a problem for the studio; they keep growing up, making replacements necessary. Only three of the originals appear in this shot

Resigned to inevitable, Pa models as Ma fixes new dress in Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair, to be released in a few months. Studio, Universal-International, expects another money-maker

Vital lesson: SAC student marks landing strip for rescue planes

For morale: men keep clean, maintain normal life, even while "lost"

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

SCHOOL FOR SURVIVAL

GUARDIAN of the atom bomb, the huge, long-range B-36 and America's far-flung bomber bases, the Strategic Air Command (SAC) of the U.S. Air Force stands ready at a moment's notice to bring all-out air war to an aggressor, wherever he may be. Boss of this primary striking arm of national defense is Lieutenant General Curtis LeMay, a hardheaded individual who knows that the men who will carry the A-bomb must constantly be prepared for anything, anywhere, any time. To keep his men on their toes, LeMay moves them around continually over some of the toughest terrain on earth. Much of it lies to the north, near the top of the globe; and war or no war, SAC knows that accidents can happen, planes can crash, crews can be lost thousands of miles from civilization.

At SAC school, Captain Lawrence Dawson of Summit, Miss., (r.) and civilian Mac Ruske show air crews the correct way to butcher deer

Early in SAC's history, General LeMay asked himself what would become of men forced down on the desolate mountaintops or in the frozen wastelands of the arctic, along the short routes to Europe and Asia. The answer was disturbingly obvious: without previous training they'd stand no more chance of surviving than a frog in a snake pit.

To give them a fighting chance, SAC, in December, 1949, established a program of survival training to teach all of its flying personnel the basic techniques of staying alive till help comes. Today, SAC's handful of survival schools are scattered over the U.S. in an assortment of territorial and climatic areas roughly matched to the kinds it wants its crews to get used to. Biggest and most active of the schools is Camp Carson, near Colorado Springs, Colorado, in the Rocky Mountains. The country around Carson may be slightly warmer, a shade more inviting the year round than arctic wilds, but it's still man-eating territory for the uninitiated and the unwary.

Modern man, set down in strange territory devoid of familiar landmarks or signs of human life, succumbs quickly to creeping, suicidal panic. Unable to think or act, he can starve to death within sight of streams running with fish or freeze in a forest for lack of wood for a fire. At SAC's Camp Carson the tendency to panic is removed in a surprisingly swift operation. In 15 fast-moving days, complete bomber crews are run through a mill which turns babes in the woods into self-confident woodsmen. Carson's 15-day course is designed to be rugged and fast, to preserve part of the element of shock that would go with a crash landing.

For the first five days, crews attend lectures based largely on the principle that what the Indians could do with a few rough weapons and plain common sense they can do with the improved weapons and greater knowledge of the twentieth century. And they are impressed with the fact that the basic principles of survival are teamwork and total application to the job. Finally, the crews are issued the standard survival kits and parachutes all airmen carry on long trips. The kits are cushion-sized packs which contain a dozen or so devices designed to help a man keep going in the wilderness. Sample items: a high-powered .22-caliber collapsible rifle, fishing tackle, a vacuum-packed sleeping bag, an ax, a compass, a telescope and pemmican (dried meat).

The crews are then trucked up into the Rockies. They find campsites, build tents with their parachutes and try to hold body and soul together by living off the land. During this five-day period they learn how to skin and prepare game for eating, how to identify edible roots and berries, climb mountains and navigate by pocket compass. They also learn the importance of improvisation. By the time they are finished they know how to make such varied objects as packs, slingshots, snowshoes and small-game traps out of a parachute and its riggings. They know how to mark out and prepare a landing strip for rescue planes, how to build fires without matches, find and sterilize water for drinking, and administer first aid.

For the last five days of the course, they make a cross-country trek through unfamiliar territory. Instructors go along, but only to grade the men. They have nothing with them but their survival kits, parachutes and wits. There's no compromise along the way. When they run out of pemmican, they are forced to forage for game. When they run out of ammunition for their collapsible .22s, they are forced to rig traps or use slingshots. When they run out of water, they drink melted snow. Slowly, as they realize that nature is not out to beat them, the nightmare atmosphere eases off—and they come down off the mountain prepared to face any terrain on earth.

Back at Camp Carson, the tired crews hear one more lecture before going back to regular duty. Lieutenant Colonel Charles A. K. Innes-Taylor, in charge of survival training, tells them the story of a school graduate who crashed in Labrador in a raging storm. When rescuers found him a week later he had shot a caribou, staked out a mess of fish and was living in a cozy lean-to.

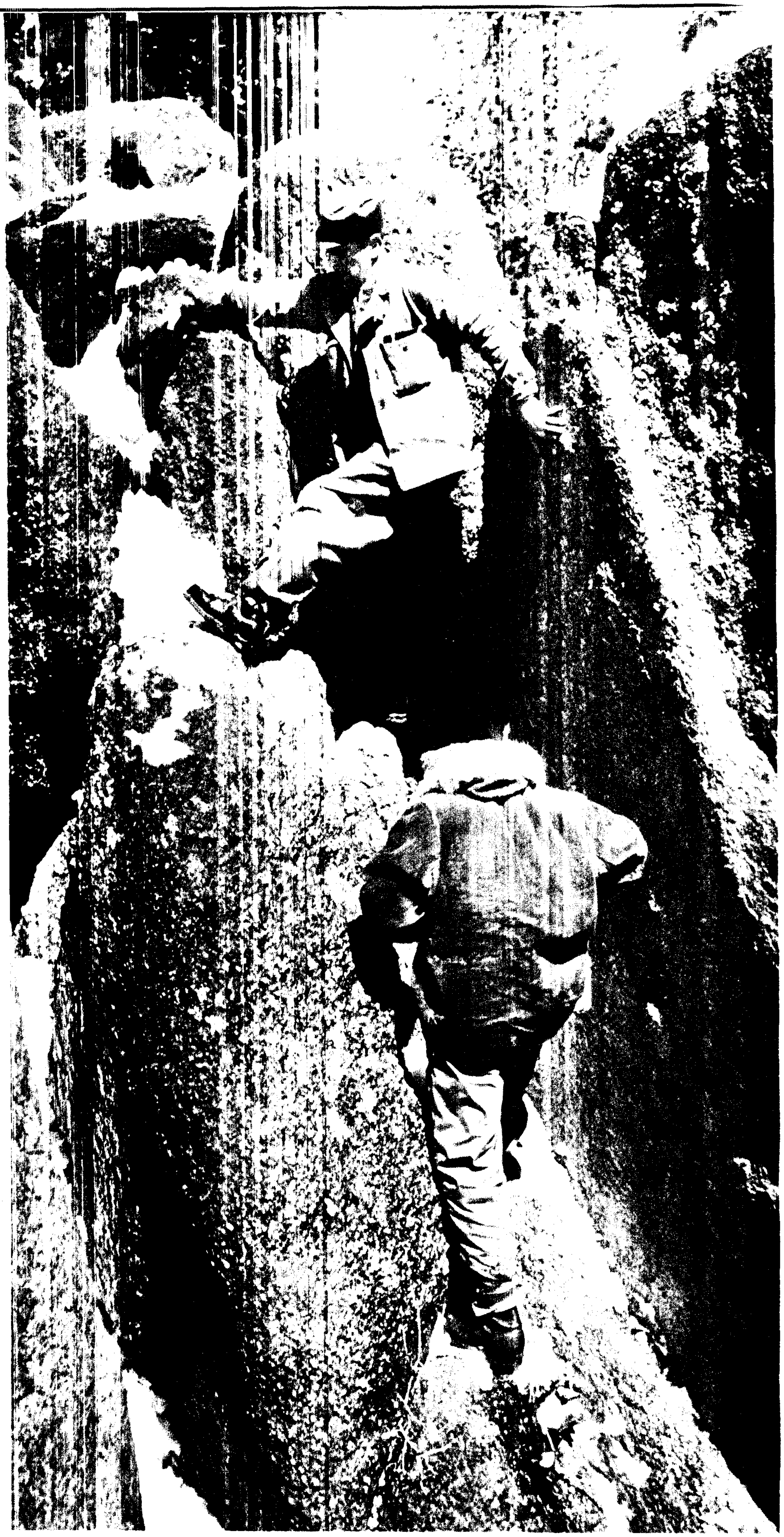
"That man," says Innes-Taylor, "told the boys to go away. He was having the best damned vacation of his life." SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN

Not used to ground navigation, Lieut. Leroy Stapleton, of Jonesville, Va., tries to orient map directly over road

Parachute tepee is taken down, repacked before moving toward rendezvous with "rescue" trucks, four days away

Sergeant Woodrow Riley, of Sherman, Texas, explains use of snowshoes before crew breaks camp, treks through snow



Instructor at Camp Carson survival school shows a student how to climb a jagged rock pile. Mountain climbing is important for SAC men who may crash in arctic

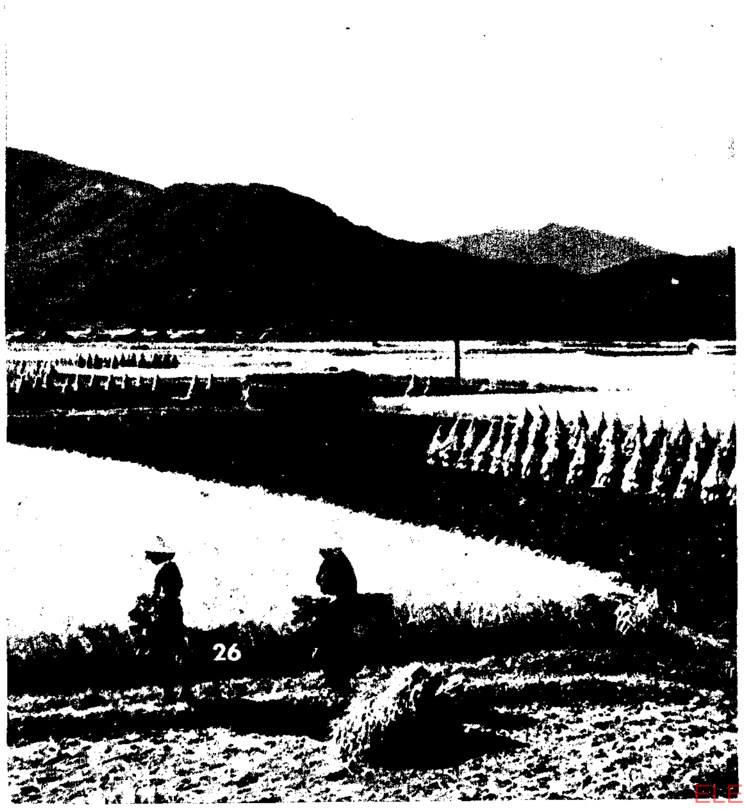
At a lawn party given on the day of his arrival, Gov. Dewey meets Japan's premier Shigeru Yoshida

PAUL S. AMOS

Using ancestors' methods, native plows rice paddy near Tendai Mura (Great Heaven Village) in Japan

Rice field at Nagoya. Farmers, in a land 55 per cent agricultural, dominate the political scene

HORACE BRISTOL



Continuing PACIFIC REPORT

Can Japan Stay

Despite her postwar progress, grave shortages of raw materials and capit

If the Kremlin's plans for world conquest are to be thwarted, this country must have strong allies in the Pacific, as well as a powerful defense cordon in the Far East. To see at firsthand economic, political and military conditions, to study the problems of the free nations trying to protect themselves against the Reds, Governor Dewey made a 41,000-mile trip. He talked to leaders and ordinary citizens in a dozen important Pacific areas. This is the second of three articles telling what he found

II

IT WAS a big day when I arrived in Japan. It was a big day not because it was the Fourth of July or because I arrived. It was a big day because at the customary Independence Day reception at the American Embassy, Major General Andrei P. Kislenko, the highest representative of the Soviet Union in Tokyo, appeared at a social gathering for the first time in many months.

My plane had been four hours late, so it just gave me time to dispose of greetings and press questions at Haneda Airport, get to the Imperial Hotel for a much-needed shower after two days of flying, and get to the reception. The several hundred people already there were buzzing with excitement. They interpreted General Kislenko's presence to mean the Russians really were serious in their bid for a truce in Korea. The cease-fire talks were only four days away.

The general was smiling and brought his wife along. He was nice even to me, though his government had branded me Public Enemy No. 1 on several occasions.

Beneath the surface of the optimism, however, I soon found crosscurrents and grave concerns. Every point of view was represented since nearly everybody of importance in Tokyo was present.

Our military men were hopeful but worried. Many were frankly fearful that the truce was a trap. If the Reds could achieve a lull during which to realign their forces and bring up reserves and supplies, freed without harassment from the air, they might launch a surprise offensive of crushing weight.

There was even more alarm over the expected effort of the Communists to make a settlement on the 38th parallel. If we could be tricked into accepting that indefensible, artificial line, our position would be precarious to impossible.

The Japanese were worried too, but for even more fundamental reasons. What if the truce should succeed? Suppose a political settlement should be made? Would America then withdraw all her troops from Korea? If so, the Japanese saw in the future just a repetition of what had already occurred—another attack, perhaps successful, and then a Communist-occupied Korea pointing like a dagger at the heart of Japan.

This fear I thoroughly understood, because four years before, in a public speech, I warned that if we withdrew our troops from Korea, we would leave a vacuum into which the Soviets would inevitably move.

The Koreans were unhappy too—bitterly unhappy—for they saw the possibility of a settlement again dividing their country, perhaps permanently.

I never saw so many people so worried over the prospect of peace.

This was my introduction to Japan.

My specific reason for going first to Tokyo was to accept the invitation of the America-Japan Society to speak on the sixth of July. The recall of General MacArthur had, of course, created the greatest uncertainty and uneasiness among the Japanese people. Would it mean a complete change of policy? Would America abandon her efforts for a treaty of reconciliation? Or worse, would we abandon Japan to the Russians?

One of my closest associates for many years, Ambassador John Foster Dulles, was in charge of the peace treaty. He strongly urged that it was vital for a Republican not associated with the national administration to visit Japan and buttress the American position, giving further evidence of our good intentions, both by a friendly visit and by a major speech.

So the completion of my speech was the first order of business. In its final revision I particularly valued the help of two extraordinary men, Ambassador Sebald and General Ridgway.

William Sebald started life as a language officer in the United States Navy, one of his specialties being Japanese. In due course he married a lovely Eurasian lady—half Japanese, half British—and after resigning from the Navy in the 1930s, practiced law in Kobe for seven years. It was natural that he should be asked to become political adviser, with the rank of ambassador, to General MacArthur. With his knowledge of the Japanese people and his command of the language, his quiet manner and his immense capacity for hard work, my own opinion is that he has made a brilliant contribution toward the building of the new Japan.

General Matthew Ridgway is straight soldier. He was sent out to succeed the late General Walton H. Walker in command of the UN forces at a critical, if not desperate, time. Erect, calm, forceful, with his trade-mark of a live grenade on his shoulder strap, he rallied and reorganized our forces. Later, replacing General MacArthur, he moved easily into the position of Supreme Commander, which he has filled with distinction. After spending a whole day with him, I both like and admire him. Tremendously diligent, clear-thinking and very able, he has surrounded himself with top-flight men, of whom General James A. Van Fleet is a brilliant example.

Delivering the speech the next day was a very interesting experience. Would my audience understand enough English for it to be intelligible? And what about the extemporaneous remarks that somehow always creep in? They can fall very flat if they are not understood.

A Test of Audience Appreciation

My fears were groundless. It was a distinguished audience, including the Prime Minister and other leaders of the government, business and professional people, and a number of Americans. At the opening I made it very clear that although I had been three times elected governor of New York, I was speaking solely as a private citizen and in no way for the government of the United States. Then I couldn't resist the temptation to add, "Some of you may recall that I tried a couple of times to get into the national government but without success." This brought a good laugh and from then on I was sure that I had not only a politically conscious audience but one that understood English.

It was at this luncheon that I really began to feel that I knew Premier Shigeru Yoshida, and I liked him. I had seen him before at the Fourth of July reception and for an hour's private talk at his official residence the next day. But it was during the luncheon and afterward when we retired to a private room to take off our coats, drink some iced tea and cool off that we really began to get acquainted.

Yoshida is a sensitive, quiet man of fine ability and character. Steadfast, unyielding in his opposition to militarists who had seized control of Japan, he suffered greatly in the days before and during the war, and was imprisoned in the last month of the war. He was a natural choice for premier of the New Japan. As leader of the dominant Liberal party, he has successfully steered his country through the most remarkable political revolution of modern times.

on Our Side?

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

ıake her fight against Communism grim. Gov. Dewey tells what help she needs

In six years Japan has made the change from a country completely dominated by the military, without liberty or justice, to a genuine constitutional monarchy with the people actually in control of their government. I do not know of any precedent in history for such a swift and vast transformation. It is easy for me to understand why people in almost every country I visited asked: "Has Japan really become a free and peaceful nation? Will it last?"

Americans inquire as a matter of interest. But the people of Asia, of the Philippines, of Australia and New Zealand lived right under the guns of a militarist Japan. They ask the question as a matter of life and death. I think the question can mean life or death for us, too.

We have learned the bitter lesson that with a hostile Japan we could hold no defenses short of Hawaii or even possibly the coast of California.

Will Japan remain a free country and on our side? Nobody knows. The answer will come from Japan, from events in Washington, Moscow and elsewhere, and—like a Greek chorus dominating every scene—southeast Asia.

Right now is a critical time for Japan. What happens in the next few months will determine the outcome of the elections next spring, and they may decide the direction of Japan for years to come. Underlying every moment of the lives of 83,000,000 people is the basic Asian problem—tomorrow's rice. This edge of hunger is never far away. Despite a generally almost adequate diet, the first big essential for Japan is rice. Nobody can get very interested in political or economic theories or world affairs if he is hungry. What Japan—and most of the Orient—needs first of all is more food. Almost every home I saw in Japan which had as much as 20 square feet available *(Continued on page 63)*

With Gen. Ridgway and Ambassador Sebald in Tokyo. Gov. Dewey calls them "extraordinary men"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

At Hiroshima, Gov. Dewey views a model of the demolished city, as it appeared after first A-bombing in history

The Man Who Led a Dog's Life

By NANCY SHORES

Red liked being a bachelor, and Kate was through with men. The only thing they liked in common was Pallet, a small and very willful dog

THE cab pulled away from the pier, and Henry (Red) Barnes settled back in his seat and patted the English muffler in his pocket. He hoped Pop Dietrich would like it. He sighed contentedly. He was home, back in the States, and it was like a small taste of heaven. This time he was going to stay home; no more would he go roving with his recording machine, searching for new talent. He was going to be a big pipe-and-book man, and work at it.

He told Pop Dietrich so, first thing next morning at the studio.

Pop listened. "Plenty of good voices here in this country," he said. "Heard a passel of 'em in my time. You stay home, boy. Get married and settle down."

"Not me," said Henry. "All I want is peace and quiet, and maybe a dog."

He got the dog.

He picked him out of a window full of puppies. His particular choice had no family tree. He was just dog, mostly brown and white and trim, a rollicking creature with engaging ways. Henry Barnes, who had hair about the color of an Irish setter's, didn't care about the lack of pedigree. He paid the pet shop owner ten dollars, went out and hailed a cab, the pup under his arm wriggling and making happy noises.

The cabdriver grinned at him and asked, "Your wife like dogs?"

"I have no wife," Red said placidly. "I have no intention of getting one. I am going to settle down with my dog, and we will be old bachelors together."

"I know what you mean," the driver said. "Still and all, you don't want to brag. Them women sneak up on you."

"Not on me," Red Barnes said firmly.

The driver snorted and said nothing more until they pulled up in front of Red's apartment house on the East River. Then he said mildly, "Mind if I tell you a few things, Mac? You ever had a dog before?"

"First I've had since I was a kid," Red admitted.

"Well, first thing: if you leave the pup alone, strew a few newspapers in the bathroom and shut him in there."

Red nodded. "I see what you mean."

"Another thing. You got an alarm clock? Put it in his basket with him at night. The ticking keeps 'em quiet."

That was Lesson Number One. Lesson Number Two came a week later when the superintendent of the building knocked at Red's door. He said, "Look, Mr. Barnes, you can't keep no dog here. It's against your lease. Get rid of the pup or move. The people in 4-B, they say he yips all day when you're gone."

Red looked around the apartment, looked at his shotguns in slings over the mantel, his books in long, low bookcases, the clutter of his sound equipment and skis and fishing rods, and he sighed. Get rid of the pup or move. He looked at the puppy chewing peacefully on his shoelaces, and he looked at the superintendent. He scowled. "Okay," he said. "I'll move." Then he went out to look for a place where he could have a small, yipping dog in peace, if not quiet.

He wound up down in Greenwich Village, west of Hudson Street, with a three-room cold-water flat, three flights up. A cold-water flat is a flat with hot water, but no steam heat, and the bathtub, for some reason, is usually in the kitchen. Red inspected the bathtub somewhat dubiously, tried the faucets, shook his head in mild wonder and paid a month's rent.

THE happy lust of the homeowner came over Red Barnes. He went out and bought paint and andirons and fire screens and a pressure cooker and a Waring mixer and a larger basket for the pup. In short, he went nuts. He painted his living room dark green, bought a gray rug and had his favorite chair re-covered in a dark, handsome red.

By the time he quit fooling with the place, the puppy had lost his baby fat and was beginning to look more like a dog. And he adored Red Barnes. He watched Red intently when Red said anything to him like: "Quit chewing that shoe!" or "Damn it, *will* you stop gnawing on the coffee table?" or "Take that bone out in the kitchen. Right now." Looking as though he understood every word, he would then go out and tug a bath towel off the rack on the kitchen door and come happily back to Red with it.

For no reason whatever, the dog's name was Pallet. He did not resemble a pallet in any way and the only connection was that his favorite lair was under Red's bed, where he dragged everything he came across, such as shoes, socks, empty dog-food cans, bones and other collector's items. If anything in the house turned up missing, Red just looked under the bed for it.

All this time, Red was learning new things about New York. He had been a sound engineer at Sono Records for quite a while, but he hadn't inspected the city closely very much. He'd always taken cabs when he wanted to go someplace, or the subway if it was handy, but he hadn't walked around the town a great deal. He did now. He learned to walk in fits and starts, with Pallet going at a gallop for twenty yards, almost yanking the leash out of his hand, and then suddenly stopping when something interested him.

Red had been used to (*Continued on page* 49)

"Men!" she was scolding him. "There ought to be a *law* about men! You ought to know better than to let that nice puppy chew up my glove"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GILL

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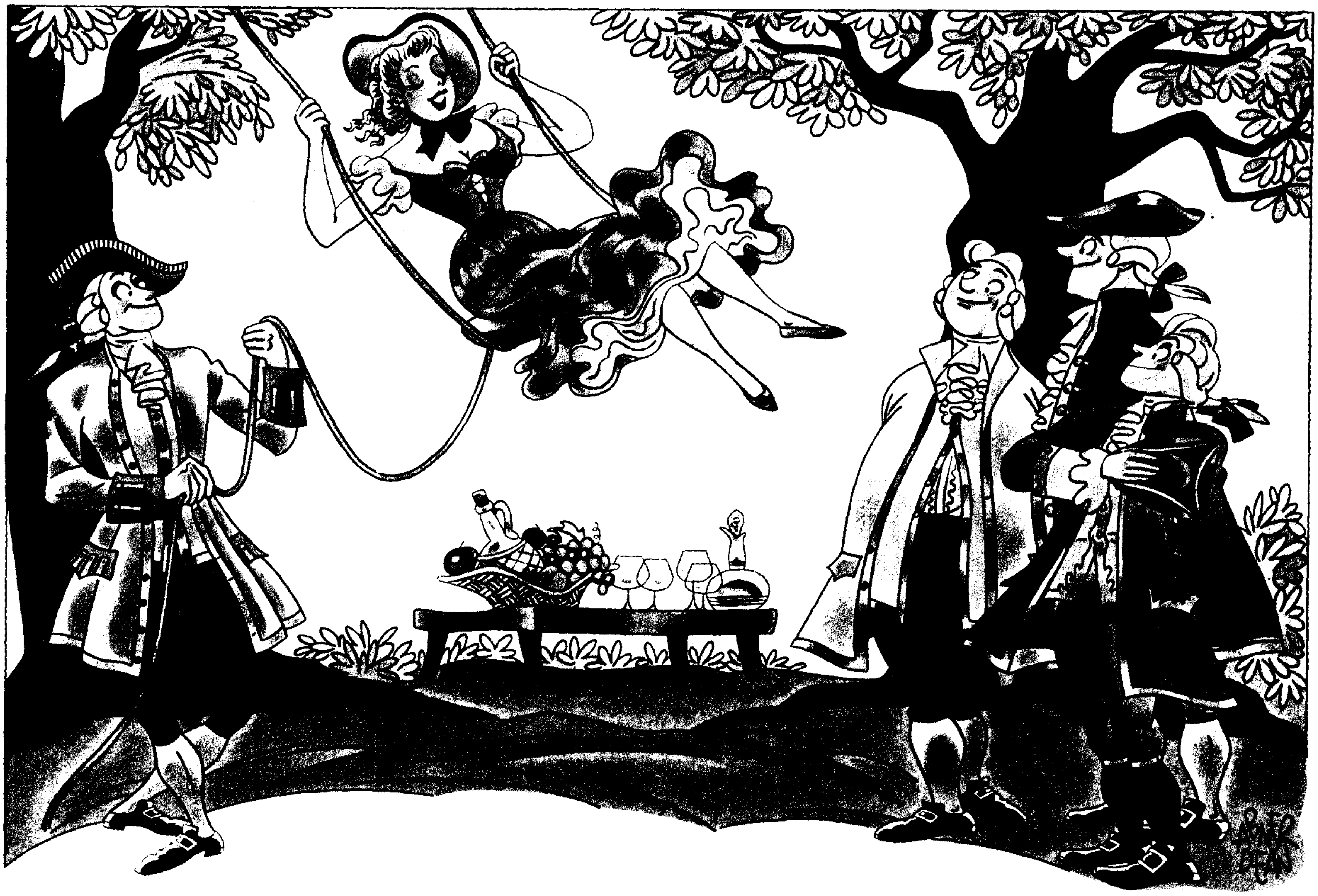
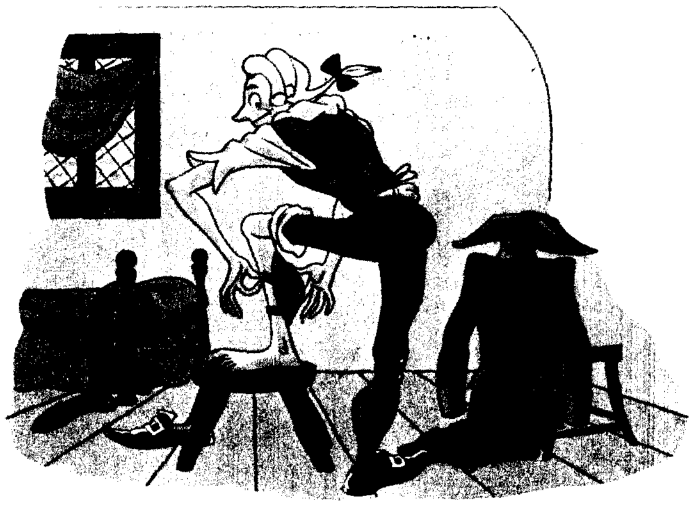


A popular amusement in 1712 was to send ladies sky-high on swings. Such brave activity, exposing milady's underpetticoats, led her to prettify these garments

Speaking of Unmentionables...

By C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON and PHILLIS CUNNINGTON

Here's a scientific approach to the history of underclothes, a subject that's close to us all—and covers a good deal more than meets the eye



At one time even men wore "falsies." To make legs shapelier, calves were padded

THE historian must regard it as unfortunate that underclothes are so generally associated with eroticism, and it may well be that writers have hesitated to expand on a topic which might suggest that their interest is of that nature. It is perhaps sufficient for the authors to claim, as doctors, that they approach the subject in a scientific spirit.

Though for the most part, during the last six centuries, underclothes have had a utilitarian function, it seems prudish to pretend that they have not also served an erotic purpose. Thus, in Victorian days, the human body was so concealed that some of its attraction was transferred to its coverings, which became a matter of furtive preoccupation. When such words as "trousers" and "drawers" were thought indelicate because they recalled the fact that men and women had legs, it was inevitable that almost any concealed garment should have acquired erotic properties, though it may be a little difficult to perceive it in specimens of the period now starkly exhibited in a museum case.

Today we are still in the backwash of Victorian prudery. For though that former reticence which shrouded the subject in mystery seems at first sight very unlike the modern attitude, there is a psychological affinity. For instance, feminine underclothing now claims to be "amusing," and is given playful nicknames with an air of coy audacity which betrays (to a psychologist, at least) an erotic prudery still lurking about them.

The term underclothing, as we use it here, includes all such articles, worn by either sex, as are completely or mainly concealed from the spectator by the external costume. In the history of underclothes it has sometimes happened that a particular garment, long submerged, has eventually risen to

ILLUSTRATED BY ABNER DEAN

the surface. Woman's stockings have been thus transformed in modern times, following the example of man's waistcoat three centuries ago. Sometimes the reverse has occurred; the early Saxon breeches were later entirely concealed by the tunic, and became drawers. Centuries later the garment rose again to the surface, in the form of pantaloons or breeches, in the modern sense of the word.

This vacillating habit of the two layers of clothing, outer and inner, has affected the names of garments. For example, the "pantaloons" of the early nineteenth century presently became man's "pants."

Woman has not hesitated to borrow man's nomenclature for her own underwear; "chemise" was the Norman word for his shirt, and the modern "panties" is, of course, but a playful variant of his pantaloons. It is strange that by a series of complicated changes the name of an early Christian martyr—Saint Pantaleone—should have arrived at this latter end.

Undying Fame for Amelia Bloomer

Woman has also been prone to attach the name of some notable person to one item or another of her undergarments for a brief spell. Only one name, however, has become immortal—that of Amelia Jenks, who, by her marriage to a Mr. Dexter C. Bloomer, supplied a poetical name for a prosaic garment.

It is characteristic of man's conservative habits that he has clung to the ancient names of his underwear, while woman has exercised her imagination in devising new names for hers, with a preference for diminutives—"undies," "bras," "slips." It scarcely needs a psychologist to point out that thereby her aim is to give them fresh erotic values.

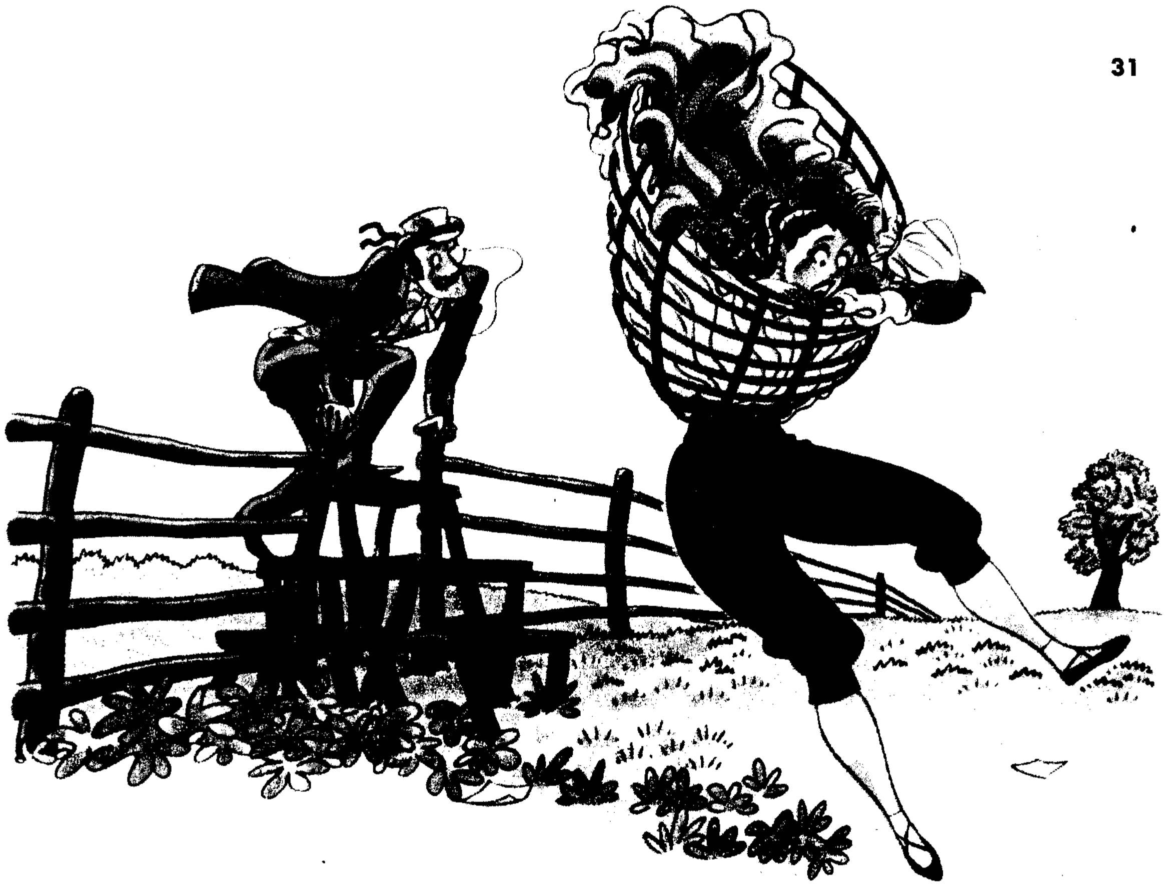
Through the centuries, underclothes have served a variety of functions. One has been to protect the body from cold. Another has been to support the shape of the outer costume. Female costume has assumed far greater varieties of shape than that of the male, and has appeared with almost any outline—except that of a woman. This has been effected mainly by the underclothes, which have therefore been much more important than man's. Those extraordinary shapes compelled speculation as to what lay beneath, and so gave an artificial air of mystery to the structure.

A third function for underclothing has been for cleanliness. It has protected the skin from the outer costume, and sometimes vice versa. The magnificent materials worn in Elizabethan times, for instance, had to be protected from the filthy flesh beneath; for it has been less than 200 years since bodily cleanliness was thought important.

Underclothing's fourth function has been an erotic one. Undergarments designed with hearts, arrows and the like, or made of bizarre colors, belong to this category; so, too, the semitransparent nightdress. The fact that respectable women began to wear "attractive" nightwear only after the introduction in the early 1880s of the practice of birth control has an obvious implication. In the days of unlimited birth rate, feminine nightdress was markedly unappealing—perhaps a calculated discretion.

Women have almost continuously employed various kinds of undergarments serving no other purpose than to accentuate—or even to create—those physical features which characterize their sex: mechanical devices such as the bustle (which is at least six centuries old), artificial breasts, hip hoops and pads, and, in modern times, the brassière. Man, on the other hand, has never used provocative underclothing, although in those times when he wore corsets we may suppose that the shapely waist thus produced helped to emphasize the breadth of the male shoulder line.

A fifth function of underclothing has been to serve as a means of class distinction. Men have made more of this use of underclothing than women have. They have used the shirt, when it was an undergarment, for this purpose to a remarkable extent. Glimpses of the shirt have been revealed ever since the days of the Tudors, either by slashings of the jerkin or by unbuttoning the top of the eighteenth-century waistcoat, and subsequently by means of the V-opening. In these ways the quality of the shirt material, starched or frilled, was exposed to distinguish the "gentleman" from the manual worker. The clean white shirt cuffs, too, were a visible proof that the wearer had no occasion to soil his hands.



Having tripped over a stile, the Duchess of Manchester lit on her feet, but with her cage and petticoats above her head. The Duc de Malakoff saw her scarlet tartan knickerbockers

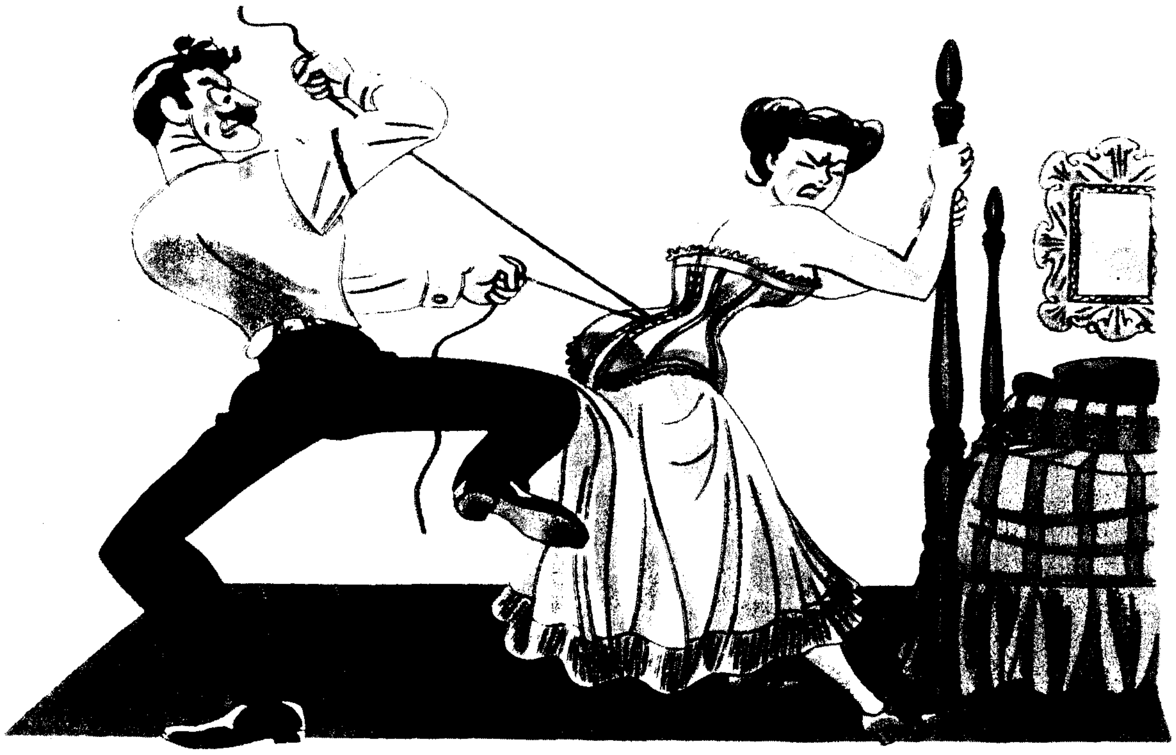
As with surface fashions, the two chief influences affecting underclothes have been class distinction and sex attraction, the former mainly for men, the latter for women. More ephemeral impulses ruffling the surface design have been much less prone to disturb the deeper layers, which respond only to profound social upheavals. A revolution or great war will derange costume to the very skin.

Throughout the Middle Ages, as previously, the underclothing of both sexes entirely lacked significance; its function was purely utilitarian. Even as utilitarian garments, however, they appear to have been cumbersome and ineffective. The material used by the superior classes was linen, and in cold weather warmth was secured not by warmer underclothing but by adding to the outer garments. It is curious that this principle has been revived in modern times, especially by women.

The modern conception of "fashions" began to appear in the second quarter of the fourteenth century, with symbols of class distinction and sex attraction strongly marked. But this only applied to the visible garments. It did not percolate below the surface, where, being invisible, such symbols would have been wasted. Far from developing the symbolism of social rank or sex appeal, the idea of underclothes was associated with the idea that the body was sinful, a source of evil which needed constant discipline.

The wearing of a hair shirt, for instance, was not only an act of penance but also a meritorious habit. Underclothes also symbolized the discipline of humility. To appear clad only in underclothes was a voluntary form of self-abasement often practiced by pilgrims. From humility to humiliation is a short step; to appear forcibly only in one's underclothes was a method

(Continued on page 59)



In the 1860s the small waist once more became desirable and the corset resumed its former grasp. Said one encased woman: "It carries no hardship beyond an occasional fainting fit"

Whispering

The main requirement for wild-fowl

The author places his decoys in preparation for a day's shooting. Wooden birds lure live ones

Above, gunner hides in blind until flight of ducks approaches his decoys, then rises and fires, while retriever stands by to go after downed birds. Below, the prize: a fine pair of mallards

IF YOU take it from the dry-land hunter, the man who shoots wild fowl is about the same as any other sportsman—except that he's crazy. The wild-fowler waits until the worst season of the year, chooses a day when, likely as not, the weather would drive any sane man to shelter, and hies himself to a remote, soggy swampland retreat. There, from before dawn until it is almost dark, he sits shivering behind a clump of rushes, tooting dismally on a little mechanical quacker, often with no company but that of an equally chilled dog and a cluster of wooden ducks.

Sometimes this experience results in duck for dinner. Sometimes it results only in a head cold. Yet, next time the opportunity occurs, there he is again, out in the marshes, huddled miserably behind his bunch of reeds.

The big-game or upland hunter shakes his head sadly, shrugs, and launches into a panegyric extolling the rocketing pheasant, the exploding quail, the leaping buck.

The gibes of his shooting colleagues do not mar the serenity of the duck hunter. He knows what he likes, and, unlike the prowler of wood and field, he is not interested in making new converts. With about 2,000,000 duck hunters scattered over the fast-dwindling waterfowl marshes of this country, he has all the competition any reasonable man could desire.

The wild-fowler has been described as the "hardy philosopher" of the hunting fraternity, and with some justification. He persists through extremes of weather, and certainly he has plenty of time for contemplation while hidden in a blind or a duckboat waiting for the flight to appear. What his critics do not realize is that there is much more to wild-fowling than the mere pulling of a trigger, just as there is more to a painting than an orderly arrangement of pigments.

The decoys are set out in a careful pattern as the stars begin to pale. The gunner gropes his way into the blind, shrugs himself into a reasonably comfortable position, arranges gun and shells within easy reach; as he relaxes, he feels the cold nose of the retriever on the back of his hand—a quiet reminder that he has a willing companion to share the day.

As the thin line of light rims the east, and the dawn wind rustles the reeds, he senses, rather than hears, the whisper of wings overhead. If he is one of the initiated, he will be able to isolate the voices of the marsh world greeting the arrival of the new day: the querulous *aaahnk* of a goose, the drowsy murmur of awakening puddle ducks, the angry *skreeek* of a disturbed snipe. As the eastern glow expands, he may hear the splash of an early visitor dropping in among his decoys.

The retriever's ears twitch and he snorts softly. He knows a duck is among the decoys and cannot understand the delay. But the wild-fowler lets the early arrival paddle around among his wooden counterparts. In the first place, the true sportsman does not shoot a sitting duck (although it's perfectly legal). Also, the opening hour has not yet arrived—and, by the time it does, the activities of the live decoy might lure a whole passing flight within range.

Such a situation—a pleasant morning, the company of a good dog, and the promise of fine sport—is a near approach to heaven for the wild-fowler, whether his blind be in Maine's Merrymeeting Bay or Florida's Okaloacoochee Slough, in the Barnegat sedges of New Jersey or among the tules of the Imperial Valley in California. Not always, to be sure, is the weather thus rewarding; he thinks of such crisp, happy mornings on other occasions,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GIL PAUST

Wings on the Marsh

hunting is a disregard for bad weather—the kind that's good for ducks

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

when he may be stretched flat in an open-water "scooter," cold water sloshing up through the bottom boards, sleet peeling the skin from his nose, icy rivulets coursing down his spine. Nevertheless, even under such circumstances he would not change places with the most comfortable quail shooter in the warm Carolina covers.

Those Who Give Up After One Try

Understandably, the novice does not become a wild-fowler at the end of his first day on the marsh. It often takes several inoculations, administered through the gamut of wind and weather, to bring about addiction. Some, like the man who winces at the sight of an oyster after his first taste, never give the sport a second trial. Only recently, I came across such a person; his reaction, when invited to go along on a duckhunting trip, almost approached violence.

"I have *been* duckhunting," he announced bitterly, "and I won't do it again.

"Instead, I'll do this: When December arrives, and the temperature is well below freezing, and the wind is blowing a moderate gale, I'll put on a pair of sneakers, light trousers and a thin jacket. Then I'll go out and sit in the snow. Every ten minutes I'll have my wife come out and throw a bucket of ice water over me. After I have recovered from pneumonia I'll take a taxi to the market district and buy four imported mallard ducks at $10 each.

"When I have done all this, I'll still be healthier, in better financial condition, and have more ducks than I would after taking an active part in another duck hunt.

"By the way, have you seen any good psychiatrists lately?"

It must be admitted that some of the best and most interesting waterfowl shooting is enjoyed (and I mean enjoyed) when the weather is, as the saying goes, good only for ducks. However, the rigorous quality of the sport depends largely upon geography. There are plenty of Southern wild-fowlers who turn up in the blind with thin cotton shirts. Others, in more northerly climes, often find it more practical to be swathed in several layers of wool topped by a good waterproof, windproof fabric.

Unhappily for the man who likes creature comforts, waterfowl seldom co-operate by passing within gunshot during what devotees of the sport term "bluebird" weather. Contrary to the opinion of some deer and grouse hunters, waterfowl are not stupid. Shortly after the hunting season opens, it occurs to them that proximity to shore often results in the loss of friends and relatives. Therefore, they begin leaving the marshes shortly after daybreak and proceed to large open bodies of water, where they float about serenely during the sunny day, well out of range of the heaviest shotgun. After sundown they begin streaming back to the bars, shallows or marshes.

All of this is very disconcerting to the law-abiding wild-fowler, whose shooting is limited by law to the period from a half hour before sunrise to an hour before sunset. This regulation, while it conserves waterfowl, is anathema to the veteran gunner, who dreams of the good old days when the majority of the ducks and geese were bagged during the dim first and last moments of daylight. Between these times the wild-fowler could nap, fish, or play poker with kindred spirits.

Under the present restrictions, the duck hunter dozes comfortably but unhappily in his blind or boat during the calm, sunny days, sticking it out until curfew only in hopes that a wind will rise. For only wind, and the resultant whitecaps and rough water, will move ducks and geese from open water to the lee of the shore.

Many years ago, on Barnegat Bay, I hunted each fall with an old bayman who, on calm, windless mornings, unfailingly made a votive offering in which he had a childlike confidence. After pawing around in an ancient tobacco pouch which served as a change purse, he would extract a dime. This he would transfer to an equally ragged envelope which bore the legend "Church Fund." He would then elevate his glance skyward.

"Ten cents' worth of wind, please, Sir," he would intone humbly. "You know we need it."

Occasionally, to my surprise and his satisfaction, a wind would spring up in sufficient strength to drive the ducks from the open water, and we would get some fast shooting.

Then, one memorable day in December, his expedient backfired.

The sun rose that morning in a cloudless sky, and the water was like a mirror. Ten cents moved from purse to Church Fund, and the routine plea went up. Within an hour the sun was hidden by dark clouds, within two hours the wind was howling from the northeast, and within three hours it had pushed the flooding tide so rapidly up the bay that we were driven from our blind and had to pole the "sneak boxes" up a tidal creek. In the driving rain and sleet that soon followed, it would have been impossible to line up a gun on a goose passing 10 feet distant.

By noon, the fury of the storm was such that we abandoned hope of getting back to the mainland that day, and resigned ourselves to a cold, wet night in the tiny boats. Just before dusk, I watched the old man glance reproachfully skyward, his shoulders hunched against the weather.

"All I wanted was ten cents' worth," he murmured sadly. "I didn't say a word about sleet."

Old Baymen Were Salty Characters

Much of the romance of wild-fowling has faded with the passing of these old baymen, who scraped a bare but pleasant living by fishing during the spring and summer and guiding wild-fowlers during the fall and winter. Often barely literate, and restricted in their travels to the margins of the bay, they generally possessed a native wit and a compelling humor that made them refreshing companions to the outlander. They were oddly similar in type, dress and even language, whether encountered on the cold tidal creeks of Casco Bay in Maine, or the warm sloughs of North Carolina's Currituck Sound. Their odd phraseology and weird contraction of many common words was corrupt in form and often coupled with a profanity that was so natural as to be inoffensive. *(Continued on page 43)*

Duck hunters who can afford it belong to organizations like this one, the half-million-dollar Whalehead Club on Currituck Sound, N.C.

RAY ADAMS

IT HAD TO BREAK

As Leland's plane roared over the ocean, two women waited for him.
He knew he could return to only one—and he loved them both

By PAMELA FRANKAU

THE noise of the airplane's engines grew fainter in Leland's ears; it became a throbbing lullaby as he drifted toward sleep. Across the aisle, in the dark, the Englishman was still talking—the Englishman with the clipped, knowledgeable voice.

"My dear fellow, I was a pilot in the last war, and I know. We're flying on two engines. Listen. We'll be lucky if we make it."

Drowsy and detached, Leland thought: *How will it feel if we don't make it?* They were, he knew, still over the Atlantic, two hours away from the Newfoundland coast; two hours . . . The clouding weight of sleep pressed his thoughts down.

Now he was dreaming. The noise of the failing engine was in the dream, and Jane, whom he was going to marry, was sitting beside him. "Crash coming," Jane's voice said. He saw her clearly: the dazzle of her smile and the lion-colored hair; the broad white forehead and the brown eyes. She said, "So we're going to die."

Then, in the dream, the airplane struck and the cabin began to fill with water. He grasped Jane's hand. At once, Viola, his wife, turned and spoke to him in her light, thin voice. Viola was sitting across the aisle in the ex-pilot's seat. He could see her clearly too: her face that was like the face of a pretty, harassed clown. "You can save only one of us, Leland; you know that," she said. And the water rose. . . .

"Attention, please. Global Airways announces the arrival of Flight 001 from London to New York. Scheduled wait: forty minutes."

Mark Lewis, a passenger on this flight, led his chance companion to the breakfast counter at the Gander airport. She was an attractive woman; she knew his name and his circle of friends; this was being an amiable and easy journey. He ordered coffee for them both. The voice spoke again over the public-address system.

"Attention, please. Maritime Airways announces further delay of approximately four hours for maintenance on Flight 222 from London to New York."

All through the waiting room, the passengers on Flight two-two-two became instantly identifiable. In the brisk light of early morning, they looked unshaven or unpowdered, according to their sex. Some sprawled on sofas, sat up to hear the announcement repeated, then flopped down to sleep again. Some were playing canasta; some were writing post cards. All of them were listless and annoyed—a scatter of tired, adult babes in the wood.

"Sooner them than me," Mark said complacently. "They ought to have been in New York hours ahead of us. As it is, we'll probably be there by the time they take off." Then he saw Leland bowed over one of the writing tables and added, "Looks as though my future brother-in-law is among the unlucky ones."

"Your future brother-in-law?" His companion's face lighted up with curiosity. "Wouldn't that be Leland French?"

"It would. Over there."

"Did you know he'd been in Europe?"

"Oh, yes. His boss and my boss send us on the same foraging raid every year. Hunting new British writers."

"He's very good-looking, Leland French. I always heard he was. Like a dark, neat little hawk," she decided. "Are you pleased about the marriage?"

"Very pleased. And it has a certain inevitable look to it," Mark said.

"Meaning?"

"Why, Leland's life and mine have always interlocked sooner or later—at college, in business; and we found that quite by chance we'd bought houses within two miles of each other in Westchester County. Then he got a partnership in Merrick Doane, just as I'd joined Homer's, making us," Mark said with a grin, "rival pillars of the two best publishing houses in New York."

"And then he falls in love with your sister, Jane."

"And now he's got four hours at Gander and I've got forty minutes. Better commiserate with him, hadn't I?"

"Tell me just one thing, if I don't sound too curious. His wife—what's happened to her?"

"Nothing, so far as I know. Divorce coming up any minute," Mark said.

"Isn't she in love with somebody else? Or is it that one expects women poets to be in love with somebody else? I mean Ralph Waldron, that big gentleman with a mustache?"

"He's still around," Mark said. "I don't know what goes there."

"She's a good poet, isn't she?"

"Viola French is a damned good poet," Mark said, watching the back of Leland's head. "But good poets don't make good wives; that's the trouble."

"Unfaithful?"

"Worse. Untidy. The sloppiest housekeeper in five continents; vague as the moon and no *savoir-faire*."

"The antithesis of Jane?"

"Just that. Poor Viola. In a way I'm fond of her, ink on her nose and all," Mark said. "But hell, it had to break."

AT THE writing table, Leland French rubbed his eyes, shook his neat shoulders, and lighted a cigarette. It was absurd, he knew, to feel that by this delay he was keeping two people waiting: Jane in New York, Viola in Westchester. Viola was not waiting; Viola had given up waiting for him to come home. He blotted the letter to Jane. He took the other letter out of its envelope, the letter he had written to Viola in the plane the night before.

My dear,

I meant to write again last week, but London as usual filled itself with dates and dooms. (One of the dates and the worst of the dooms was little Poliakovsky with two narrative poems—every syllable as bad as Tiger Hair. Remember fighting your way through that manuscript in the heat wave at Somerville?)

You must forgive my silence; this one isn't due to stalling. I'm not stalling any longer now.

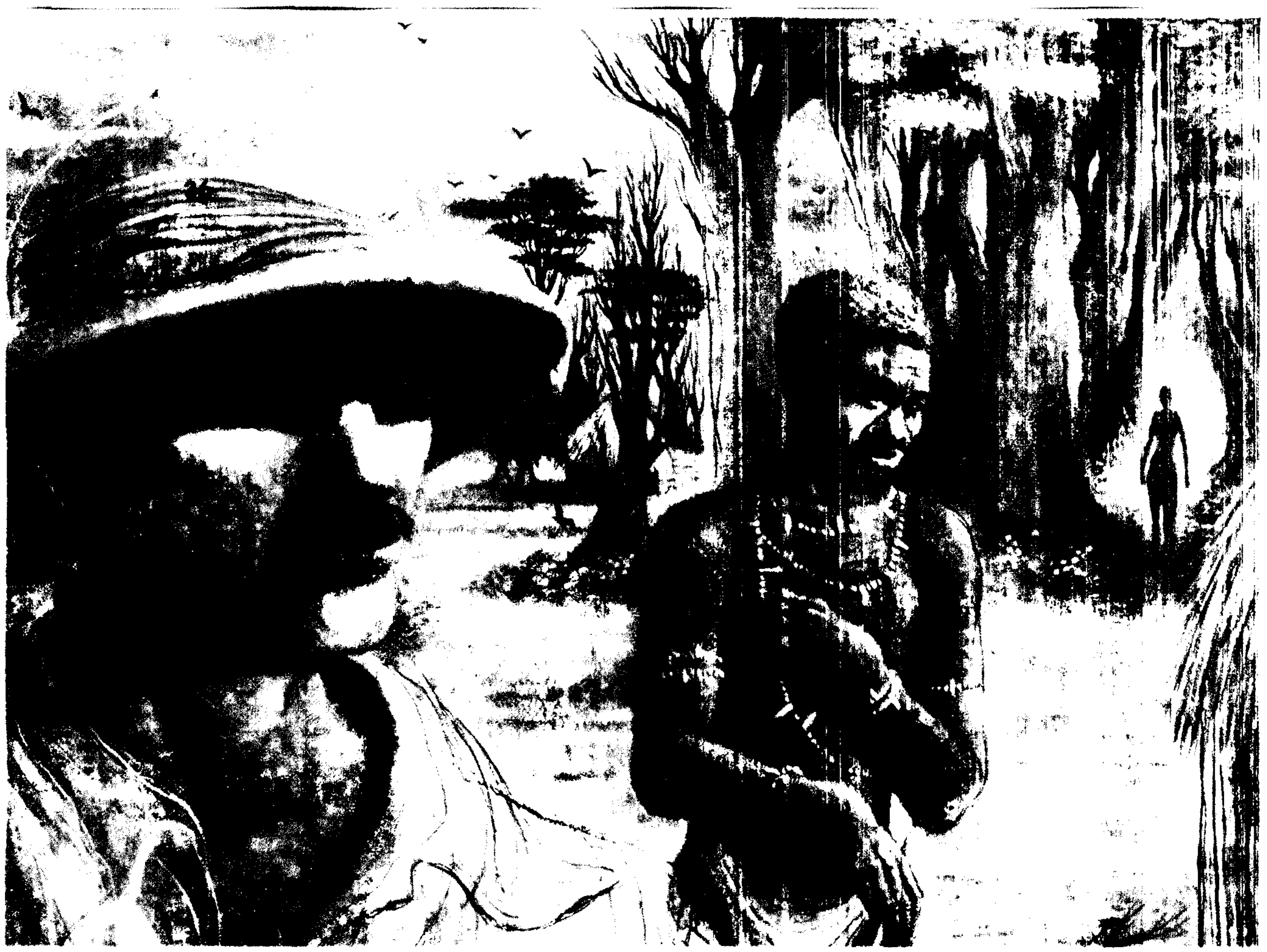
I'll be staying in New York, at the club. Time and date of our meeting must be chosen by you. I know it's

(Continued on page 81)

Viola had been so certain that their love, their meeting place of laughter, was enough for him

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Alex Ross.



There were few high lights in a trooper's life. But meeting Gaiwanda was one

The Ugly Maiden

By [illegible]

"WHY am I so ugly?" Gaiwanda asked the Manica girl, whose kinky hair she was plaiting in the shade of a thatched hut.

"It is very sad," the Manica girl replied, without answering the question. "Truly, it is sad."

"They say I will never marry," Gaiwanda continued, while her deft fingers played nimbly over the cone-shaped head, "and that my unknown mother is to blame. But is it just that I should suffer for the deeds of my mother? I do not think so. And yet, the young men of the village will not look at me because I am ugly."

The Manica girl clicked her tongue in sympathy, for she herself was to be married the very next day—to an old man who already had four wives, it was true, but it was marriage according to custom and tradition. And all that Gaiwanda could look forward to was a life of drudgery and loneliness.

"It is finished," Gaiwanda said at last, and the Manica girl stood up and stretched her almost naked body to its full height.

Gaiwanda studied her with envy, mindful of her own deficiencies, and yet not realizing that it was all a matter of taste. For the Manica girl was simply a mountain of fat, with breasts and buttocks that could be likened to boulders strewn about; and all of this was topped by a face so scarred by ceremonial knives that the flashing teeth were the only sign of its animation.

She is beautiful, Gaiwanda thought in envy.

Gaiwanda was an orphan, the daughter of a wandering Xosa woman who had stumbled into the village many years before and had died giving birth to her. Gaiwanda had been reluctantly reared by an underchief until she was sixteen, and then, after her morose guardian was killed in a cattle raid, she had been left to fend for herself. The Manicas treated the Xosa maiden with careless kindness; she did menial work for which she was paid in chickens and grain; and she was completely ignored by the eligible young bachelors. And the poor girl could never understand why she had been made differently from other women.

Gaiwanda had realized from an early age that she was not like the other girls of the village, and she had attempted some of the beautification which was the custom of the tribe, but she had not fared well. She found it impossible to stand the pain of having her teeth filed, and she bore even less well the small knives which were used to make the ornate cicatrices on face and breast that were admired by all men. So Gaiwanda was simply a beast of burden, handicapped by the fact that she was of another tribe, an orphan without dowry, and remarkably ugly.

BUT all this changed when, one day, a young Manica named Umtasa returned to the village after an absence of three years. It was not generally known exactly what Umtasa had been doing during his years of voluntary exile, but some of the older men soon found much to discuss with him regarding the land in the south; the land of the *Walungu*—the white man. And when Umtasa was not talking to the old men, he spent the rest of his time paying attention to Gaiwanda.

The first day after his return, Umtasa had greeted Gaiwanda in a tone of respect, which amazed the orphan girl.

"I have come from the land of the *Walungu,*" Umtasa had said, "and I have learned much of their ways."

The following day he had come and taken Gaiwanda by the hand and walked with her through the mealie fields, telling her what was in his heart. And thereafter he came every day.

When Umtasa's father, Luakana, an irascible old councilor who suffered from gout, heard about the association, he was barely restrained from disowning his son. And attributing Umtasa's madness to witchcraft, he immediately went to see the village sorcerer and had him concoct some devils' brew that was guaranteed to cure his son permanently of love. It might have been a good remedy, but Umtasa never swallowed it. Nor did he listen to his father's threats. Instead, he merely paid the village chief the price of thirty head of cattle, and installed Gaiwanda in his hut.

It was the talk of the village, this marriage of Umtasa and Gaiwanda. No one could understand why Umtasa, who had the choice of any girl, should have taken to wife the strangely afflicted Gaiwanda. But there were further shocks to come.

Umtasa was actually seen to treat his wife with respect, and, instead of sending her to work in the fields like other wives, he permitted her to keep house while he took care of his few acres himself. The villagers spoke in stunned whispers, the chief scratched his hoary head in wonder, and Umtasa's father paid another visit to the sorcerer. But, contrary to general expectation, Umtasa was neither struck by lightning nor afflicted with smallpox. He continued to enjoy a life of marital bliss.

In time, the villagers took the marriage for granted and accepted the couple as part of the community. Only Umtasa's father continued in his attempts to wreck the marriage.

EVERY year, the Manica village was visited by a white police trooper, an awe-inspiring individual whose appearance still sent the women and children scurrying to their huts in fear. He came simply to collect the hut taxes, but he always tried to make himself useful during his short stay in the village. And it was to him that Umtasa's father unburdened his troubles and looked for help.

"I see you, lord," the old man said, when the trooper arrived and held the usual council.

"I see you, Luakana," the trooper replied, wondering what the old fool was up to now.

"I have a son, lord," the old man began, "who has brought shame on my house by marrying a slave girl who is also frightfully ugly." (Even uglier than thou, lord, the old man thought.) "He could have taken the cream of our womanhood but instead he has chosen to defile his hut with a demon-begotten girl of another race. I must get rid of her, lord. *Wenazi*—isn't that so?"

"A-a-ah!" the trooper murmured noncommittally. Although he was accustomed to strange requests, he saw no reason to become involved in the case of a Manica who happened to have married a hag. They were all hags, he thought. On the other hand, he had to show some interest for two important reasons: to save his own dignity and to squash any idea the old man might have of using poison.

"I will talk to your son and his wife," the trooper said. "And I will see the girl first," he added. It had suddenly occurred to him that she might be suffering from some disease.

"I will send for her, lord," the old man said.

There were few high lights in a trooper's life, but the white man considered his meeting with Gaiwanda to be one.

She came, dressed simply in a loincloth, and stood shyly before the first *Walungu* she had ever seen at close range. And the trooper was absolutely astounded. *Magtig!* Her mother may have been a Xosa, but her father must have been someone very like himself!

His eyes traveled slowly over her pale-cream body, lingering momentarily on the sweet mouth, the fine, short nose and the small, firm breasts. *Magtig,* she was beautiful!

Gaiwanda shivered slightly. She was afraid of him, and not a little repulsed by his bigness, by the coarse hair on what showed of his chest—and by that face! Poor Gaiwanda, who had never seen a white man, nor a mirror.

"Gaiwanda," the trooper said hesitantly, and came closer to her, "I am your friend, I want—"

But the girl stepped back hurriedly, afraid that he was going to touch her, which he was.

"Come here, woman," he said sternly, but Gaiwanda fled in terror, and the trooper walked back to the guest hut, feeling like a fool.

"Well, lord," Umtasa's father said to him, "I await your paternal advice."

"My advice, old one," the trooper said peevishly, as he saddled his horse, "is to take the girl away from your son and marry her yourself. Otherwise, leave her alone."

"But she is a slave girl and ugly," the old man insisted.

And the trooper, thinking of his own stolid *huisvrouw* at home, slaving to bring up six children, replied, *"Ja, ja.* But so is my wife."

"Yowe!" the old man exclaimed in astonishment, and went off to give his blessing to the young couple.

For, he reasoned in his simple Bantu way, what was good enough for the *Walungu* was good enough for him! THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

A Trapper by Any Other Name

By LEE ROGOW

SOME people have all the luck. I don't happen to be one of them. You take the fellow who works next to me in the office, for example. Some time ago he drove into a gas station, and he noticed that the attendant was wearing one of those identification name badges which have become so popular with friendly industry. The gas station attendant's name was Phillip DeTank. My co-worker at the office forwarded this hot little piece of information to a newspaper cartoonist who deals in such improbables, and shortly thereafter received in the mail a check for five dollars. Five dollars won't exactly buy a house in the country, but it happens to be exactly five dollars more than *I* have ever received from a cartoonist. I could drive into 10,000 gas stations, and all the attendants would be named McGillicuddy, Fishbein or Winkle.

By the same token, I have never had the good fortune to meet a scissors grinder named Sharp, a lawyer named Brief, a barber named Shaver, or a trapper named Hunt. In fact, I have never met a trapper by any name, so what chance have I got? My lawyer is named Havrilla, and there's nothing I can do about it. He's my wife's cousin. My barber is named Schmidlapp. Terence Schmidlapp. I've thought of changing barbers on the chance of running into a Will Strop, or a Harry Cutter, but Schmidlapp will have to do.

Not long ago I thought I was on the track of something sizzling. A new family moved into our neighborhood, and my wife, who just happened to strike up a conversation with the moving man, discovered that the name was Katchum. Later in the week she just happened to be chatting with the postman, and she just happened to glance at a letter at the top of the stack in the postman's hand, and she saw that the new neighbor's first name was Irving. I Katchum! What a natural! I must confess I lay awake for an hour that night, visions of five-dollar bills floating greenly in my mind. I. Katchum might be an exterminator. He might also be a detective, or an outfielder on a ball team, or a fisherman. He might even be a trapper!

Well, he turned out to be a wholesale grocer.

After a while the wife and I got to playing bridge with the Katchums on Wednesday nights. One evening he dropped a remark that the wholesale grocery business hadn't been too good lately. I asked him, very casually, if he had ever thought of setting up a trap line somewhere. I said that muskrat furs were bringing a nice price in the current market. I even offered to go half and half with him.

He looked at me sort of funny. "On the muskrats?" he asked.

"No," I said. "On the five dollars."

There ensued what the literary fellows call a pregnant silence. I explained about the newspaper cartoonist and the odd names.

Katchum turned out to be an extremely sensitive fellow, because he didn't think that was funny.

His wife didn't think it was funny either.

We haven't been over there for bridge since.

A bit later on we got a new filing clerk in the office, a girl by the name of Lotta Raine. I suddenly remembered we had a boy named Jim Snow over in Maintenance, and just on the chance that it might lead to one of those strange-as-it-seems marriages, I made it a point to have Miss Raine meet Mr. Snow. Well, she hated him. What's more, her fiancé, a certain Mr. Antsrather, who once played tackle for Western State, explained to me that he wasn't crazy about the idea either.

That sort of cooled me off on name coincidences, but I still figured I could break into print in some other way. You read a lot of these items about people finding a potato shaped like a calf's head or a ballet slipper, or something peculiar like that.

Well, I started inspecting the potatoes that came into the house from the vegetable market. I don't mean I made too much of it, but if I happened to be around the kitchen when the order came in I'd take the potatoes out and sort of turn them around casually, and see if the shapes reminded me of anything. Well, you know, they did remind me of something. They reminded me of potatoes. If there were any football-shaped, or bird-shaped or fish-shaped potatoes in the lot, the vegetable man, a certain Mr. Scautorcchio, was obviously sending them to the newspapers himself.

The only real result of my activities in the kitchen was that Hilda, our housekeeper, began looking at me more and more sidewise, and the following week she informed us she had taken a job cleaning up the laboratory at the New Brunswick School of Pharmacy. She implied in her farewell address that while the young collegians at good old N.B.S. of P. might be a trifle high-spirited at times, at least they didn't go around in kitchens fondling the potatoes.

I must say that while the potato thing was a fizzle, I had a bit more luck with eggs. You know how somebody is always finding an egg with a number or a face clearly visible on the shell. I thought it couldn't hurt to give the eggs a quick once-over when they came in from the grocery, just to see if there was anything unusual about them.

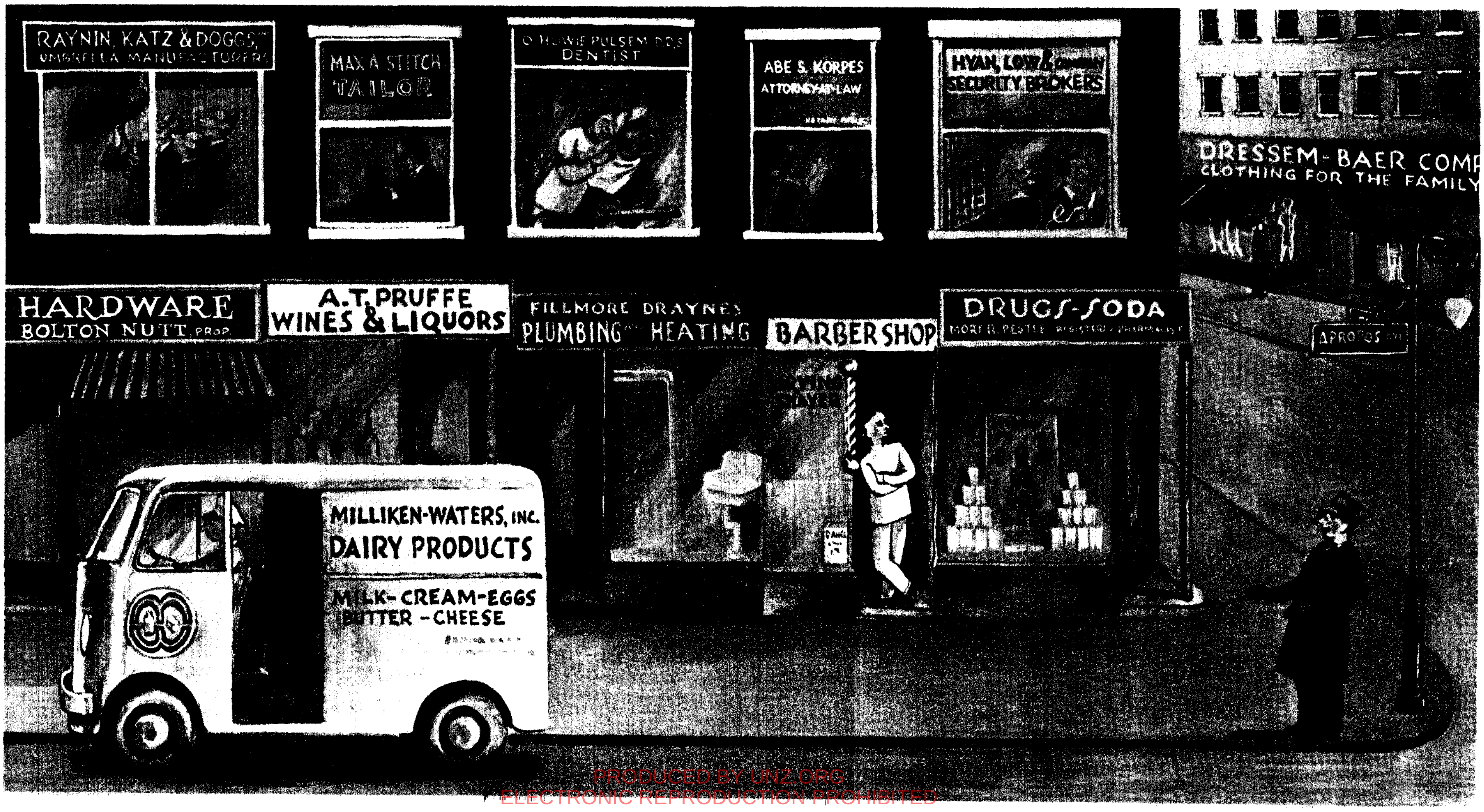
One day I thought I'd found something at last. One of the eggs had the number nine and the number three on the shell in a sort of wavering blue outline. You can't blame me for getting excited. My wife was in the kitchen at the time—she'd been doing her own housework since Hilda went into the pharmacy line—and I called her over and showed her the numbers on the egg. She explained that the figures had been written there in crayon by the grocer. That was the price of the eggs—93 cents a dozen.

That finished me. I've completely given up looking at eggs. Matter of fact, I've given up eating eggs, too. Ninety-three cents a dozen! That grocer's middle name ought to be Robber! It isn't, though. It's Montmorency. I asked him the other day.

THE END

I have never had the good fortune to meet a scissors grinder named Sharp, a lawyer named Brief or a barber named Shaver or Strop

CARL ROSE



INVISIBLE KILLER

By BRUNO SKOGGARD

I'd known all along there was something wrong with Crowley—something dangerously wrong. And now he had me trapped in darkness, pursuing me with his devilish toy

AFTER a summer of tourists and a September of gales, it was our time of the year. The hardwoods had turned the hills into heaps of red and yellow. Instead of flying cottagers and supplies to islands in Georgian Bay, I would soon fly a few friends north to hunt deer.

But this year I hadn't looked forward to fall. The reason was Crowley. My wife was determined I fire him.

"Okay," I said. "Okay. I'll fire him tomorrow."

"Tonight. Do you want Doc Madden to leave on his vacation knowing Crowley is still around to pester his daughter?"

I cut a piece of steak. "Doc won't get away to his cottage tomorrow anyway. He hasn't gotten up to his island on October first yet. Last year he was delivering Swenson's baby. Year before, it was an appendix operation. Something will delay his fishing. Always does."

"For weeks you've been saying tomorrow. You don't need Crowley any more. You don't have enough business to keep one plane flying, much less two."

Jane was right. With the tourist season over, I could let him go. But I wasn't being stubborn; I wasn't ashamed to admit that I'd made a mistake when I hired Crowley last June. I was being cautious—as you would with a dog that you didn't trust.

"Jim, please, before he hurts somebody," Jane urged.

"What do you mean, hurts somebody? He's a good pilot."

"I don't mean flying."

"There you go again. Just because Crowley's a kid—"

"He's as old as you are."

"He's still a kid. But just because he claims to have done everything one better than anyone else, that doesn't mean he's whatever you think he is."

"It's more than that."

"What?"

"*What?* You know as well as I do. What about the forty-five he was carrying around in a shoulder holster? Pearl-handled, no less."

"So he's a nut on guns. Besides," I said lamely, "he has a license for it."

"But why should anyone want to carry a gun in this little town?"

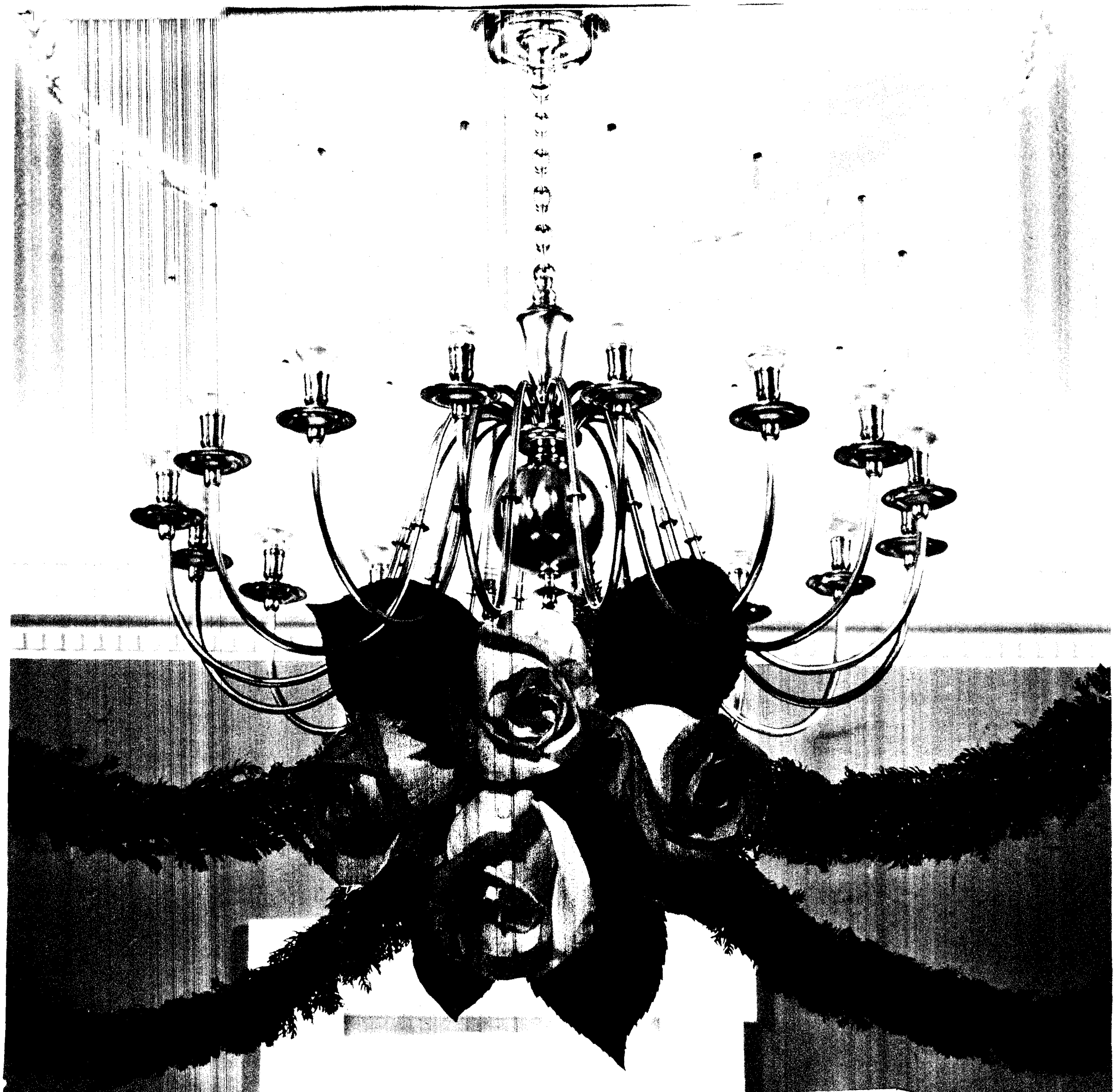
"I don't know." We'd gone over all this before. "It's a kid trick."

"When the kid is thirty, I don't think he's safe to have around."

"Okay!" I wanted to drop the subject. It made me annoyed with myself. Lately I'd realized I'd been humoring Crowley as you would humor a child to prevent a tantrum, or a drunk on the verge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

I fired quickly and shattered the window frame, startling the loons. They laughed with Crowley. Crowley probably wanted to hunt me



Four Roses
FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey

Again this Christmas…it's a bright idea to give what most men would rather get…

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S FAVORITE GIFT WHISKEY
IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTON

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

of violence. Though his threat was silent, his eyes seemed to warn you of tension within.

“You're not afraid of him, too, are you?” Jane asked.

“Crowley? Don't be silly.” But I was. I was afraid to antagonize him. “Do you want me to fire him tonight?”

“Please.”

IT WAS dark when I drove over to his cottage on the shore. As usual, the flashlight was not in the glove compartment, so I had to grope for the path through the pines. There were no lights on, but I could hear his radio. Knowing Crowley's reputation, I hesitated to knock.

Hell, I thought, you don't fire a man at night anyway. I turned to go, with a feeling of relief.

“Hello, Jim.”

I stopped. “Crowley?”

“Yeah. Can you see me?”

“No.”

“I can see you. You have your left hand in your pocket.”

I pulled it out. “Where are you?”

His laugh sounded close. “Cold, Jim?”

I finished zipping up my leather jacket.

“Coming at you.”

The darkness stirred into a vague shape, and I ducked. “Put that damn' rifle down!” I shouted.

He lowered it with a laugh. “Relax. I wasn't going to knock you off. Just trying out my sniper-scope. Come on in, and I'll show it to you. It came today in a trunk that finally caught up with me.”

Inside, he turned on a lamp and held out the rifle. It had a telescopic sight and a spotlight under the barrel. A wire connected the light to a battery case strapped to his back.

“How's this for a gadget?” he asked, handing it to me and turning out the light in the room. “Look through the scope.”

“The spotlight's not on,” I said.

“Never mind.”

Through the sight, I could see clearly, wherever I aimed, in a reddish light. I took my eye away, and the room was dark.

“Infrared light,” he said, turning on the table lamp. “You can only see it through a special lens mounted in the sight.”

“Not bad.” I gave him back the rifle.

“Well, it's pretty crude. Jap. Picked it up in the islands during the war. The rig I'd really like to have is the U.S. Army sniper-scope. Ultraviolet with an electronic lens system. Real black light.”

“Both sound kind of useless. What can you do with them?”

He laughed. “Hell, I don't know. Just a gadget. But it fascinates me. On a dark night, I'd be invisible. I could see, but I couldn't be seen.”

“But your game would still pick up your scent.”

“I know.”

“All it's good for is—” I caught his smile, and looked at him with disgust.

“—is hunting a man? I know,” he said.

He took off the shoulder straps and put the case and gun on the table. “Ever kill a guy, Jim?”

I didn't answer. He knew I'd been a fighter pilot.

He settled himself in a chair. “When I was flying P-38s,” he said, “we hit some airfields in Foggia, in Italy. I caught a guy stepping out of a plane.” He began to laugh. “When he saw my burst kicking toward him, you should have seen him run. Got him. Broke him right in two.”

Whether true or not, the story so obviously pleased him that I wanted to hit him.

“Come to see me about something, Jim?”

I glanced at the rifle on the table next to him. “No, just passing by.” . . .

The next morning, Crowley was in our shack on the public dock when I arrived. He was sitting with his feet on the desk and drinking coffee. As usual, he was wearing the fancy uniform he'd had made after his first pay check.

Not that he looked bad in it. He was a big man, with the hips and stomach to wear a battle jacket. But four gold stripes to fly a small floatplane was too much. Everybody on the dock threw him salutes and called him “Captain.” I'd felt sorry for him, until I realized he liked it.

“Doc Madden call?” I asked.

“No.”

He hated Doc. When the tourists left, Crowley had turned to the natives and picked Doc's daughter, Mary. Doc had told him to stay away.

Crowley finished his coffee and pulled out a comb. His left hand followed it through his hair, checking the waves. “I'd better fly down to Toronto today,” he said.

“Why?”

“To take my flight physical. I told you yesterday my certificate expires in a week.”

This was my excuse. I guess I'd been waiting for the opening ever since Doc Madden had given Crowley a physical exam and refused to renew his certificate.

“If we don't get some business pretty soon,” I said, “neither of us will need a pilot's license. Think you'll pass?”

“Damn' right. Nothing wrong with me. That old goat Madden just hates my guts. He's out to get me.”

Maybe he was right. I'd thought so at first, especially after I'd asked Doc why he'd failed Crowley. “Nothing physically wrong with him,” Doc had said, “but you ask him why.” All Crowley would say was, “Doc's crazy.”

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S

“Oh, *put your glasses back on!* The Sergeant is *not* in jail!”

VIRGIL PARTCH

I cleared my throat. “Well, don't bother going down. Now that the season's over, we won't have much flying to do, and—”

“I know.”

For a minute, I thought he was going to take the hint. “But I'll do the flying,” he said, “and you can drive the desk.”

“Fine, but no flying, no dough. I couldn't afford it.”

Crowley flashed his smile. “We'll make out okay. Should I take the Cub?”

I swore at him under my breath. Was he stupid, or so conceited he thought I couldn't get along without him? He knew when I hired him that it was just for the summer.

“Sorry,” I said, “but you won't need a license on my account any more.”

He was surprised. “You mean I'm fired?”

“No, the job's just over.”

Anger made his smooth, fleshy face turn red. “So you're on Doc's side, too. I didn't think he could turn you against me.”

There he went blaming others again. “There's no one against you,” I said, and thought: Except yourself.

He seemed to have a compulsion to lie. I'd felt it when he applied for the job. Not in what he said, but more in the way he said it. Maybe because he was so eager to talk about himself.

Then he claimed to have had experience with floatplanes. But when I took him for a check ride, I knew he'd never flown off water. He tried to make a landplane takeoff. He laughed. “Little rusty. After the big babies, you have to learn to fly these little jobs all over again.”

I guess I wanted to believe him. It was the start of the season, and Johnson had gone back into the Air Force. I couldn't afford to have one plane tied to the dock.

But Crowley was a fair pilot, and though he would never admit he didn't know everything, he learned fast. In a week I turned him loose on the customers.

There were no real complaints, and I was too busy to worry about the little things. Maybe I hadn't wanted to. But Doc Madden noticed them. . . .

“*Your wife doesn't like me either,*” Crowley said now. “She and all the rest of the damn' women in this town.”

“Let's not get personal.”

“Why not? That's why you're firing me, isn't it? Personal? Just because I rented a cottage and had some fun with the girls this *summer, all the women turned against me.*”

I felt sorry for him. He seemed never to have had a home or family. At least, for all his talk, he never mentioned any. He was a nomad. If you could believe half of what he said, Crowley had been everywhere. Perhaps he had, in a desperate search for friendship.

“Know what's wrong with a lot of women in this town?” he said. “They're jealous. Yeah. I could name three or four wives who are jealous, sore because I didn't invite them to spend the night.”

He was like a kid who lived in a dream in which he was the hero. Everything that didn't fit with the dream was at fault.

“I'm sorry,” I said. “But you knew the job was temporary. There just isn't enough business from now until summer to keep two pilots busy. I can't afford it.”

“Stow it. I know the score. You're all alike. You all have such damn' good excuses. Sorry,” he mimicked, with an ugly flare to his lips, “but I can't afford— Nuts! I've been around. Thrown off better jobs than this, too.”

“Have it your own way,” I said, and wrote him a check with two weeks' extra pay.

He took it and left without saying thanks or good-by. Watching him stride down the dock, I wondered where he would go next. I found out that night.

I telephoned Doc Madden, and Mary answered. “Doc ready yet?” I asked.

She laughed. “Old Pierre LeBlanc fell off his roof and broke his wrist. Pop's setting it now.”

“Never fails. I'll come and pick him up.”

When I got to Doc's office, he came rushing out of his X-ray room, muttering, “Damned old fool would pick today to shingle his roof.” He still had the X-ray-room goggles on his forehead.

He shoved me toward the door. “My gear's in the hall. Let's get out of here before somebody else limps in.”

We threw his stuff in the car. As we drove off, Mary came to the door and shouted. Doc looked around, startled. “What'd she say?”

I *put on the brakes, laughing.* “Your goggles.”

He clutched his forehead and pulled them off. “Don't stop,” he cried, stuffing the goggles in the pocket of my jacket. “Keep going, or we'll never get away. You can give them to Mary when you see her.”

Some of the boys were waiting at the plane to see Doc off. George Berton, the water taxi driver, said solemnly, “Say, Doc, could you take a look at my neck here? Got pains something awful.” Everyone laughed as Doc cussed him cured.

WE TOOK off, swung over town, and headed north. Doc made himself comfortable, lighted his pipe, and laughed. “Got away quicker'n last year. See the musky Sam caught yesterday?”

We talked fishing a while; then I told him I had let Crowley go.

“Good,” he said.

I wanted to ask him why he'd failed Crowley's physical, but I was afraid he would confirm my suspicion. *Forget it,* I said to myself. But I couldn't.

“Is Crowley crazy, Doc?”

“Well,” he said, “not so you could put him away—yet. He's a borderline case, Jim. He has what they call a prepsychotic personality. I don't know too much about it, but he has a lot of what I understand to be the symptoms.”

“Is he dangerous?”

Doc shrugged. “Maybe. Being unstable, some little thing might set him off. You can't tell, though, until it does, until he commits violence. That's the trouble.”

“And that's why you wouldn't give him a certificate.”

He nodded. “For his own good, I advised *him* to see a psychiatrist. He got angry, said he'd gone through all that in the Air Force.”

“I guess I should have fired him when you suggested it, but—well, we were busy and I needed him.”

“*It's over with. You were lucky. Think* the lake trout will be in yet?”

We circled his island, landed and taxied back to his dock. As we carried his gear up to the cabin, Doc said, “Watch the whisky now.” I offered to help him take down the *shutters and open up the place, but he said* no. After eleven months of having complaining people around him all the time, he wanted every minute of his solitude. . . .

Late that afternoon, I had a trip up to Parry Sound. An overcast dulled the water that shared the wild country with the glacial-rock islands and the pines. All the cottages were shuttered tight; that was why Doc went up in the fall. The only life I saw was a lone outboard moving north, and, later, smoke from Doc's chimney.

I kept wondering about the outboard all the way to Parry Sound. Crowley had one. Hell, I told myself, so did fifty people. But by the time I tied up to the dock, I was uneasy.

They asked me to wait for some cargo, but I told them I had to get back. Then the

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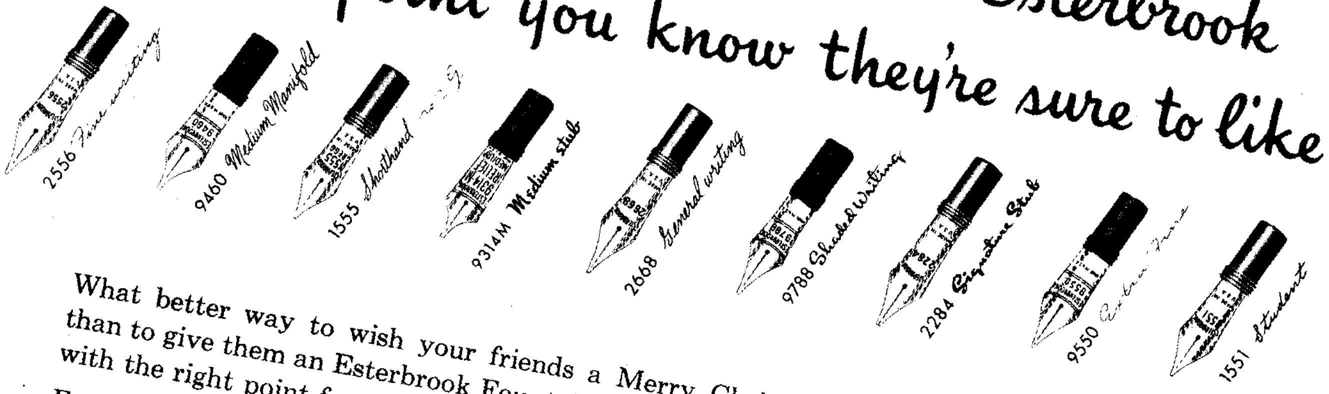
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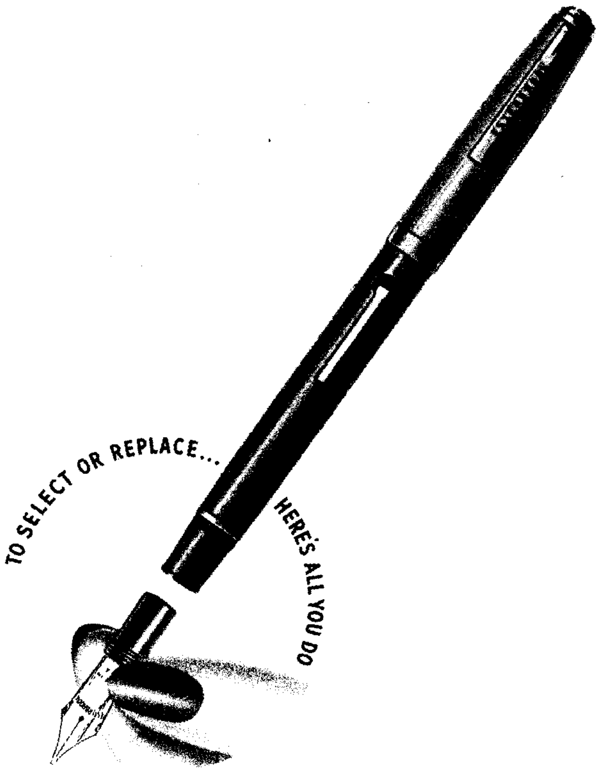
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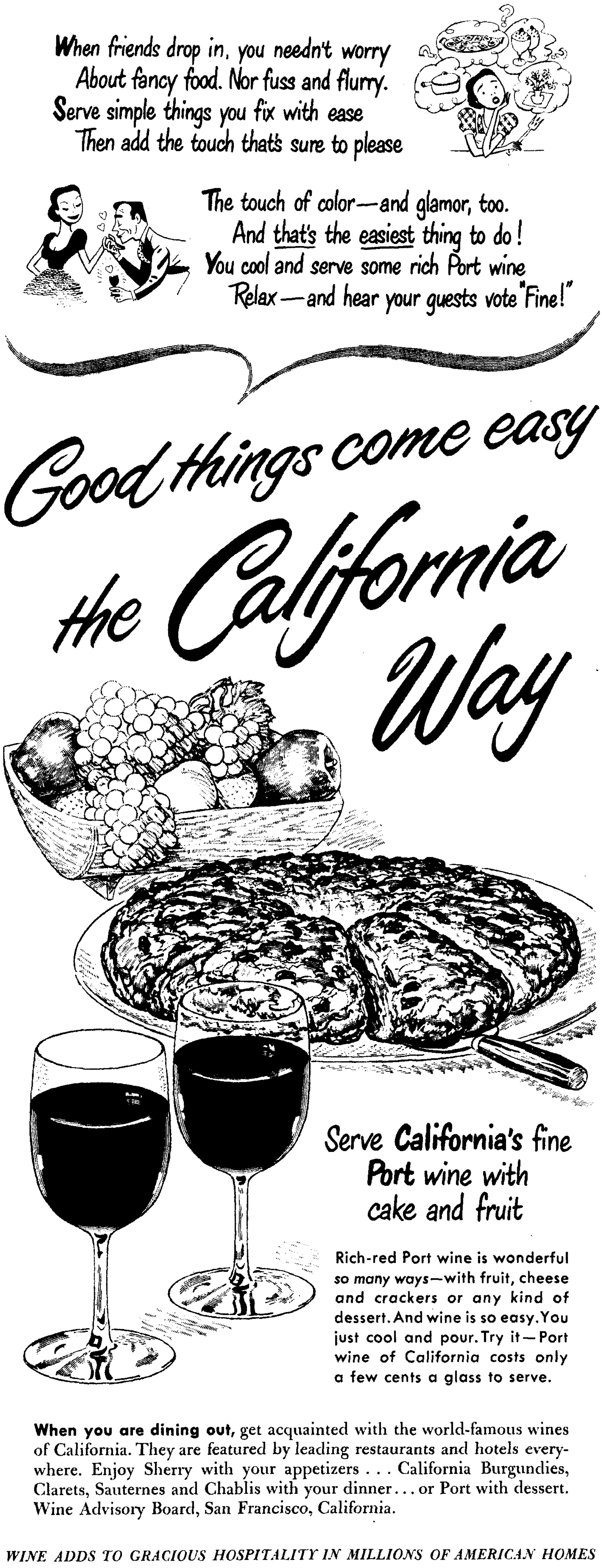
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WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

damn' engine showed a mag drop, and it took me an hour to chase down a set of new plugs.

It was dusk when I got off. I flew back to Doc's island at full throttle. Every now and then, I felt foolish and eased off power, only to put it on again.

I made a straight-in approach and a lousy landing, even though it was a bit cross-wind. Taxiing in fast, I expected to see him at any moment, but he didn't appear.

The wind was strong, but no excuse for my clanking a pontoon hard against a crib as I docked. Then I almost let her blow away from me twice before I had her moored. Grabbing my rifle and flashlight, I ran up to the cabin and went in. A pile of planks, like shelves, were burning in the fireplace.

"Doc?"

Something sizzled in the kitchen. I cocked the rifle and turned on my light. A pot of soup was boiling over on the stove.

"Hey, Doc?" Then I laughed. "Hell, he's probably out fishing."

I almost fell going down the slope of rock to the boathouse. His canoe and outboard were in the slip, soaking. He was still on the island.

"Doc!"

In the rising darkness, a loon answered with its witch laugh.

Back at the cabin, I looked in his bedroom. There were piles of plates, cooking utensils and tools on the floor. Doc had been emptying his secret cupboard. But he was too methodical to have left them like that. He would have carried each stack of plates to the kitchen as he unpacked.

Then, in the closet, I saw that the two-by-four that held the narrow end wall to the floor was loose. It pulled out, the nails fitting into drilled holes. The secret cupboard.

I stared at the false wall, afraid to move it. When I did, my heart pounded harder than it should have. I knew he was there, even before I had pushed the wall aside and picked up my light. And yet the sight of his feet a few inches off the floor shocked me.

Doc Madden hung from a spike, the dark blood congealed below the bullet hole in his head.

GUILT followed fright. It was my fault. I had killed him. Crowley—it must have been Crowley—had shot him, but it was my fault. I never should have hired Crowley. I cursed us both.

Doc must have opened his cache for a pot to make soup just before Crowley surprised him. Crowley had emptied the cupboard to make room for the body. If he had put everything in order, we would have thought Doc had drowned.

Why hadn't Crowley cleaned up? Because you interrupted him. I felt Doc's hand. It was warm. Crowley was still on the island.

A tap at the window made me turn around. My light flashed to the window. Crowley was outside, watching me.

I dropped, turning out my light, knowing it was useless. Crowley was watching me through his sniper-scope. The darkness did not exist. He had me bathed in light that only he could see. I felt naked. It would come now. A clap on the head, and a flash as my brain burst; then nothing.

What was he waiting for? To play with me? The sadist. Like the day he went hunting woodchucks, and a chipmunk sat up to watch us, and he shot a leg off it and laughed as it tried to run away, falling.

I fired quickly and shattered the window frame, startling the loons. They laughed with Crowley.

Crowley probably wanted to hunt me, play the cat. If so, I had time—barren, borrowed time; but the next ten minutes might find me still alive. *You have ten minutes.* I could think of nothing to do with them.

The bullet slapped my shoulder. It knocked me down, or I fell, covering my face, stung by stone chips from the fireplace. I pulled myself up, and when I could stand without holding on, I found the tear in my jacket. *He wants me outside where he can stalk me.*

I watched the fire, wondering if I could reach the plane, or the water, or a boat. I told myself I could, until a chill made me turn and press my back against the stone.

MY STARE created things that moved in the darkness. I heard voices and footsteps. I heard panting, but it was my own. I was like any animal trapped.

I would share the closet with Doc. Crowley would escape in my plane, or sink it so people would think we had crashed.

"Crowley!" I shouted, and cursed him. Throwing open the door, I screamed at him. My hands gripped the rifle until my fingers were numb.

"Where are you?"

The ground and trees and sky were one. There was only the sound of water and wind.

"Crowley!"

I held the rifle at my hip with one hand. With the flashlight in the other, I ran out, as if the beam were a lance. Something moved by a tree, and I ran to get my hands on him. But I found only a boulder.

"Crowley!" It was a sob of rage.

A flame stabbed and smashed the light from my hand. I fired back, and the loons started again. I ran, whipped by branches. The ground disappeared and pitched me flat into something soft. Moss.

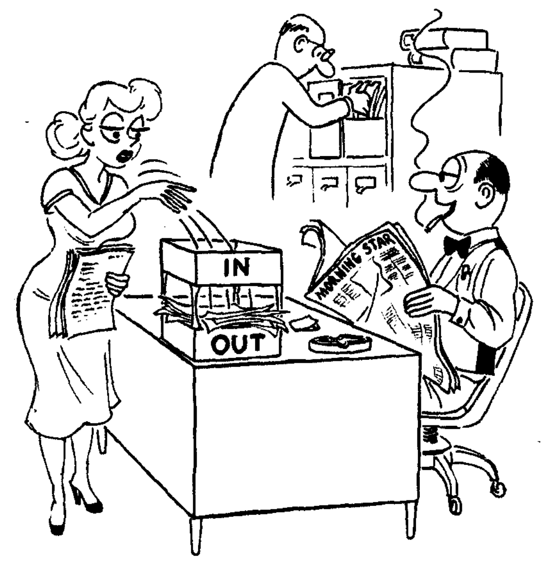
I had fallen into a ravine. My rifle was gone! I patted the ground, touched something, and picked it up. Like a crawling child, I sat down to inspect it. Goggles—Doc's goggles.

For a moment, I could not breathe. The goggles Doc had asked me to return—the goggles he'd put into my jacket pocket. The infrared goggles he wore in the dark X-ray room.

I put them on, and the night was no longer black but full of vague shapes. The amber line on the ground was my rifle. Then, from over my head, a finger of light came shining onto the far wall of my ravine. I crawled away around a bend, and stood up.

The light floated to the edge, and then down into the ravine. I planted the notch and blade of my sight in the bloodshot eye. As it approached me, I raised my aim six inches, a bit to the right, and fired.

The eye fell and left me shaking in the darkness. THE END



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COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

Whispering Wings on the Marsh

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

I ran into a typical expression of this lingua franca of the bayman this fall in Maine. I managed to get my limit of ducks early in the morning, but the old man who was my guide, companion and mentor lacked one bird to fill his quota. While I was probing in the lunch box, he spotted a lone duck on a small salt pond a few hundred yards from the blind, and announced that he would sneak through the marsh grass and add it to his bag.

Telling How a Duck Got Away

A few minutes later he returned, but without the final bird, so I asked what had happened. He reported disconsolately that he had sneaked to within shooting distance of the bird, only to see it disappear suddenly under the water—but the way he worded it might have been Greek to the uninitiated:

"I crup the dang duck," he grumbled, "but he div."

The coastal wild-fowler, on both the Atlantic and Pacific, usually has something of an edge on his inland companions, for waterfowl often gather at river mouths, bays and sounds, and the reefs, breakwaters and tidal islands provide the easiest, simplest form of gunning—pass shooting, the practice of sitting on dry land, without decoys and often without a blind, and firing at birds which are en route from one body of water to another.

However, the ducks may be predominantly divers, and as such birds include shellfish and crustaceans in their diet, they may have a flavor a bit too strong for some taste buds—especially the rank-tasting variety called the scoter, which abounds in such areas.

The inland gunner, provided he is a countryman, can usually find reasonably good waterfowl shooting not too far from home. But the apartment dweller faces something of a problem, and often finds this sport more costly than upland-game or even big-game hunting. Waterfowl marshes, bays, rivers or lakes within a 50-mile radius of large cities usually offer little public shooting.

The productive areas on these waterfowl centers often are leased by individuals or clubs, or by professional guides. As the latter are inclined to charge all the market will bear, the city wild-fowler may have to pay from $20 to $75 for a day's gunning. Moreover, the daily legal limit on ducks ranges from four in the East to six in the West, so that a roast mallard stuffed with wild rice can be something of a luxury. In addition, the employment of a guide with all his boats, blinds, decoys and knowledge is no guarantee that you will get a shot at a duck.

In recent years, many really interested wild-fowlers, with some ready cash but not enough to permit guide hire or duck-club membership, have found a method of beating the system. Open water, and even marsh shooting, is often available to the man with his own duckboat, decoys, and some knowledge of their use.

Such gunning rigs vary in cost, depending upon quality and quantity, but many have discovered they could assemble an adequate rig for what it would cost them to hunt four or five days with a professional guide. I know of many instances in which a complete rig, formed of secondhand items, of course, has been assembled for less than $100. A car-top rack or a trailer will provide the shooter with mobility as well as variety, and the upkeep on a waterfowl rig is negligible.

For puddle ducks (such as mallards, pintails, black ducks, gadwall, widgeon and the teals) only a dozen or at the most 18 decoys are required, which cuts down the investment considerably. The diving or open-water ducks (including redheads, canvasbacks, scaup, whistlers, old squaws, eiders and scoters) are inclined to approach a blind or boat more readily when there is a larger spread of decoys, and some shooters put out from 40 to 100 decoys for this shooting.

The decoy plays an important part in wild-fowling, and on many occasions may swing the balance from a blank to a full day of shooting: the upland-game and big-game hunter must seek his quarry, but the duck hunter sits tight and waits for the birds to come to him.

When waterfowl were abundant and hunters few, luring birds to the proximity of a blind was no problem. The waters in the immediate vicinity of the blind were "baited" with a bushel of corn at regular intervals, and soon the birds had this area on their list of feeding stations. In areas where baiting was impractical or costly, live ducks, called "live callers" or "Judas ducks," were tethered among the decoys. When a flight of ducks appeared in the distance, these "callers" would begin quacking away at a great rate.

This not only awakened the dozing gunner, but attracted the passing birds to a point within easy range.

Today, the wild-fowler is limited to the artificial decoy, evolved from wood, cork, plastic or rubber, and the mechanical duck call. The novice duck caller has as much chance of attracting a duck as a one-lesson oboe player has of taking a chair with a major symphony orchestra. Duck calling is an art, and one that not every gunner can master.

I have seen a good caller lure ducks and geese that otherwise would not have given the decoys a passing glance, and I have seen poor callers frighten off birds that had their wings set to come in to the decoys. Each fall the top callers from all parts of the country gather at Stuttgart, Arkansas, to compete in the "World's Championship Duckcalling Contest," and the winner's ability is judged not only by the human ear, but by the number of ducks he can attract.

Decoys Must Be Deftly Placed

The placing of decoys, especially for puddle-duck shooting, often decides the success of the day. The man who merely tosses a dozen decoys in front of his blind may, on rare occasions, attract a few birds, but consistent success calls for a study of wind velocity and direction and the relationship of both to the blind and the shore line.

Waterfowl, like aircraft, come in against the wind. As ducks are inclined to be blind-shy after the first few days of the season, the decoys must be placed in a manner that will allow the birds to approach the decoys without having to fly over land. Normally, both ducks and geese drop in just short of the decoys, then swim up to them, and as most wild-fowlers like to hold fire until the birds are "letting their landing gear down," decoys usually are rigged out slightly upwind from the blind.

Volumes have been written on decoys, and while many gunners are particular regarding the size, material and coloration of these lures, I have had excellent shooting over painted blocks of wood and painted tin cans. I am convinced that the placing of the decoys is as important as their size, shape or color.

I can recall one instance when the use of lifelike decoys almost resulted in the painful injury of a fellow shooter.

Two of us were hunting on the Métabetchouan River in Quebec. Because the tall, thick reeds along the riverbank eliminated the need for a formal blind, each of us picked a spot, put out a dozen decoys,

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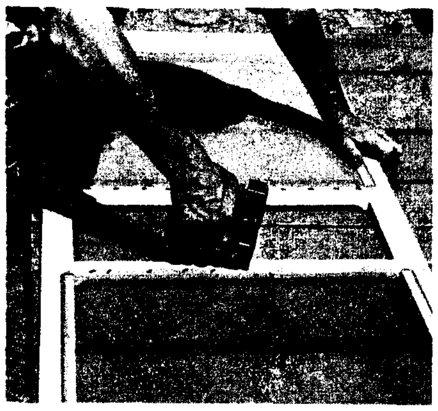

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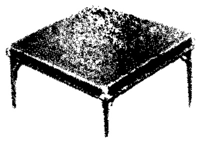
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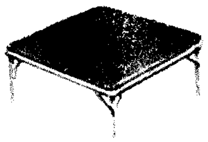
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Deluxe set (5 pieces—$49.75) shown in CORAL.

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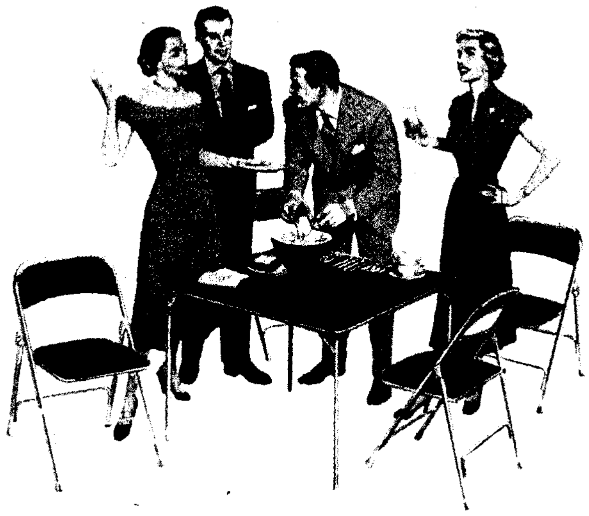
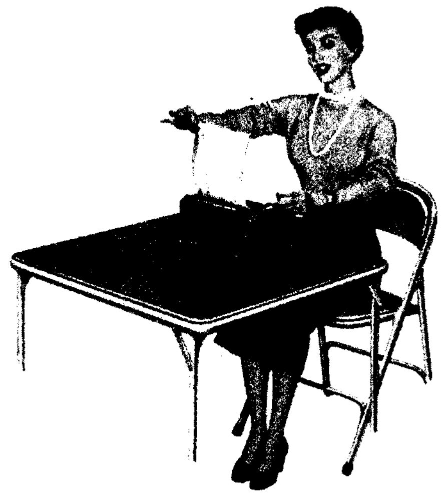


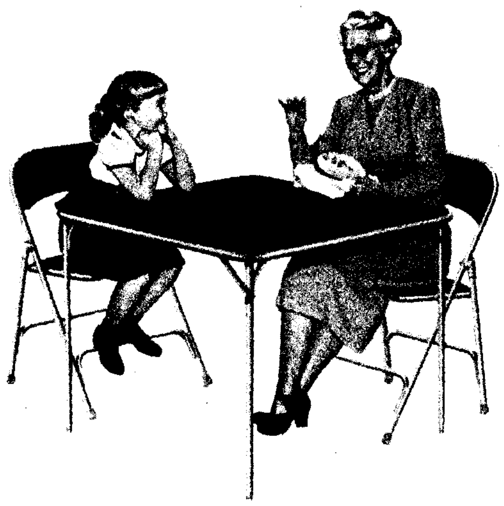
PEACOCK. Samson decorator colors blend with every bride's room scheme.

Terrific Gift For a Teen
...for typing, reading, snack parties.



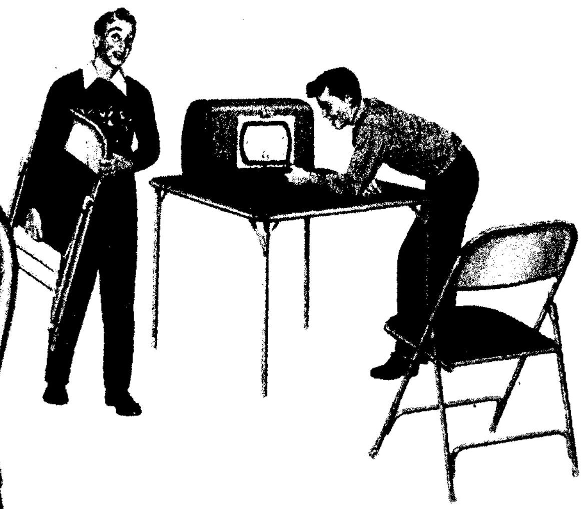
LIME. Easy to tote to her room. Table holds heaviest typewriter.

Grand For Grandmother
...for sewing and serving guests.



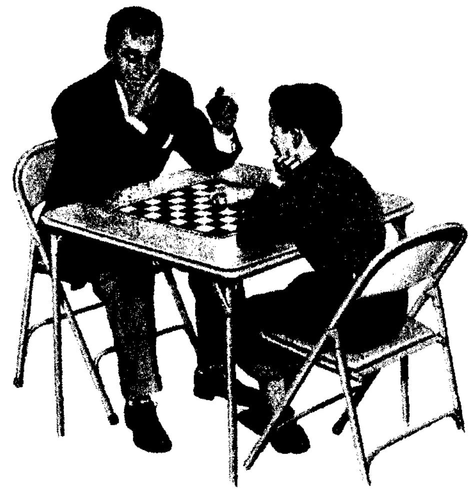
MOSS. Spring-cushion, posture-curved chairs give grandma extra comfort.

Fills The Bill For a Boy
...for homework and television parties.



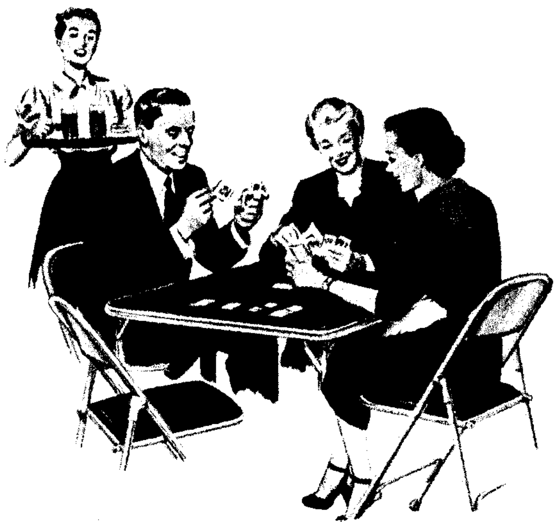
MIST. Super-strong table has frames and legs of electrically welded tubular steel.

Great Gift For a Man
...for games and office home work.



COCOA. Extra-large table top has room for the largest game board; elbow room, too.

A Classic For Card Players
...plenty of room for any kind of game.



CORAL. It's a pleasure to lay cards on the smooth, cushiony table top.

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Strong enough to stand on!

There's a Samson institutional chair for every public seating need. For special quantity prices, ask your local authorized Samson Contract Dealer, or write Shwayder Bros. for the name nearest you.

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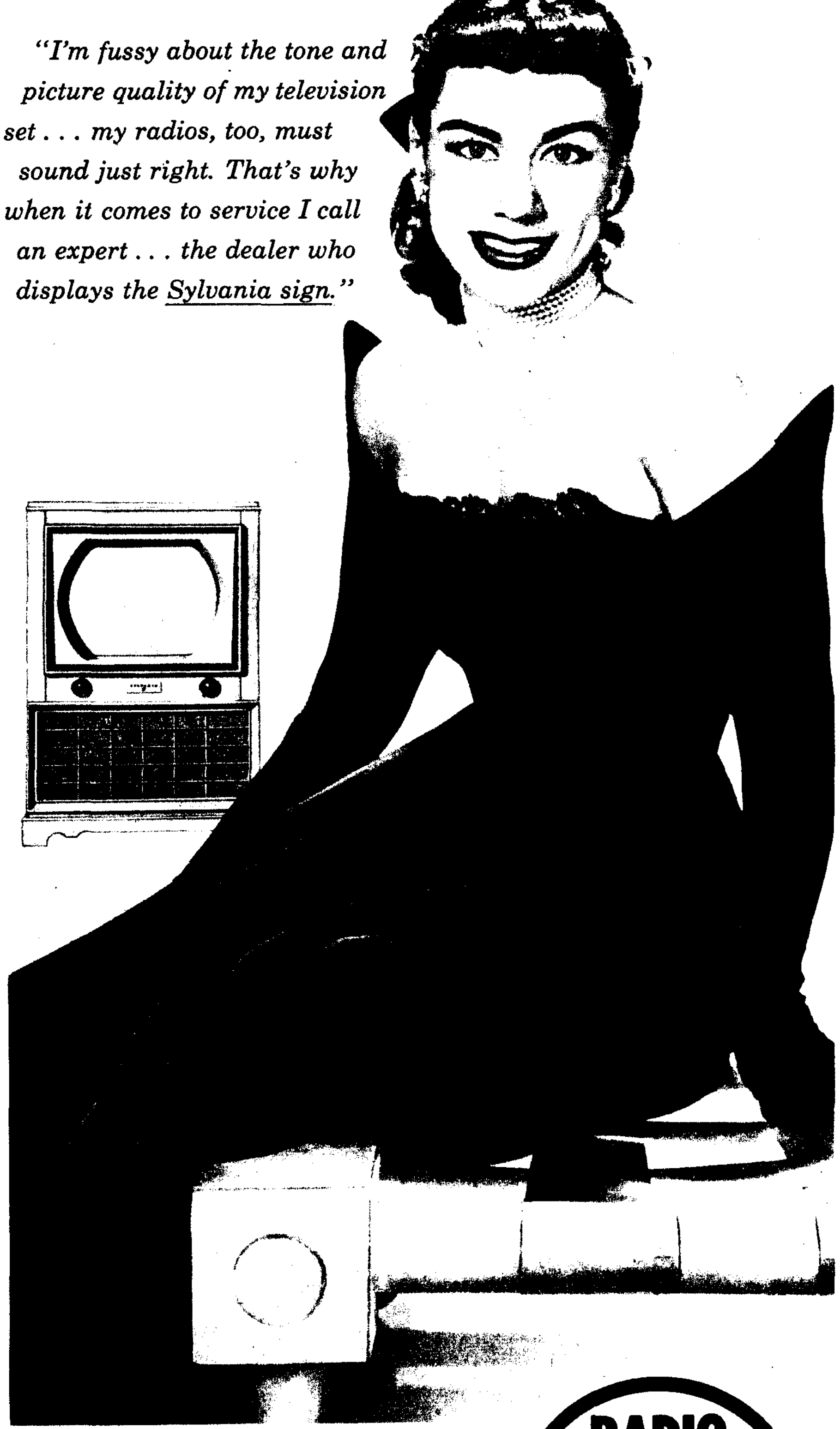

Patrice Munsel says:

"I'm fussy about the tone and picture quality of my television set . . . my radios, too, must sound just right. That's why when it comes to service I call an expert . . . the dealer who displays the Sylvania sign."

Miss Munsel is a brilliant young star of the Metropolitan Opera

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SYLVANIA
RADIO AND TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES

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and hid behind a screen of reeds. The morning, being bright and windless, provided little activity, but shortly after noon a strong wind stirred out of the north, and on its heels came an Indian in a canoe. Despite the choppy water, the brave was making good time down the river, and as I watched he suddenly threw himself to the bottom of the canoe and began a stealthy approach to our shore.

At first I was puzzled by these antics; then I realized he was drifting down upon my companion's decoys, which he apparently believed to be ducks.

Hidden Hunter Stung by Shot

When the canoe reached a point about 25 yards from the rig, the visitor rose to his knees, leveled an ancient big-bored shotgun, and blasted away with both barrels at the decoys. The fake birds, being of wood, stood up very well under the hail of shot, but my companion, behind his thin screen of reeds, did not. The number-four pellets whistled through the stalks like angry hornets, and a few penetrated my friend's heavy clothing with enough force to sting.

I watched my companion erupt from his hiding place, run several feet out into the river, then empty his gun at the now furiously paddling Indian. Fortunately, this representative of a disappearing race was out of effective range.

When I had recovered, and dried my eyes, I walked up to my companion's position to see if any of the pellets had done damage. He was unharmed but annoyed. Finally, he said:

"Well, if these decoys can deceive an Indian they ought to pull in the ducks; let's get back in the reeds. But keep an eye out for Indians and ducks."

If the shooting of people is illegal, the shooting of ducks is almost equally so, except under very strictly controlled conditions. The wild-fowler's sport is obstructed, complicated and often confused by more laws and regulations than all other forms of hunting combined. The hunting of big game and upland game, except where it involves national parks or forests, is controlled by the states, but all migratory game birds come under the jurisdiction of the federal authorities—which, in this case, means the Interior Department's U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. When two or more wild-fowlers are gathered together for more than one minute, you are almost certain to hear expressions of opinion concerning this particular branch of the Department of the Interior.

But despite outcries over the "drastic" curtailment of waterfowl seasons, shooting hours and bag limits—to say nothing of the manifold regulations which involve hunting methods—most wild-fowlers will admit that they would not be hunting today if the government had not taken over control in 1913. Market hunting, unlimited bags of ducks and geese, and spring shooting, coupled with an increasing army of hunters, were making serious inroads on the duck and goose population. These conditions were aggravated by the encroachment of farmland on the wintering and nesting grounds of waterfowl, especially in Canada, where vast tracts of marshland were drained to produce grain. All these factors conspired to endanger the future of waterfowl.

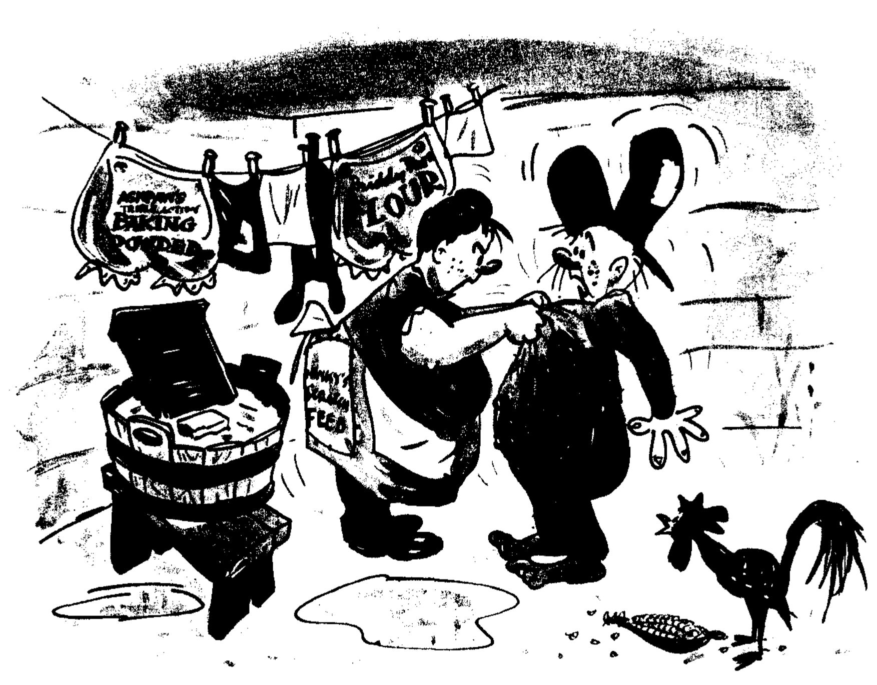
American sportsmen and conservationists realized that the majority of the waterfowl passing through the United States on their fall migration were reared on the vast breeding and nesting grounds of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Sound conservation called for an agreement with Canada for the regulation of the annual wild-fowl harvest, and this led to a series of conferences which resulted in the Migratory Bird Treaty of 1918.

Ducklings Succumb to Drought

Despite increasingly drastic shooting regulations, involving shorter seasons and reduced bag limits, the fluctuations in the waterfowl population continued. One reason for these periods of abundance and scarcity was the unstable water conditions on the marshes that comprised the Canadian "duck factory." Canada could not afford to put in the necessary dams for impounding water that would save the ducklings during periods of drought, and it would have been political suicide for an American member of Congress to propose the spending of U.S. federal funds in Canada. All of which was rough on the ducks—and the wild-fowlers.

Then, in 1930, an extensive waterfowl survey was sponsored by an American group of conservationists and sportsmen, and it was decided that something would have to be done if waterfowl were to be saved. If the Canadian and United States governments could not spend money to improve the Northern breeding grounds, private individuals could, and the organization now known as Ducks Unlimited

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S

"It's called long underwear because of the length, and not the length of time you wear 'em, Kennesaw!"

REAMER KELLER

emerged from the ranks of American sportsmen. This nonpolitical, nonprofit corporation has raised several hundred thousand dollars each year through voluntary subscriptions from wild-fowlers.

The money, except for a minute portion required for administration, has gone into the construction of dams and the creation of lakes and marshes in the prairie provinces, and conservationists now agree that the work of this group constituted the most important single factor in the preservation of waterfowl.

The concentration of thought and money on the improvement of the breeding grounds resulted, for some years, in the neglect of the wintering grounds, which are of equal importance. When ten ducks fly south in the fall, and only one returns to the breeding grounds in the spring, it is only reasonable to suppose that something drastic has happened to nine of these birds. Since the wild-fowler harvests less than 5 per cent of the annual crop, the winter loss had to be attributed to other factors.

The Greatest Gift Of All

GIVE
A PINT OF BLOOD
FOR CHRISTMAS

Call your local Red Cross chapter

Mexico Protects "Our" Fowl

A large portion of what we like to call "our" waterfowl winter south of the border, and an agreement was eventually reached with the Mexican government to protect the birds during their sojourn in that country. While this protection does not compare with the kind provided in Canada or in this country, it helps.

To provide additional winter refuges and increased enforcement, Congress decided to levy on the wild-fowlers, and it became necessary for each shooter to buy a duck stamp, now costing $2. Last year these stamps brought in a revenue of exactly $3,807,288, most of which will be devoted to the increase and improvement of wintering grounds.

While the wild-fowlers were willing to be assessed for this program, they objected that the creation of inviolate sanctuaries among the already dwindling marshes was tantamount to cutting them with knives they had sharpened. Such refuges, created by the sportsmen's money, should be opened to public shooting, they argued, even though limited in time and area. This resulted in the opening of some winter refuges to regulated shooting.

The Lake Mattamuskeet Refuge in North Carolina, a concentration area for thousands of Canada geese, is one of the major examples of what can be done at a sanctuary and still keep everyone happy. During the six-week waterfowl season, this lake and the surrounding marshland is the mecca for a legion of wild-fowlers from a score of states. To ensure equal opportunity, blinds and guides on the area are drawn by lot on the evening before the shoot, and the very reasonable fee charged for a day's sport is an illustration of what can be accomplished by sound organization.

The co-operation of the game wardens of the various states in the enforcement of the federal regulations is the only thing which makes such regulations even remotely feasible, for the 70-odd federal wardens could not enforce these laws in even the smallest of the 48 states.

Good Conditions This Year

The bumper duck crop of 1951, resulting from unusually good water conditions during the nesting and rearing season, has provided the wild-fowler with a slightly longer hunting period this year. The nation is divided into four "flyways," determined by the birds' migration routes; in the Atlantic, Central and Pacific flyways, the season is five days longer this year than last (45 days in the Atlantic, 50 in the Central and 60 in the Pacific); and in the Mississippi flyway it's 10 days longer (45 days).

Within the flyways, the states determine (with federal approval) their own season dates; in all but the Pacific area, the earliest opening was October 5th; in the far West, the earliest opening was seven days later. In all flyways, the seasons will be over by January 5th.

Despite the boost in the number of wild fowl this year, the authorities did not consider the comeback sufficient to make a general increase in the bag limit. The illegal waterfowl kill is still much higher than many realize, and while market hunting is discouraged by heavy fines and even imprisonment, it has not been stamped out. Duck traps and punt guns, tremendous muzzle-loaders that spray a hatful of shot at concentrations of feeding waterfowl, are still in use on some of the more isolated marshes, although airplane patrols have done much to eliminate these practices.

Duck clubs, some of them still getting from $1,000 to $5,000 for an annual membership, are considered to be a sound investment in sport by those who feel no reasonable price is too high to pay for good shooting and the pleasant company of kindred spirits.

There are plenty of our leading financiers and industrialists who insist they know more about a man after one day in a duck-blind than they could learn through any formal investigation.

Wild-fowlers, like all assorted individualists of the hunting game, differ violently among themselves as to the most satisfactory shotgun and load for the varied forms of waterfowl shooting, and often argue bitterly concerning the merits of the various retrievers. The man who spends most of his time pass-shooting for high birds extols the virtues of the heavy, long-barreled Magnum, and the open-water hunter argues in favor of the lighter, shorter scatter-gun. Each, in his own sphere, can justify his choice of gun and retriever, and both find exhilaration in debate.

Whether you relax in a steam-heated blind with a thousand-dollar shotgun and a champion Chesapeake, or crouch among the rocks of a breakwater with a 50-dollar gun and a "dropper" spaniel, there is a thrill to wild-fowling that few field sports can surpass. Try it once and you've had a memorable experience; try it twice and you're well on the way to becoming a true wild-fowler—perhaps a target for the sly digs of the dry-land hunters, yet happy to number yourself among those who have heard the whisper of wings over the marshes.

THE END

FROM THE ALBERT-RICHARD
ALL ★ STAR LINEUP

4 Inside tips on outdoor gifts

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The Man Who Led a Dog's Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

stopping in a bar occasionally, but he soon discovered that most bars frowned on small, energetic dogs. Restaurants were worse. He'd see a place that looked interesting and he and his dog would go in companionably and case the joint, but there usually wouldn't be much welcome in the air. Until one day he discovered Ernie's place. Red, as it happened, played chess, and there is always a game of chess or cribbage going at Ernie's. And a bone and a drink of water for a dog.

The day he found Ernie's, a wonderful smell of hot pot roast was coming out of the place, a smell of the kind of pot roast that is called *Sauerbraten* and has gravy thickened with ginger snaps. Red paused, and a wistful look came into his eyes. The next thing he knew, a small, feisty dog was mixing it up with Pallet and a good many people came from nowhere, and Red had his hands full. The noise brought Ernie out, and he and Red between them yanked the dogs apart. Ernie beamed at him, and Red beamed back.

"Tchah, tchah," Ernie said. "He's all right, your dog?"

"Yes," Red said. "Thank you very much. I stopped—I mean, I smelled that food—"

"*Ja,*" Ernie said. "*Sauerbraten.* My old lady is a fine cook. You want something to eat?"

"Yeah, I do," Red said. "But I've got the dog with me—"

"So bring him in," Ernie said irritably. "What's wrong with dogs?"

AFTER that, Red and Pallet had a place to go when they were so minded, and Red had some splendid chess games. Pallet loved the place, Ernie being a fast man with a bit of leftover meat.

One night a girl came into Ernie's. She had a calm, proud face, and a knot of dark, smooth hair on her neck. She was medium tall and very slim, and she was silent and somehow sad. The only vacant table was next to Red's chess game.

It was a cold, sleety night, outside, and the warmth inside was wonderful, along with the good smells of roast beef and ham, coffee and ale, cigar smoke and soap from the freshly washed floor, and the mingled scents of clothes and tobacco. Pallet was crowded close to Red's foot, adoring him. Pallet had come in tugging at his leash as usual until Red unfastened it, saying hello to all his friends, and had given maybe a small bark or two by way of letting Ernie know he was there. Red had settled into a chess game with big George, the Englishman, and the radio was playing some soft Viennese tune.

The tall girl gave her order and stood quietly watching while Ernie cut the thick red slices from the huge piece of beef Frieda had roasted that day. She carried her sandwich over to the vacant table, and Pallet, from beside Red's knee, eyed her gravely. He moved the foot or so between the chairs and looked up at her. Not begging, just waiting.

Ernie bustled over and stood at the girl's table for a moment, watching the chess game. "You winning, George?" he asked, and big George said, "Not at all, not at all," in his English kind of way, polite and brusque and amused all at once.

Ernie turned back to the tall girl. "And how are you tonight, Miss Miller?" he asked as he wiped off the table. "You must watch this chess game here. By accident, they have a good game." He chuckled.

Kate Miller looked up at him, smiling absently. Bob Miller had loved chess.

It was right then that Pallet tucked a wet, cold, friendly nose in her hand. Kate didn't jump. She looked down and said, "Hello, dog," and held out a bit of meat.

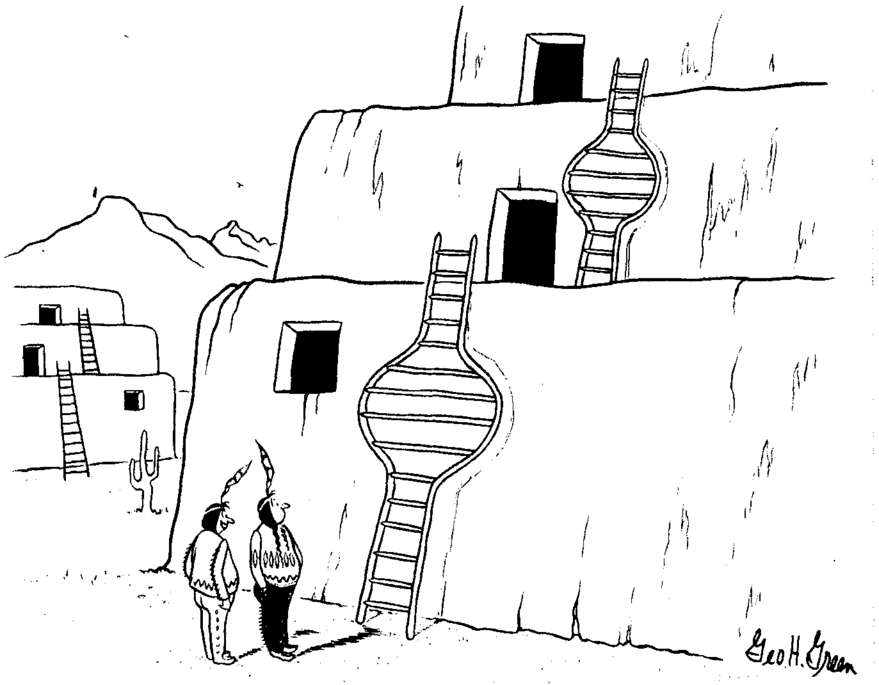
Red Barnes turned around in time to see it. He said quickly, "Don't let him be a nuisance. I'll put his leash back on him."

Kate shook her head quickly. "He's all right," she said, rubbing behind Pallet's ear. She wasn't looking at Red; she didn't see the sudden flare of interest in his eyes. He turned back to the chess game, but his mind was only half on it. What a wonderful voice! he was thinking; like a cello.

That was why Red lost that chess game. He was a sound engineer, and he had a nice ear for a sonogenic voice. And Kate had one. There was a throbbing undercurrent to everything she said, and telephone operators loved her. It wasn't Tallulah Bankhead or Maggie Sullavan or Ethel Barrymore; it was Kate Miller. She'd be in an elevator and she'd say, "Eleven, please," and everyone in the car would look at her, wanting to hear her say it again. One of those things.

Pallet cocked his head on one side and put a paw on her knee. He liked this woman, and not for bread and meat alone. He liked the way she smelled, and he liked her voice. He wriggled a little and nuzzled her hand again. He looked at her, his bright brown eyes pleading, and he whined a little, almost under his breath.

Kate looked down at him. "What d'you want, dog?" she asked. "Kind hand? Piece of meat?" She gave him the voice you give a pet—friendly, inquiring. Pallet whined with pleasure and leaned against her.



"I invented them. They allow you to pass someone going up or down"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE H. GREEN

Kate smiled down at him. She had paid the bill for her sandwich and warm ale; she got up and put on her coat now, and picked up her purse. It was time to go home. She pulled her heavy coat around her and left, swinging the door wide and not looking behind her.

A part of Red's mind knew she'd left, and went on losing the chess game; the rest of his mind was trying to remember if he'd ever heard her voice before.

Big George brought a knight over and put Red's king in check and his queen *gardée*. "Check," said big George, and chuckled.

"Oh, nuts," Red said. "Your game."

"Nuts yourself," said the big Englishman. "I will have a double on that one, old man. Right?"

"Right," Red said, and went over to the old shining service bar to get it. It was when he turned around to head back to the table that he noticed Pallet wasn't under it. He glanced around for the dog, not thinking much about it. Pallet was probably in the back, staring at Ernie's big, double-pawed cat.

It was a good twenty minutes later that Kate Miller came back, with a belt through Pallet's collar. Her cheeks were pink, and she was smiling in embarrassment. "I brought your dog back," she said to Red. "I'm really not a dognaper. I didn't notice him until I got to my place and opened the door." She pulled the belt free.

"That was mighty kind of you," Red said. "May I get you a drink?"

"No, no," she said hastily. "It wasn't anything. I'm only a few blocks from here. Good night," and she was gone, with the door swinging behind her and Pallet whining deep in his throat.

RED and big George settled into another game, when the door flew open and Kate Miller came back. "This is positively my last appearance," she said, embarrassed. "I must have dropped a glove here."

They looked on the tables and the chairs, and then Red noticed Pallet chewing contentedly on something. It was the missing glove, a heavy, expensive capeskin, and it was completely ruined. It was full of the holes a dog's sharp tooth can make.

"Bad dog," Red said sharply. "You're a bad dog!" He picked up the wet wreck of a glove. "Please let me replace these, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Miller. Miss Kate Miller," Ernie said affably. "Mr. Barnes." He pulled out a chair at Red's table. "You sit down a minute and let me bring you something hot to drink, Miss Miller."

"Please do," Red asked her. "And let me get you a new pair of gloves tomorrow."

Kate Miller looked at him a moment. "It isn't at all necessary, Mr. Barnes," she said. "They were old ones." She bent down and patted Pallet. "You're a nice dog," she told him. She smiled at them, and left again.

Red sat down slowly. Her voice *was* like a cello. He looked at the damp remnants of the glove that he was still holding, and put it in his coat pocket. Big George glanced at him and began putting the chess pieces back in their box; something told him Red didn't have his mind on the game. He said, "Handsome woman, Miss Miller."

"Yes, very," Red said. "Wonderful speaking voice."

"Heard someplace she used to be in radio," big George said. "Well, must turn in. Getting late."

Red nodded abstractedly. He was wondering if a salesgirl could tell the size of the new gloves from the one he had in his pocket. . . .

Sono Records occupies four floors of a building now instead of four small rooms, and it has changed in a good many other ways, but the man in charge of the master file is still old Pop Dietrich. Red had known him since the day he first went to work for Sono, as a green young sound engineer.

The day after his meeting with Kate Miller, Red took a midmorning break and wandered back to Pop's domain, a cluttered labyrinth back by the freight elevators. The old master record files ranged down the center and along both sides of the long, narrow room, and above them the walls were covered with faded signed photographs: Columbo, Grace Moore, Sembrich, Caruso. Pop went a long way back, remembered everything.

Red paused in the doorway and put out his pipe. Pop was strict about fire rules.

"Mr. Dietrich," he began, "did you ever hear of a girl named Kate Miller? Used to be in radio?"

Pop Dietrich looked at him over his spectacles. "Miller. Kate Miller. Hum." Pop looked up at the ceiling. "Singer?"

"I don't know," Red said, scratching his jaw with the stem of his pipe. "She has a lovely speaking voice—a haunting quality, something like Piaf's singing, or Jean Arthur."

"H'm," said Pop. "Wide range there. Wait a minute." He hobbled down the room. "Seems to me— There ought to be an audition record somewheres in here."

Red smiled. Pop's encyclopedic memory was famous.

"Here 'tis," Pop said, hobbling back, the record under his arm. "Get it back to me, boy. It's the only one we got. Seven, eight years from now, somebody else might want to hear it."

Red stopped, the big fifteen-minute record in his hands. "Seven or eight years? Is it that old?"

"Yeah. Comes back to me now. Young couple they were, just married. He went to war, didn't come back. Bring back that record when you're through with it."

RED waited until the rest of his crew went out to lunch before he played the audition record. The material wasn't very good, if one listened carefully, but somehow that didn't seem to matter. There was more than music in those voices; there was all the heartbreaking eagerness of young love.

The record ran in the usual old pattern, an announcer with a few words of introduction, a few lines of patter between Kate Miller and the warm-voiced boy who was her husband, and then the two of them singing in a sure rapture. Then Kate was singing alone, her voice deepening into a torch song.

Eight years ago, Red thought. He leaned back and listened, his empty pipe clenched in his teeth. He wondered what Kate Miller had looked like eight years back.

The torch song ended, and there was some more patter, another duet, a word or two from the announcer. Red heard it through, and then he went out to the control room and began with swift precision to select blank disks and adjust dials.

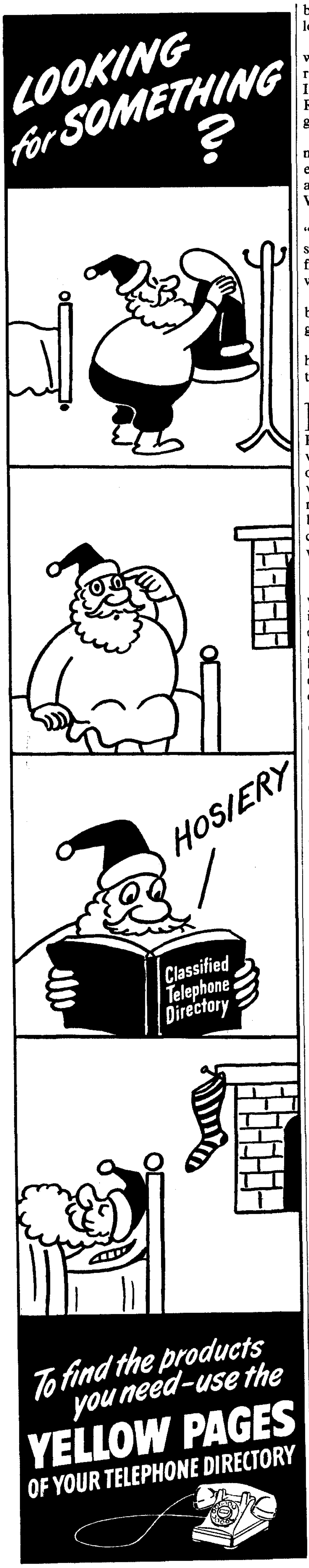
He took the old fifteen-minute record back to Pop Dietrich. "Thanks," he said. "That's her voice, all right. Younger, of course; not as rich as it is now. But I know I've heard it before someplace."

Pop put the big record back in its dusty envelope. He said dryly, "You ought to know. You were the engineer."

"No!"

"Sure as you're born. Looked it up in the file."

"Well," Red said, pulling his ear absently, "that explains it. Funny how you remem-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ber voices. She has a very rich low voice, lot of resonance."

"'A low voice is an excellent thing in woman,'" Pop misquoted. "Good as any reason for falling in love with one of them, I reckon. Better'n some." He looked at Red. "Speaking of which, when are you going to settle down and get married?"

"I *am* settled down," Red said indignantly. "I am the settled-downest guy you ever saw. I've got a nice little apartment and a dog and a place to find a chess game. What more could I want?"

"Oh, yah, yah, yah," Pop said tolerantly. "Can your dog cook? Does he murmur sweet words of comfort when you come in from a hard day's work keeping your feet warm on the rheostat panel?"

Red grinned at him. "My dog and I are bachelors," he said. "We aim to enjoy single blessedness for the rest of our lives."

Pop snorted. "Speak for yourself, boy," he said. "I've known a heap of dogs in my time."

RED went home that evening and put a square, thin package carefully out of Pallet's reach on the bookshelves. Pallet, as was customary, leaped on the sofa and off, on the chair and off, executed a few dizzy whirls and tore through the place barking madly. He leaped for his leash, hanging beyond his reach on a peg by the door. He capered and whined. His lord and master was home—and about time, too.

They went out for a walk, after dinner.

Pallet had extremely definite ideas about where he was going. He pulled Red steadily on the familiar walk to Ernie's, but, once there, after he'd greeted his friends and given a small bark or two to let Ernie know he was there and got the usual handout, he stretched out by the door, his nose on the floor.

"What's the matter with your dog?" big George asked. "Off his feed?"

Red shook his head, and just then the door opened and a couple came in. Pallet was on his feet instantly, his tail wagging furiously and then wavering to a stop. He sighed as only a small dog can sigh, and stretched out again, his nose close to the crack at the bottom of the door.

Red looked at him, puzzled. "What's the matter, boy?"

Pallet looked around, beat his tail on the floor a few times, and resumed his vigil.

"Maybe," Ernie suggested, "he's waiting for Miss Miller."

Red smiled, and then frowned. He hoped she'd come in, himself; he was carrying a neat package in his pocket—new gloves matched to the chewed sample. But Kate Miller didn't come in that night or any other night.

She wasn't in the telephone book, Red discovered. She wasn't anywhere at all. Red played chess and lost, more often than not. He took to going to Ernie's earlier, and staying later. One night, coming home late, he remembered the package he'd brought home from the studio weeks before. He ripped open the heavy, corrugated paper and took out the record of Kate's voice he'd lifted from the big audition record. He put it on the record player and sat back in his big red chair.

Pallet was out in the kitchen having a noisy drink of water, but at the first sound of Kate's voice he bounded into the room, looking around wildly and whining.

"Quiet, you," Red said irritably, and started it over.

Kate's voice said, "Now I'm going to sing a song about a girl whose lover went away," and a violin slid into the opening phrase.

Pallet made low sounds in his throat, crowding against Red's knee, and Red could feel the excited beating of the little dog's heart as Kate's voice turned the tawdry torch song into all the sorrow of all the women who have mourned for love and a lost lover. Pallet leaned against him, panting, until the song ended and the playing arm clicked up. He gave a low, keening sound and tore into the bedroom. Red could hear him in there, scrabbling around in his cache under the bed. He came tearing out in a moment, carrying the mangled remains of the black capeskin glove that Red had tossed in the wastebasket.

"Good Lord," Red said. "You remembered, didn't you?" He sat there, looking at the dog nuzzling the glove. He thought of how his life had changed since he'd got the dog. He'd had to move out of his beloved apartment because the lease said specifically: "No Dogs Allowed." He thought of the countless walks he'd taken, searching for a new apartment, and the countless more walks with Pallet in snow and rain, away from the cozy warmth of home. He thought about housebreaking small dogs, and about chewed slippers and bath towels with rents in them. "I lead a *dog's* life," he said, disconsolately, and went to bed, thinking how Pallet had deserted him to follow Kate Miller home.

The next night, when he came home, Pallet made no leaps and bounds. He stood by the door, trembling, and his nose was hot and dry. He nosed his food and drank a little water, and got back in his basket. He was, his dull eyes said, a sick dog.

Red called the veterinary who had given Pallet distemper shots, and the vet was cheerful. "Keep him warm and dry," he said, "and I'll take a look at him tomorrow. Nothing serious, probably. What's he been eating?"

Red told him, oh, the usual stuff, and the vet said reassuringly that dogs went off their feed now and then. "Bring him over tomorrow," he ended.

But in the morning Pallet's food dish was still untouched, and he barely lifted his head when Red went out into the kitchen. Red called his office and said he wouldn't be in.

There ensued one of those periods of nameless terror that happen to the lovers of dogs. Red watched the clock. At noon, the veterinary would open his office for outclinic patients. Red pottered around, opening books and closing them, staring at them unseeingly. He tried to write a letter to his sister in Boise, but he gave that up, even though the letter was overdue three months. It was nearly noon when he found himself standing in front of the record player, putting Kate's record on.

For a moment, hearing the pure beauty of her voice, he almost forgot about Pallet, and then, hearing some slight noise, he turned. Pallet was standing in the doorway, his head cocked slightly, listening. The record came to an end, and Pallet staggered forward a step and went down, giving a little howl of pain.

Going down the street in the slush of a fair, false March day, carrying Pallet wrapped in his nice new coat, Red thought remorsefully of his own selfishness. At the vet's, he put Pallet down on the white examination table and cursed himself. The vet said, "Possibly a stomach obstruction. Any rubber balls missing? Any toys?"

Red shook his head.

"Leave him here a while," the vet said. He was used to this hopeless misery of pet owners, the people with city dogs, the people who wanted love and companionship—and looked to their pets for them.

RED went somewhere and had a cup of coffee. He walked blocks and had a beer somewhere else. He thought about Pallet, and how Pallet waited for him at night and cried for all the world to hear that his master, Henry Barnes, was a fine fellow. He walked more blocks, and found himself at twilight sitting shivering on a park bench at the west side of Abingdon Square. He looked up, and watched a tall girl swing down the steps of the Y.W.C.A. Kate Miller. He watched her cross the street, and stood up.

She said, "Why, it's Mr. Barnes. How's your dog?"

He said, "He's a very sick boy." He reached in his overcoat pocket and brought out a package, a trifle worn now, and said, "Here's your pair of gloves. You weren't in the phone book, and I didn't know where to find you." He said it accusingly.

She said, "You look cold. Better come and have something hot to drink," and they went across Eighth Avenue to a coffee place, where she watched him out of the corner of her eye, and tried on the gloves.

He listened to himself babbling, but he couldn't seem to stop, and chills racketed through him. He heard himself telling her about the record, and how he'd searched for her, and waited night after night in Ernie's. He heard himself saying a lot of things he had never expected to say to any woman. He wound up with three mighty sneezes, fumbling for a handkerchief.

Kate Miller listened, and her eyes grew soft. She had avoided Ernie's, because—well, because a redheaded man who played chess was in there most evenings. And because she was never again going to be interested in any man. She was, she had told herself sternly, no girl any more, to dream over a stranger with a small, affectionate dog.

"Come on," she said suddenly. "Let's go find out how the dog is." They walked back to the veterinary's office, and Red loitered miserably at the door. "Come *on,*" she said firmly, and led him in.

The vet's assistant looked up at them with a grin. "Your dog's going to be all right," he said to Henry Barnes. "He'd eaten some sort of thin black leather, and he had an obstruction. He's all right now. Want to take him home? That'll be five dollars." He took the bill from Red's shaking hand. "You missing a black glove, maybe?"

Walking down to his cross street, Red Barnes felt a vast thankfulness for the weak, sleepy dog in his arms and the tall, dark woman beside him.

"Men!" she was scolding him. "There ought to be a *law* about men! You ought to know better than to let that nice puppy chew up my glove. Why didn't you take it away from him?" She went on scolding him angrily, but Red wasn't really listening to the words. He was grinning a beatific, idiotic grin, and listening to some beautiful music that had hitherto eluded him. He thought: I could listen to her for the rest of my life, and sneezed resoundingly.

". . . and what you need," she was saying, "is a hot lemonade and some aspirin. Come *on!*"

Henry grinned happily. "The rest of my life," he said.

TWENTY minutes later, the fireplace was roaring, Pallet was asleep in his basket between them, and Red and Kate were sipping hot toddies and watching the fire. A deep thankfulness pervaded Red: his dog was safe; Kate, in a cherry wool dress, was sitting by his fire. He stretched his arm over to the record player. "Want you to hear this," he said, and set the turntable in motion. He watched Kate's face as the record played, once and twice and again. "Why, Kate?" he asked. "Why did you stop singing?"

She stirred and sighed. She said finally, "Nobody to sing with. Nobody to sing for. No songs."

In his basket, Pallet whined in his sleep, and Kate put a reassuring hand down to him. "That's from an old audition record we made," she said.

Red nodded. "You've got a wonderful voice," he said. "That's my job, knowing voices. I went all over Europe looking for one like that. Are you going to sing again, Kate?" He started the record over.

And suddenly Kate was singing, her voice richer than the one on the record, and when the pretty duet ended she was smiling. "I'll sing for you as long as you like," she said.

"For the rest of my life," Red said, and sneezed. "I want to kiss you," he complained. "But this cold—"

Kate bent to stroke Pallet's satiny head. "Tomorrow," she said. "We've got a lot of tomorrows."

Red Barnes, bachelor, put down his empty glass. "Man up at our office," he said, "named Pop Dietrich. Want you to meet him. Right away. He's got some wonderful ideas."

Kate nodded. "Tomorrow," she said, and smiled.

THE END

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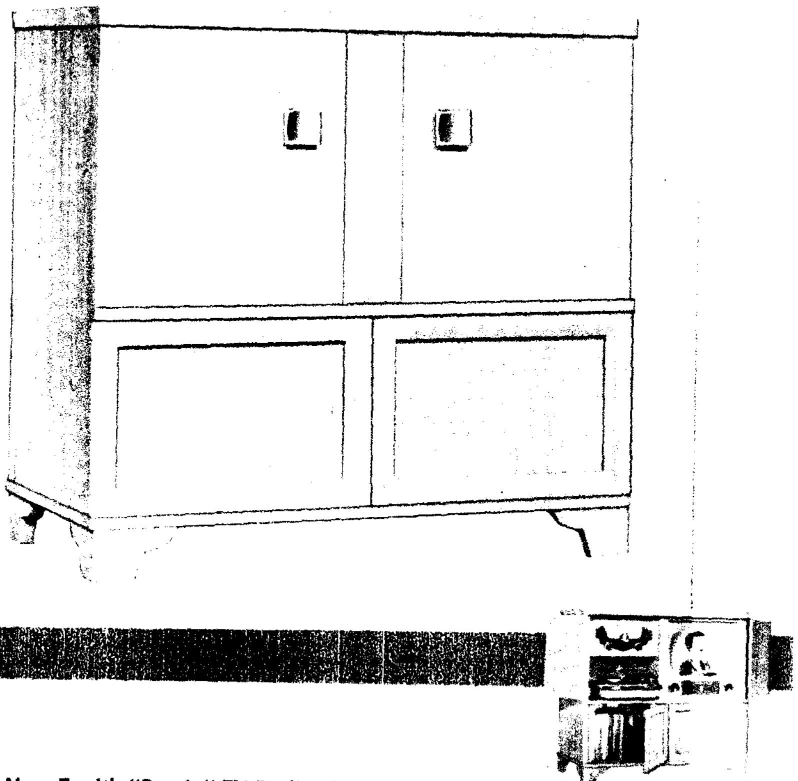

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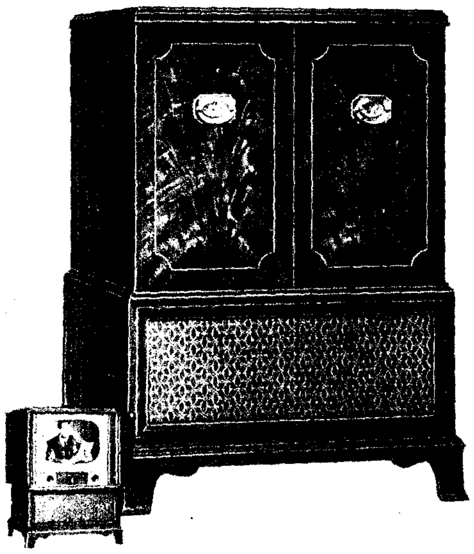

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[illegible] Stera- [illegible] built [illegible] [illegible] $37[illegible].95

New Zenith "Barrett" Table TV

New [illegible]

[illegible] 17-inch (146 sq. in.). The cabi- [illegible] Afora, [illegible] [illegible]icated door. $369.95

[illegible] Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill. [illegible] "Royal" and "Super [illegible] Small, compact, beau- [illegible] by bank [illegible]. Sold [illegible] dealer [illegible] $75.

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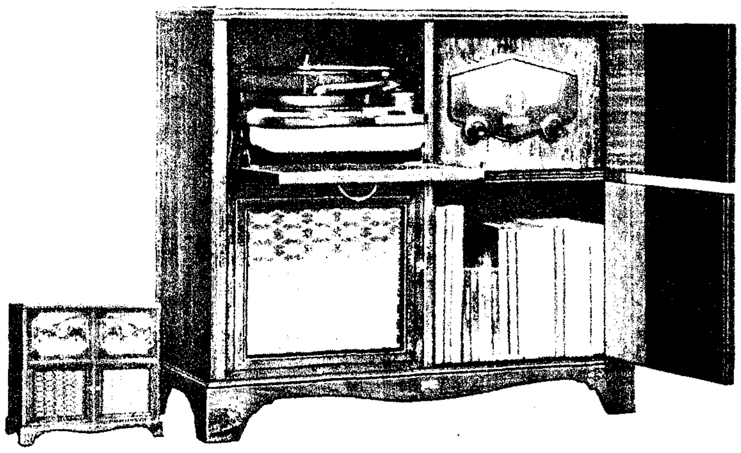
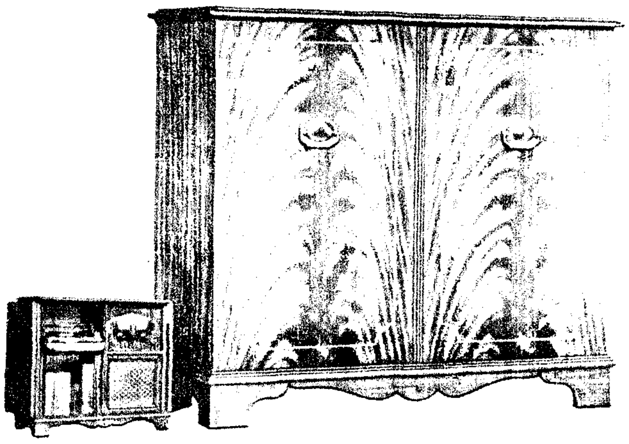
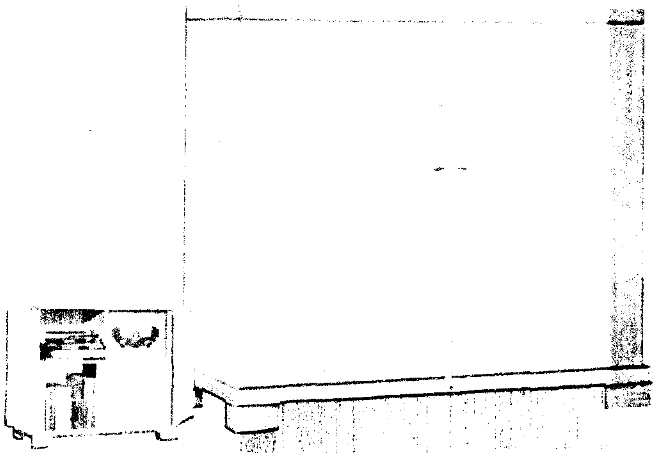


Model J880R. Period styling. Imported Mahogany veneers and selected hardwoods. Matched door panel inserts with brushed brass door pulls. Super-Sensitive FM. Long-Distance® AM reception. Cobra-Matic. 12-inch Alnico speaker. Also available in Walnut. **$259.95**



Model J1086R. Break-front cabinet in rich Mahogany. Selected crotch-graining on the doors . . . hand-rubbed. Cobra-Matic. "Super-X" chassis. 12-inch Alnico speaker . . . Radiorgan Tone Control. Also available in Walnut. **$299.95**



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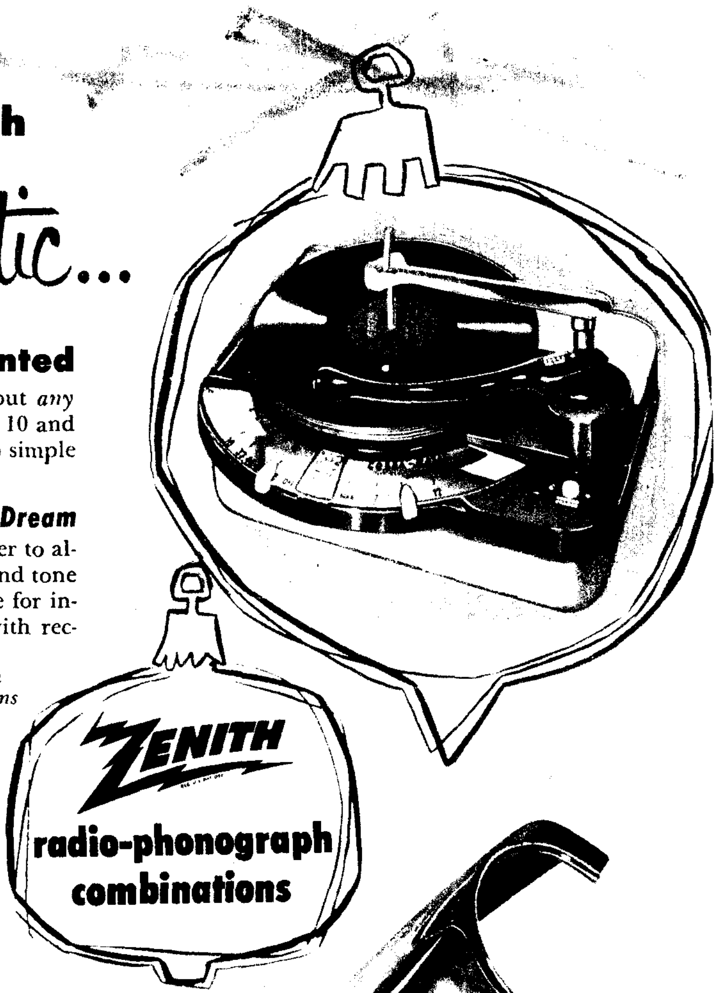

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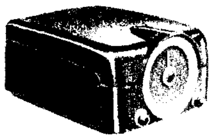

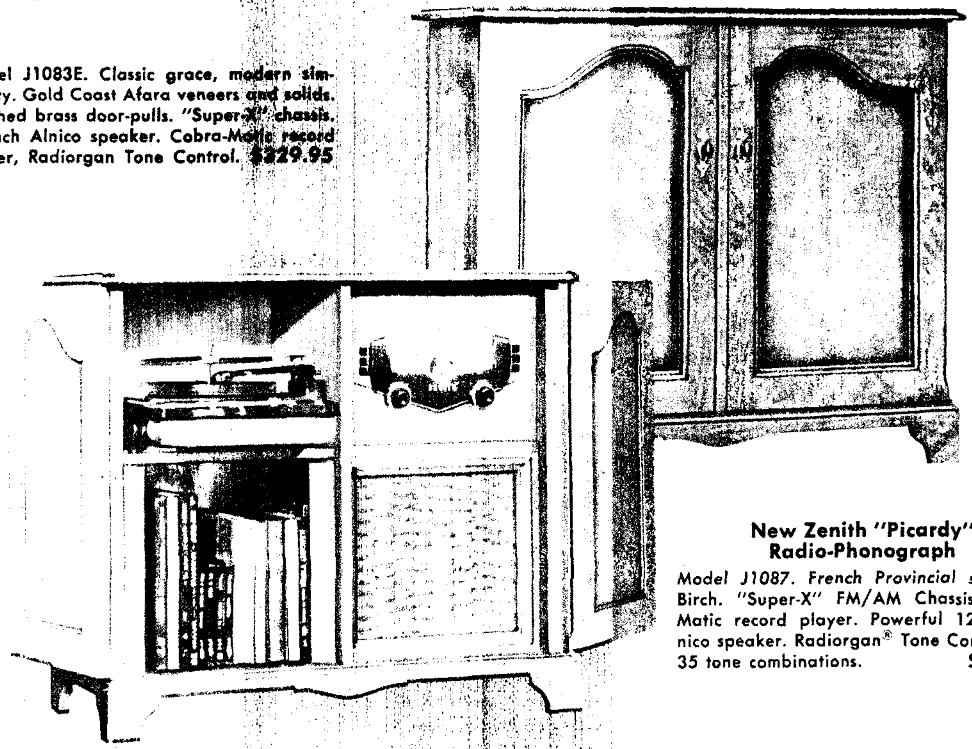

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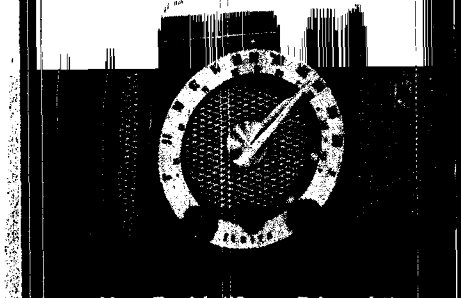
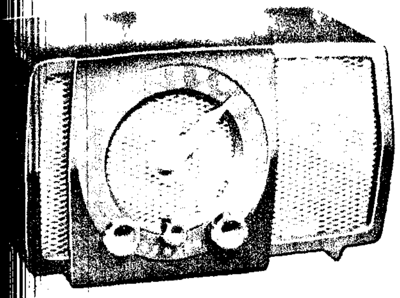
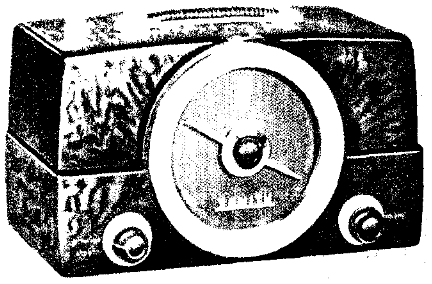


New Zenith "Super-Triumph" FM/AM Table Radio



el H723. Super-Sensitive FM and Long-Dis- e AM reception. Alnico speaker. Built-in vemagnet and Light-Line FM Antennas for endable performance on weak signals. Cabi- of beautiful Swirl Walnut plastic. AC, DC. **$54.95**



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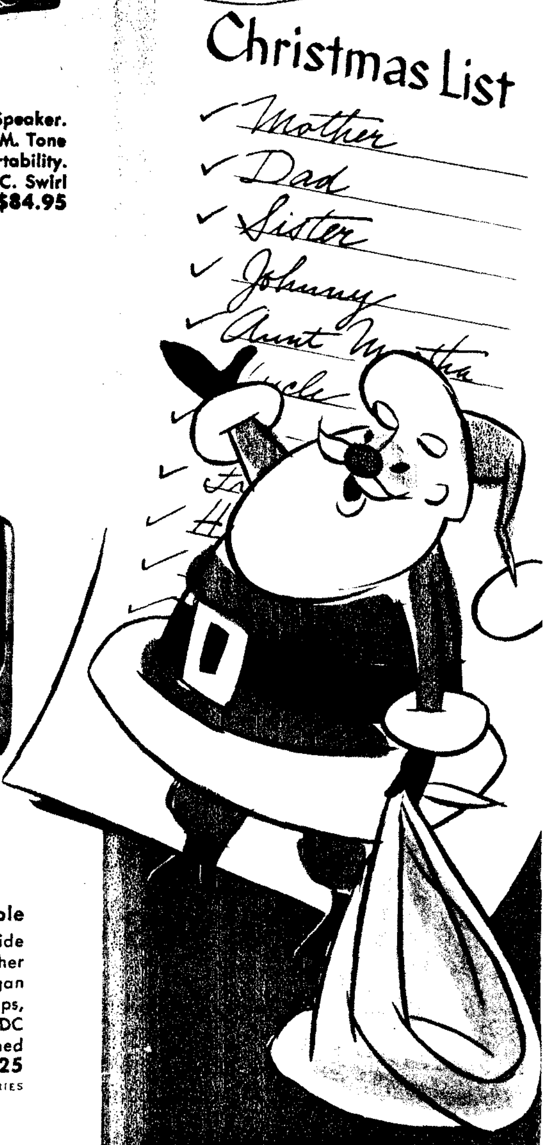
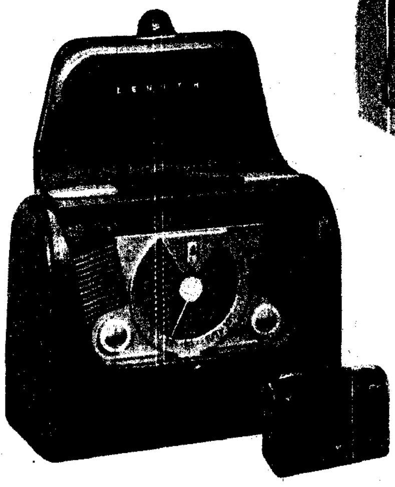

Christmas List
~~Mother~~
~~Dad~~
~~Sister~~
~~Johnny~~
~~Aunt Martha~~
~~Uncle~~



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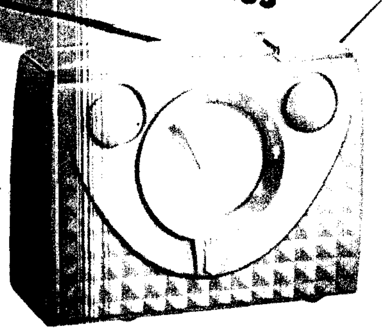

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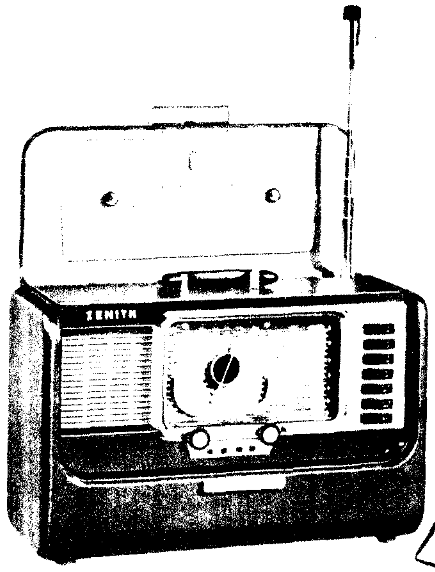

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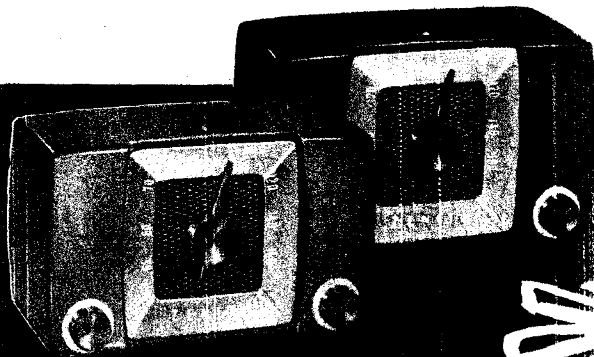
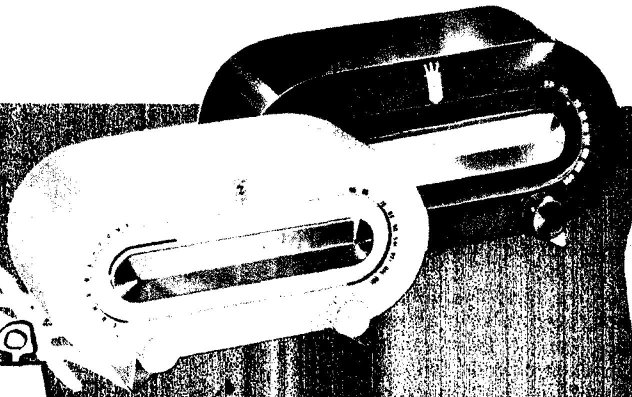


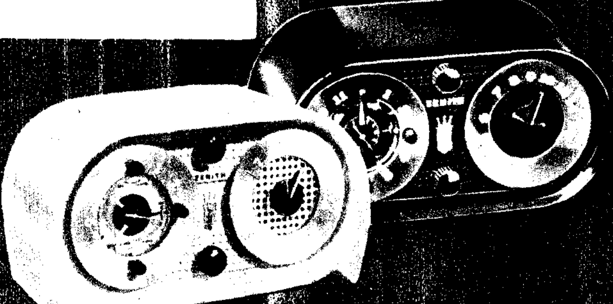
New Zenith "Zephyr" Table Radio



New Zenith "To[illegible]" Table Radio

[illegible] striking array of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Stunning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Walnut [illegible] or Fawn Grey.

[illegible] Corporation, Chicago [illegible] of Zenith [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Small [illegible] [illegible] money-back [illegible] authorized dealer [illegible]



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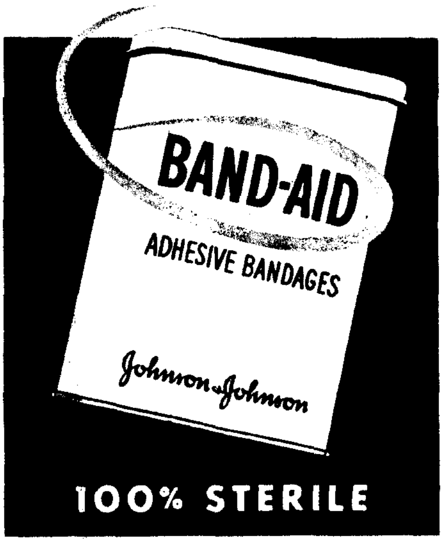

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A Part of the Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

They started up to the mezzanine, arm in arm. John M. disdained the elevators, choosing to walk up the marble stairs, illustrating the excellent physical shape in which he kept himself with two full eighteen-hole rounds on the country club golf course every day of his life, weather permitting.

Bernie invariably had a confused, mixed emotion in John M.'s presence—an uneasiness and a gratitude. The gratitude went all the way back to 1913, the year Bernie quit the Star and had his tryout with the morning paper in Washington. In six weeks he was told he could not make the grade in a big city and he had returned to Colonial Springs and that had been the worst period of his life. But John M. had taken him back on the Star, with no hard feelings, no cut in salary, just back where he had been and where he knew by then he would always be. And yet he could never quite dismiss from his mind, even now, the notion that John M. might hold it against him for having left the Star that time and someday might fire him.

They entered the open French doors of the banquet room. A long banquet table sat in the center of the polished hardwood floor, and standing in groups beneath the portraits of Jefferson and General Lee were Judge Estes, Mayor Fred Baskin, City Attorney Bob Paksett, City Manager Joe Holloway, Police Chief Morrie Cordley, James Aleck Bell of the Chamber of Commerce, and God knows who all.

Bernie was not aware that the dinner had any special significance. He was under the impression it had something to do with Bob Paksett's quiet campaign to become the state's next attorney general.

Colored waiters were passing around trays of bourbon highballs. John M. hung onto Bernie's arm and they joined Mayor Baskin, Paksett and a few others. John M. talked a little golf and Paksett told two of his duller stories.

THEY were the town boys, those in the banquet room, who had made good. Bernie had known most of them when they were in knee pants. He had watched their progress. He had seen them get a choice piece of real estate, seen them become bank directors, get elected to office, or marry well. And he had seen many of them acquire their money through the simple process of having a relative leave this life, just as someday Hoyt Walker would inherit the Star.

Bernie stood there with them. Holding his glass, he wanted to put his free hand in one of his pockets, but there was no room. Except for his watch pocket, where he had exactly sixty cents, every other one was crammed with bills of every amount and description and representing, on the part of the senders, every stage of patience from politeness to outright threats of bodily injury. On some he had paid, say two dollars in January or February of 1936 and a dollar and a quarter in April or October of 1944; some were dated in the 1920s, and one went as far back as 1907.

Unable, on the forty-five dollars a week he now made, even to keep abreast of the current ones, he at least carried them around as a token of good faith, so that if one of his creditors actually collared him on the street he could say, "Got that little matter right here in my pocket! I'll attend to it Tuesday at the latest!"

The soup was brought in. Even when Bernie found himself escorted to a place between John M. and Mayor Fred Baskin at the head of the long table, he still had no idea what the function was all about. He slipped one of the crumpled envelopes out of a pocket and jotted down the names of everyone present except himself, so that he could list them, along with their titles, in the item he would write for the Monday-afternoon edition of the Star. It was only when John M. stood up—between the fricasseed chicken and the orange sherbet—tapped his water glass with a spoon, and complete silence fell upon the room, and John M. said "Friends of Bernie Price," that Bernie began to have even a glimmering about what was happening.

Up to that time, after being sure he had all the names checked, he had been devoting his attention to the fifteen or twenty packages of cigarettes scattered recklessly around the table. He had succeeded in palming a pack of Tareytons and two of Chesterfields and was gauging his chances for some Luckies that were under the edge of Police Chief Morrie Cordley's plate, directly across the table, when John M. began the unexpected speech.

"—I have called you together here," John M. went on, "as a simple token of appreciation to the most loyal employee I ever had, a man who has been with me exactly forty years this month and is now one of the oldest reporters, in point of service, in the state . . ."

Bernie's face flushed with self-consciousness. His Adam's apple suddenly filled his throat. He found it necessary to pick up his water glass and wet his lips. He could not leave his hands on the table. He fingered the change in his watch pocket and occasionally rubbed his patch of baldness.

John M. made a fine speech. He reached over and placed his left hand on Bernie's shoulder and let it remain there all the time he was talking. He spoke briefly of some of the major stories Bernie had covered, such as elections, civic campaigns, and the big feed-store fire.

Bernie had never had such a confusion of feelings in his life—embarrassment, gratitude, and a curious nostalgic thing that was like an ache. He wanted to interrupt John M. and remind him that it was not forty years he had been with the Star—it was forty-*two* years. He began with the Star in 1909. He was born in 1888 and was twenty-one when he became a reporter. His starting salary had been three dollars a week. John M., with a policy that "you'll grow right along with the paper," had regularly increased his salary a dollar a week every year until it was now forty-five, so that any way you figured it it came out forty-two years this month.

His mind went back to those early days when he had sped around town on a bicycle—the horse-and-buggy era, before they began fighting the great wars, a time to which he somehow seemed to have been attuned, before the Northern millionaires came and established their pretentious estates, when only Main Street and Central Avenue were hard-surfaced, when he rode around town on that bicycle, a kind of dashing seriousness to him then, in his heart a dream of becoming another Joseph Pulitzer.

When John M. stopped speaking, there was a fine burst of applause, and someone shouted, "Yea, Bernie!" Then John M. called on City Manager Joe Holloway. Joe gave Bernie a testimonial to the effect that he knew the City Hall "inside and out," which was not a fortunate reference because it might have included the old boiler down in the basement into which Bernie had once crawled to dodge a process server.

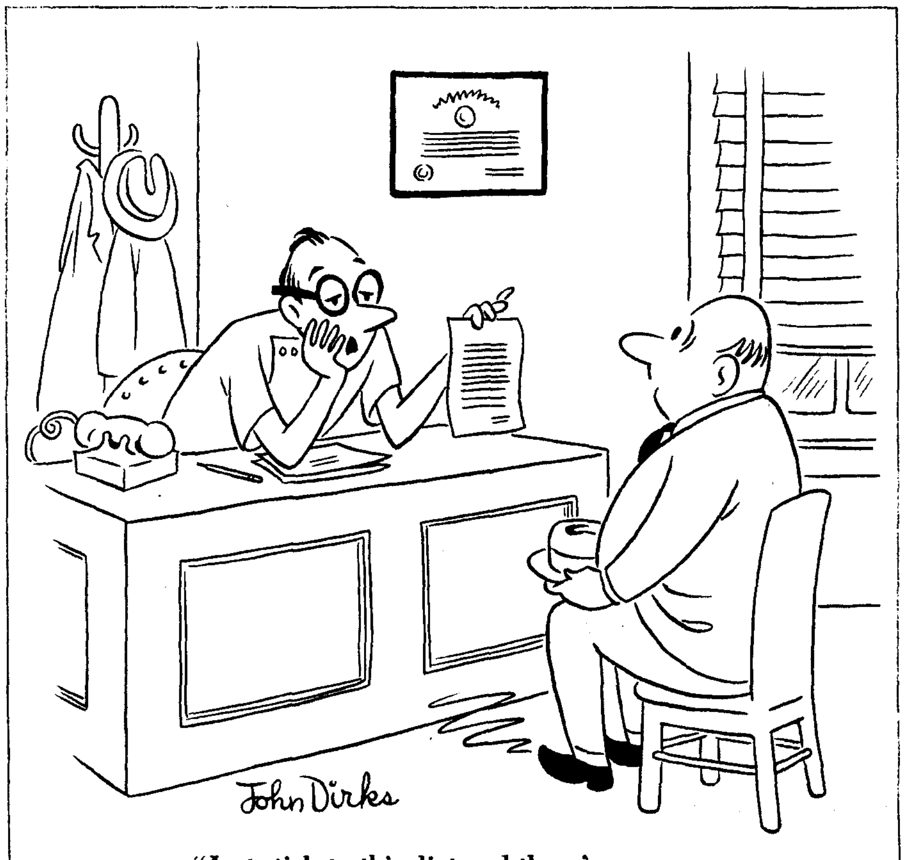
AFTER Joe sat down, Paksett got up and gave his "The Times Are Changing and the South Is Marching Forward" speech. But the keynote of the evening was struck by Fred Baskin, the mayor. In a brief and sincere tribute, Fred said, "Bernie's a part of this town—like the Confederate cannon in front of the courthouse . . ."

When it came time for Bernie to respond, he rose with a mist in his eyes, and all he could do was swallow his Adam's apple that kept filling his throat. He had it right on the tip of his tongue to remind them he had been with the Star forty-*two* years, but the words just would not come out; he had the notion that to make the correction right then would be an anticlimax, somehow spoil something for all of them. After a moment, he nervously swept up his wineglass and said:

"I'll be doggoned if I know what to say about all this!"

Again someone shouted, "Yea, Bernie!" and every man in the room stood up and drank to Bernie's long life and happiness.

Then, with John M. swinging his hand like a band leader, they sang, "For Bernie's a jolly good fellow," fairly lustily, and, while they were still singing, John M. gave a nod to a captain of the waiters, and in a moment the French doors opened again and



COLLIER'S "Just stick to this diet and there's a new life ahead of you. And you can have it" JOHN DIRKS in came a bus boy with one of the finest sets of matched golf clubs anybody in the room had ever seen.

The fellows crowded around admiring them. John M. had paid real money for those clubs. Lyle Cullin, the manager of the Sport Shop, said to Joe Holloway in a broad stage whisper, "If Bernie ever got in a tight spot, I'd give him a hundred for that set. Cash."

Lyle was probably kidding on the square; he was a man who would take advantage of a good thing when he saw it.

Bernie hardly realized when the party broke up. Soon afterward, and rather abruptly, he was aware of stammering out answers to the fellows congratulating him as they said good night, and then he found himself going down the stairs beside John M., with the imposing bag slung awkwardly over his shoulder. For just a moment an unworthy thought plagued him: he had never had a golf club in his hands in his life; the greens fees and the clientele of the country club were far too rich for his blood; and if he appeared with an expensive set of clubs among the swarms of his creditors who infested the nine-hole municipal course, he would be publicly lynched.

They got their hats and coats, and Bernie collected his bag of groceries from the cigar-counter girl. John M. stood out under the marquee for a minute or two, talking to him in the same sentimental vein that had been the note of his speech at the dinner. He wanted Bernie to make use of those clubs. It'd do him a darn' sight of good to get out for a brisk nine holes before going to work.

Again Bernie had it right on the tip of his tongue to straighten John M. out on what year it was when he began working for the Star. He *knew* it was 1909. Somewhere in one of his pockets he had a bill for a bicycle pump, dated July, 1910. It was from Worthingham's Hardware Store. He had bought the bicycle secondhand from Pete Miller in 1909 and he had so much trouble with flat tires that the following summer he knew he had to have a pump to carry around with *him*. He wanted to explain all that, but already John M. was shaking hands with him and apologizing for having to run off because he had an engagement at the country club.

John M. gave him one last pat on the shoulder, indicating he was never again to think of the cost of either the dinner or the golf clubs, bade him a cordial good night, turned up his coat collar, and walked briskly to his Cadillac.

WITH the golf bag on his shoulder, Bernie set off down Third Street toward Main. A biting drizzle, not quite mist and not quite rain, was coming down from the mountains. He felt the grocery sack getting moist and he knew that every step on the way home he would be afraid that *this* was the step when it was going to fall apart.

In spite of the weather, a throng of country people crowded Main Street. Bernie made his way along Main to Wine Jug Hill and then headed over to the wooden bridge that crossed the railroad tracks. He was in the act of crossing the bridge when there suddenly materialized out of the darkness, not fifteen feet away, the big and brawny form of Diggs Harris.

Bernie moved very fast. He had already sensibly noted that some freight cars stood on the main line directly below him, a drop of only a few feet. With the same desperation with which he had once hopped on a speeding fire truck, he scrambled over the bridge railing. The golf bag went with him automatically. But in the process the sack of groceries disintegrated in his arms and he heard cans clanking onto the cinders beside the track.

He lighted fairly nimbly on the steel catwalk on top of a freight car. He started gingerly toward the end of the car with the idea of climbing to the ground and taking to his heels down the track. The idea was never carried out because the car suddenly shuddered and gave a pitching lurch, and Bernie dropped to his hands and knees. There was a screeching of steel and an inexorable sense of movement. He crawled to the end of the car, grabbed the iron brake rod and fell flat. The golf bag toppled forward and hung suspended in space between the cars, dragging heavily on the strap over his shoulder.

At first all he could do was hold on grimly; in panic he thought fleetingly of Agnyss and the children and grandchildren. He wondered wildly if he were on a manifest freight that might not stop for hundreds of miles, until it got to one of the great cities to the westward—Cincinnati, St. Louis, even San Francisco. He saw lights speeding past. Suddenly an odd but vivid impression seized him: a haunting picture of himself as a young reporter, flying around town on that bicycle, the dream in his heart of becoming another Pulitzer. But it did not seem a memory. It was a bizarre thing, happening all over again in his emotions at this very moment. An unaccountable feeling of wild and reckless freedom swept through him and he had an overwhelming impulse to dig great masses of paper from his pockets and let them fly into the wind that whistled past his head, until every pocket was empty to the threadbare lining.

But it was too late. For so long, he knew, it had been too late. A peculiar sound burst from his lips, an involuntary thing, neither moan nor laugh but some of each.

THE sound died away. Already his journey had ended. There was no longer movement; the train had stopped. Raising his head and looking about dully, he realized he was on a string of cars the switch engine had brought over to the spur track at the furniture factory just outside the city limits. He removed his numbed fingers from the brake rod and climbed shakily down the steel ladder. He got his bearings and headed for the lights of a filling station over on the highway beyond the tracks.

Wistfully, he thought of the dinner given in his honor that night. And with a sense of nostalgia and of obstinacy too, he determined he was going to call John M. and remind him that it really had been forty-*two* years. He walked into the bright glare of lights, and an attendant, lounging in a swivel chair, showed him where the telephone was. Bernie stood the heavy bag of golf clubs against the wall and even got out a nickel before he knew he could not do it after all. John M. was at the country club and would be annoyed if he had to come to the telephone for a thing of that kind.

He was in the act of picking up the bag again when the unworthy thought struck him with a fascinating and pleasant jar: If he were to convert those golf clubs into currency he could have a hundred dollars in cash for the first time in his life. He could go to the bank and get a hundred-dollar bill and carry it in his watch pocket, and if a creditor got him into a really tight spot he could haul out the bill in the absolute certainty that the other would not have change. It would be like having a secret and rather wonderful life preserver that could be used over and over.

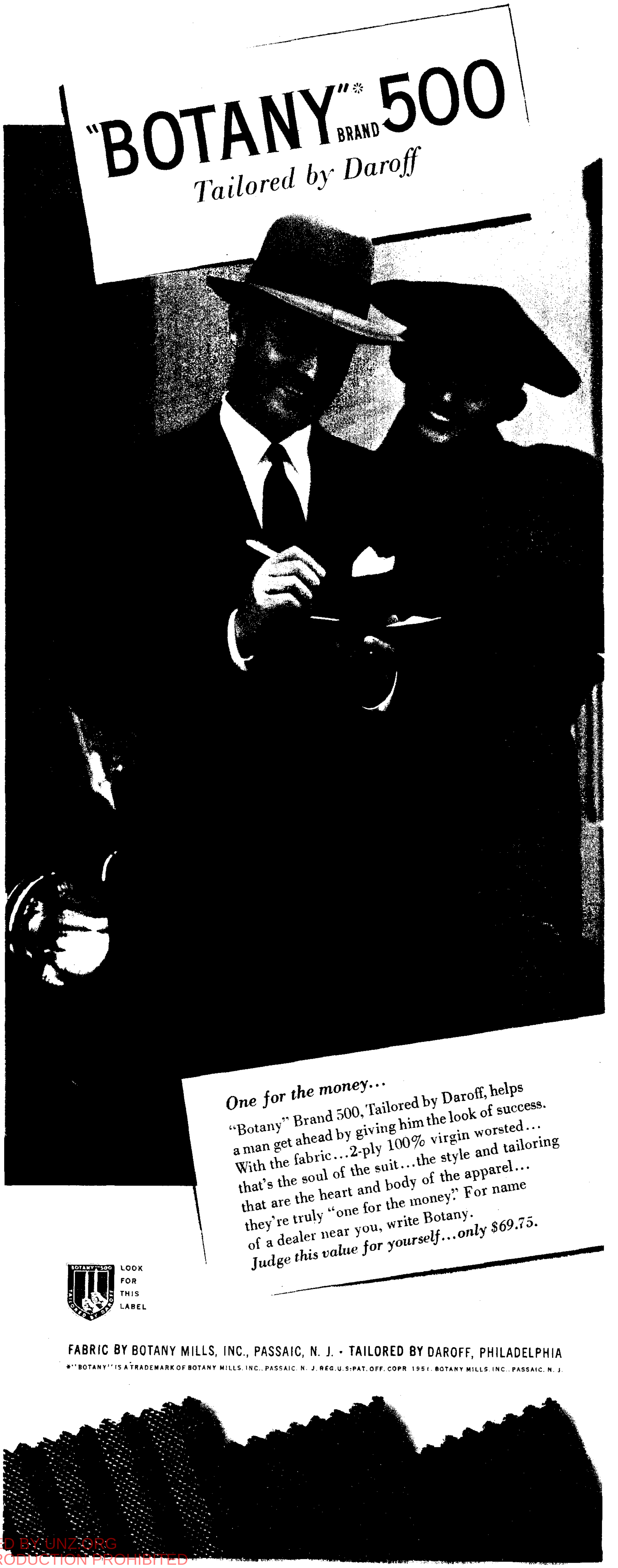
He consulted the directory, deposited his nickel, and dialed a number. When a voice answered he said, "Listen, Lyle. This is Bernie. Don't let this get out, Lyle, but you want to take those clubs off my hands?"

Lyle was jocular and patronizing, but Bernie knew from his tone it was a deal.

"All right, Lyle, but you're goin' to have to give me a hundred and one dollars and fifty cents." He listened a moment. "Well, I'll tell you, Lyle. I've got that hundred earmarked for a special purpose and I need the dollar and a half to settle a bill—for a bicycle pump."

He hung up the receiver, picked up the clubs, and went out into the biting drizzle. Adjusting the strap over his shoulder, he tucked his chin against his collarbone and set off back toward the town where he wrote little items about their births, their appendectomies, their trips, their dented fenders, but never about their quiet day-to-day miseries nor about those great private dreams that swell the heart.

THE END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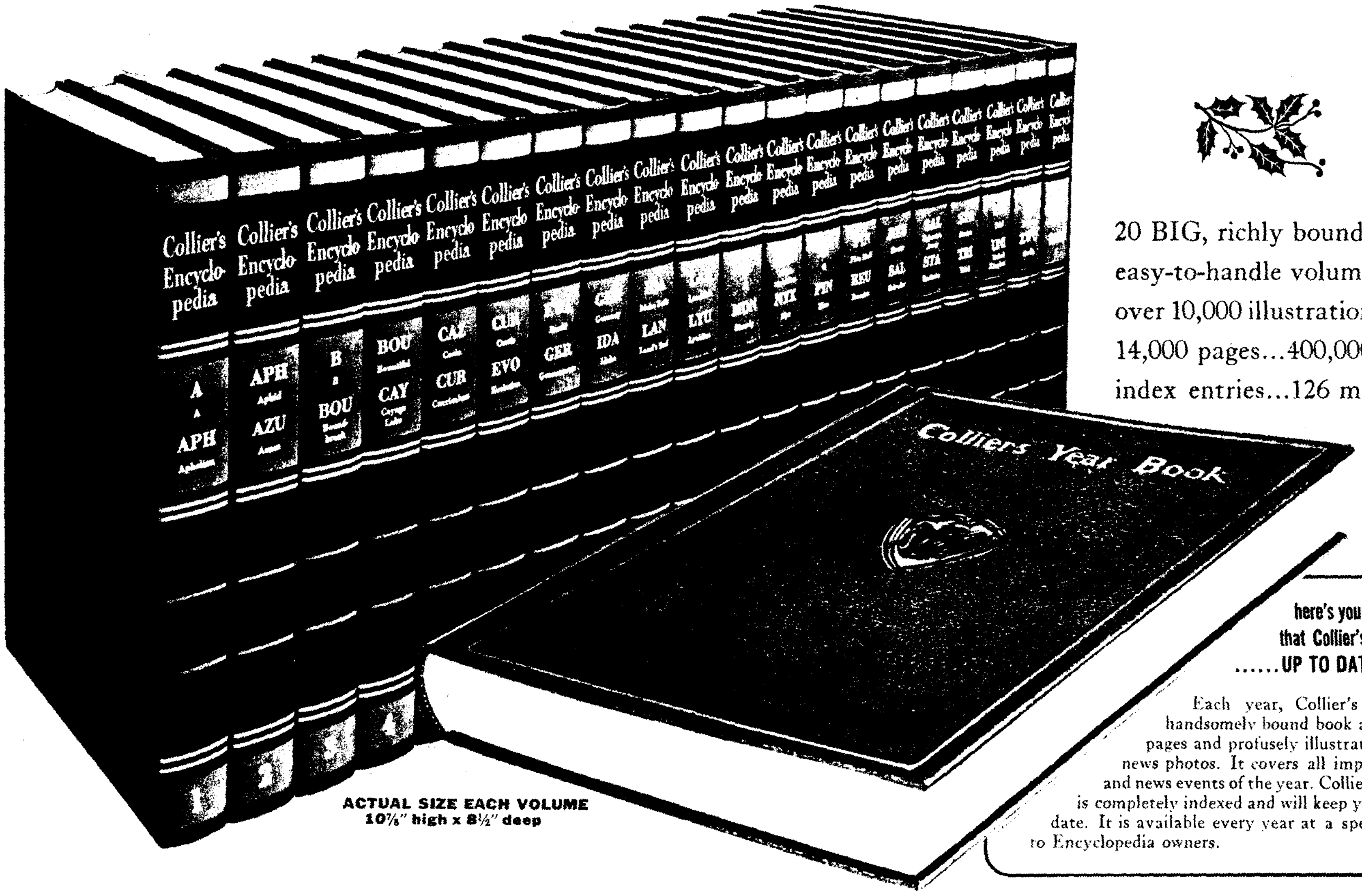

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Speaking of Unmentionables . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

of punishment. A woman guilty of adultery might have to do penance in church dressed only in her "shift."

The end of the Wars of the Roses, which in England brought the Middle Ages to a close, saw the end of the medieval conception of dress. For both men and women, the undergarment was no longer an obscure drudge. Ceasing to be merely a layer serving to protect the skin, it now began to assist the external costume in expressing class distinction.

In fact, the only undergarment ever to obtain the honor of an act of Parliament was so dignified during this period. In 1533 a sumptuary law provided that no one under the rank of a knight might wear "plaited shirtes, or shirtes garnished with silk, gold, and silver." Henceforth the gentleman's shirt was concerned chiefly with expressing his social rank.

Shirt Prices Shock Puritan

This new function, in the eyes of some, seemed more detestable than its old. The Puritan Philip Stubbes, always infuriated by the sight of his betters, declared: "I have heard of shirts that have cost some 10 shillings, some 20, some 40, some five pounds, and (which is horrible to hear) some 10 pounds apiece."

In the next period, 1626-1710, during the romantic era of the Stuarts, underclothes developed new significance with both sexes. They were exploited to a striking degree to indicate not only class distinction but sex attraction. We may regard this as a natural reaction against Puritanism.

If we examine the fashionable portraits of both sexes of the period, it will be noted how the shirt and the chemise are glorified. Still more remarkable was the masculine fashion, therein portrayed, of exhibiting the shirt extruding between the bottom of the waistcoat and the top of the breeches (which, indeed, often appear as though about to slip down), while the feminine chemise is shown sliding off the shoulders and the gown itself in as precarious a position as the man's breeches. It can be said that never before or since have fashionable folk elected to be painted for the benefit of posterity in such hazardous toilettes.

However, this was the last period in which the male, at any rate, attempted to give his underclothing an erotic suggestion. In one of Mrs. Aphra Behn's licentious comedies, The Rover, the stage presented an amorous scene with the man dressed only in "his shirt and drawers." This was evidently accepted, at the time, as highly attractive to the female part of the audience—a sort of masculine strip-tease act. It is significant that today this kind of exhibition is limited to women. Male underclothing has become, on the stage, merely comic, and we are beginning to view the female display in the same spirit unless it is done with infinite skill and tact.

At seventy three, Dr. C. Willett Cunnington's interest in the history of costume has made him an authority. Now in retirement at West Mersea, England, the physician concentrates on his hobby, writing books thereon in collaboration with his wife, Dr. Phillis Cunnington. This article was extracted from their latest, History of Underclothes—published in England last summer by Michael Joseph

Although our eyes would have admired the quality of the Stuart period underclothes and recognized their attraction, they would have done so only at a certain distance. Men and women, even of high rank, were generally dirty and often verminous. Exquisite lace ruffles did not entirely conceal grimy hands and black fingernails, and the fashion for heavily perfumed undergarments imperfectly distracted attention from less agreeable odors. Thus, silk and linen undergarments were used next to the skin; they were found to be less liable to harbor lice than woolens, which did not become usual for underclothing until the era of physical cleanliness opened a century later. To the modern taste those fine folk of the seventeenth century, in spite of their clothes, would have been physically repellent.

Among the specific undergarments affected by people of that era were black nightclothes for gentlemen in mourning, "rump furbelows" (bustles) for ladies, and corsets heavily boned and so tightly laced that one contemporary comment ran: "Another foolish affectation there is in young virgins, though grown big enough to be wiser . . . who, thinking a slender waist a great beauty, strive all they possibly can by straight-lacing themselves to attain unto a wand-like smallness of waist . . . by which deadly artifice, while they shut up their waists in a whalebone prison, they open the door to consumptions."

That there were other mysteries of the wardrobe of that era is suggested in Vanbrugh's comedy, The Confederacy, in which "Mrs. Amlet, a seller of all sorts of private affairs to the ladies," supplies, among other things, "false hips."

During the eighteenth century, almost the whole of costume was dominated by the hoop, which gave woman's skirt a special importance, and underclothes a peculiar significance. The hoop's predecessor was the "farthingale" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its successor the Victorian crinoline.

Not only was the hoop liable to be blown about or even turned inside out, but it was the fashion, in walking, to give it a side tilt, exposing the underpetticoats. And we gather, from The Spectator, of 1712, that a popular amusement was to send young ladies sky-high on swings. A somewhat similar "exposition" is a popular amusement at fun fairs today.

"Falsies" for Men's Legs

Male underclothing during this period began to sink into obscurity. This was due in great measure to the closer fit of his suit, leaving little opportunity for the display of garments beneath. However, one new male undergarment seen was the artificial calf—introduced by the Macaronis (English fops affecting foreign airs) around 1770. The purpose of this accessory was to accentuate the shapeliness of the male leg, which below the tight breeches of the time was regarded as so captivating. Thus, at one time in history, even men wore "falsies."

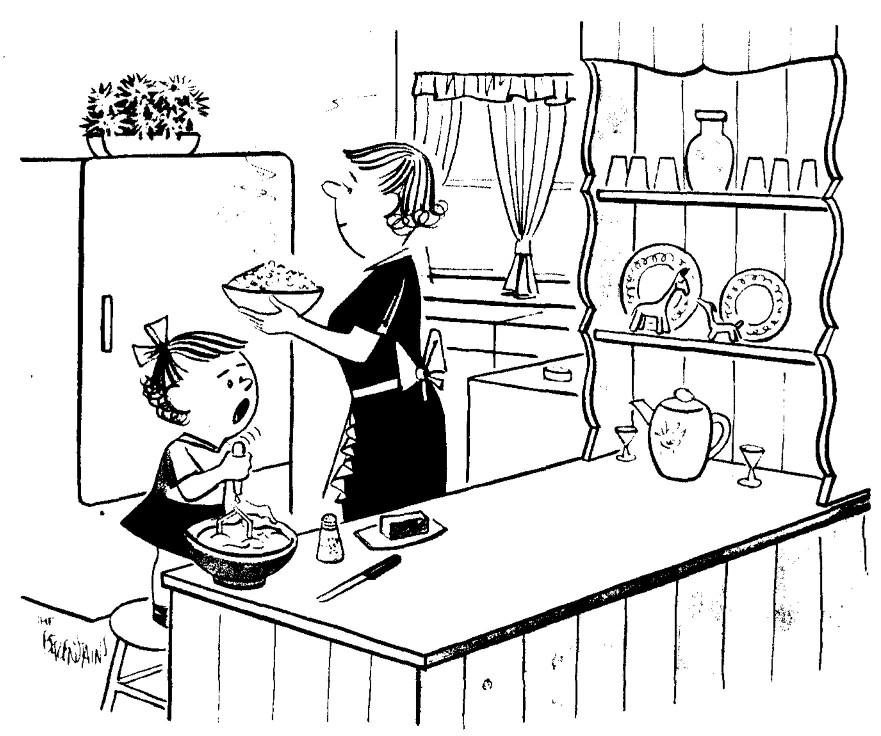
Around the same period there was a revival for women of the ancient device of the bustle—a large roll pad, tapering at the ends and tied around the waist. It was stuffed with cork or any light cushion stuffing. One contemporary husband, admiring his wife's charms at a social occasion, declared: "Her hair hung in ringlets down to the bottom of her back, and even rested upon the unnatural protuberance which every fashionable female at present chuses to affix to that part of her person."

The last quarter of the eighteenth century saw the development of that peculiar attitude of mind associated with the term "prudery." Previously, underclothing had been a legitimate topic for jest, part of the artificial comedy of sex. But prudery, which is an unconsciously exaggerated fear of sex, began to regard the subject more gravely. Underclothing, especially woman's, came to be shrouded in a moral fog of reticence, at times very baffling to the inquiring historian.

At the same time came another development—the singularly novel idea of personal cleanliness.

In 1800 a philosopher, contemplating the future of these social changes, might well have supposed that presently the human body, resplendent from frequent contact with soap and water, would emerge from its trappings into the light of day, and that underclothes were destined to shrivel into trivial accessories. But no philosopher who overlooked the potentialities of prudery could have foreseen the irony of embedding

SISTER



"But suppose that after taking the trouble to learn how to cook, clean, and sew, and everything, I turn out ugly and can't hook anybody?"

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FOR THE
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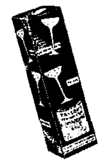
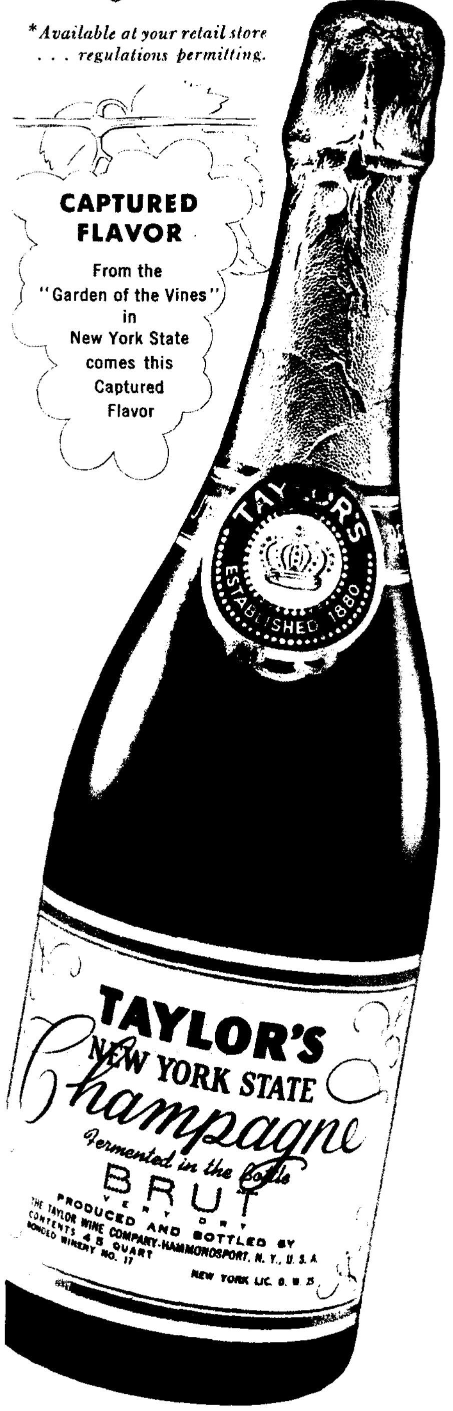




From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

the Victorian body in layer upon layer of undergarments, all scrupulously clean—and all scrupulously hidden. Could he have foretold that those shrewd Victorians would be aware that the human body, freely exposed, is apt, after all, to be a sorry sight?

For men, during this period, a useful addition to their undergarments was braces, or suspenders, which doubtless met a long-felt want. We read of a plump gentleman, in the tightest of buckskin breeches, attempting, at a ball to bow to his partner, whereupon the breeches, stretched to capacity, suddenly shut up like a concertina round his ankles, so that he was immobilized.

The important innovation for women of the time was the introduction of drawers, hitherto a purely masculine garment. The adoption of it by women was the first of that long series of larcenies from the male wardrobe by which woman has marked each stage of her emancipation.

When royalty, in the person of Princess Charlotte of England, not merely wore drawers but freely revealed the fact, the future career of this undergarment was assured. She was sitting with her legs stretched out after dinner one night when one of her attendants, a Lady de Clifford, said to her: "My dear Princess Charlotte, you shew your drawers."

"I never do but where I can put myself at ease."

"Your drawers are much too long."

"I do not think so; the Duchess of Bedford's are much longer, and they are bordered with Brussels lace."

"Oh," said Lady de Clifford, "if she is to wear them, she does right to make them handsome."

The early years of this era were marked also by a singular taste for wearing a bustle in front as well as behind. It caused much male comment; evidence of pregnancy, real or pretended, has always rather shocked the chaste male mind. Also around this time appeared the "divorce corset." The name is misleading; it was a device not to part husband and wife but to separate one breast from the other. The divorce corset consisted of a triangular piece of iron or steel, padded and with curved sides, the point projecting upward between the breasts, thrusting them apart to produce a Grecian shape. It had almost the effect of a modern brassière.

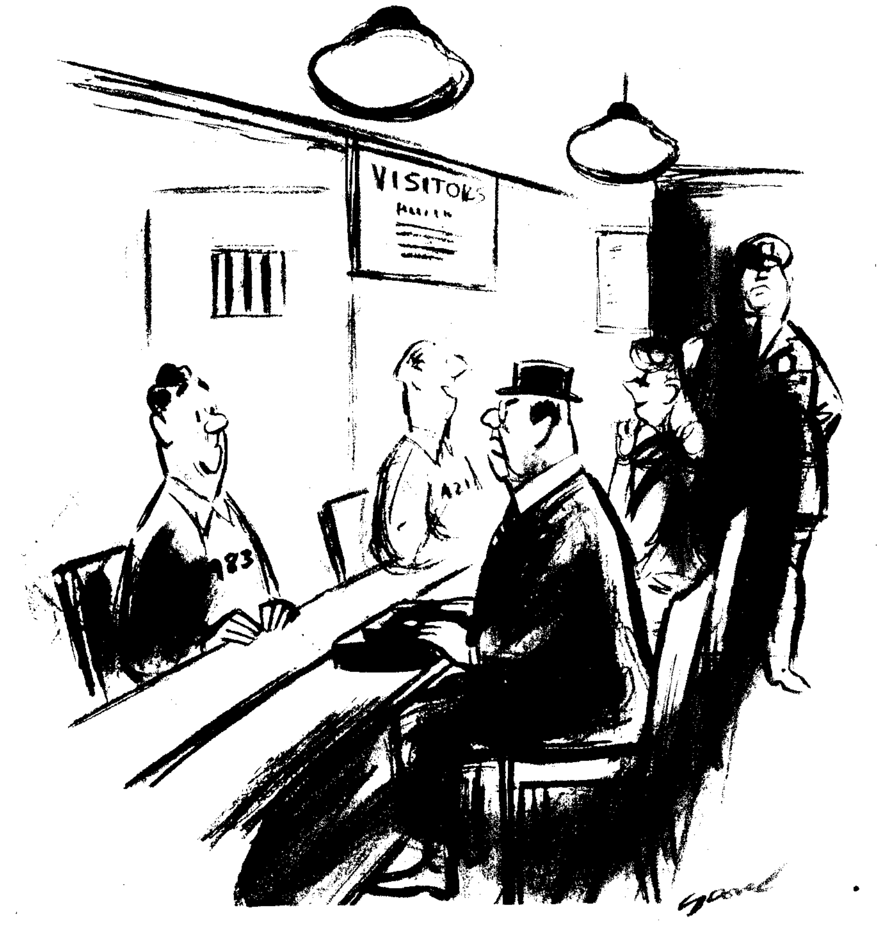
By 1820 or so, the age of the genteel had begun in grim earnest. This entailed a careful regulation of the forms of sex attraction permissible, especially in the apparel of the lady. Thanks to the increasing social importance of the traditionally conservative middle class, the spirit of prudery became the dominating influence over the costume of both men and women.

This psychological blackout began to affect terminology for various parts of the body; "legs" became "limbs," "breasts" became "bosom," and as a substitute for a more precise term, "the lower back" served to indicate a region that has baffled the descriptive fashion writer ever since. When a gentleman's trousers masqueraded as his "inexpressibles," and later as his "nether integuments," it was inevitable that his underclothes could only be described as his "linen."

With the ladies, the rule was more discriminating. In polite society one might mention only such feminine undergarments as were in part exposed to view. It was therefore permissible to use the word "petticoats," and, with circumspection, "stockings." The rest was silence.

The atmosphere of secrecy endowed feminine underclothes with the charm of mystery, hitherto not possessed by such inanimate objects. It is not surprising that so convenient a means of appeal should have multiplied. If a glimpse of one petticoat could produce agitation, what effect might not be obtained by half a dozen? Petticoats and prudery combined as a gigantic force. The steadily expanding skirt—concealing Heaven knows what—dominated the social scene and marked the growing importance of the lady; her underclothing had become, as it were, an integral part of her personality. It expressed, even more truly than the outward dress, a statement of the higher morality.

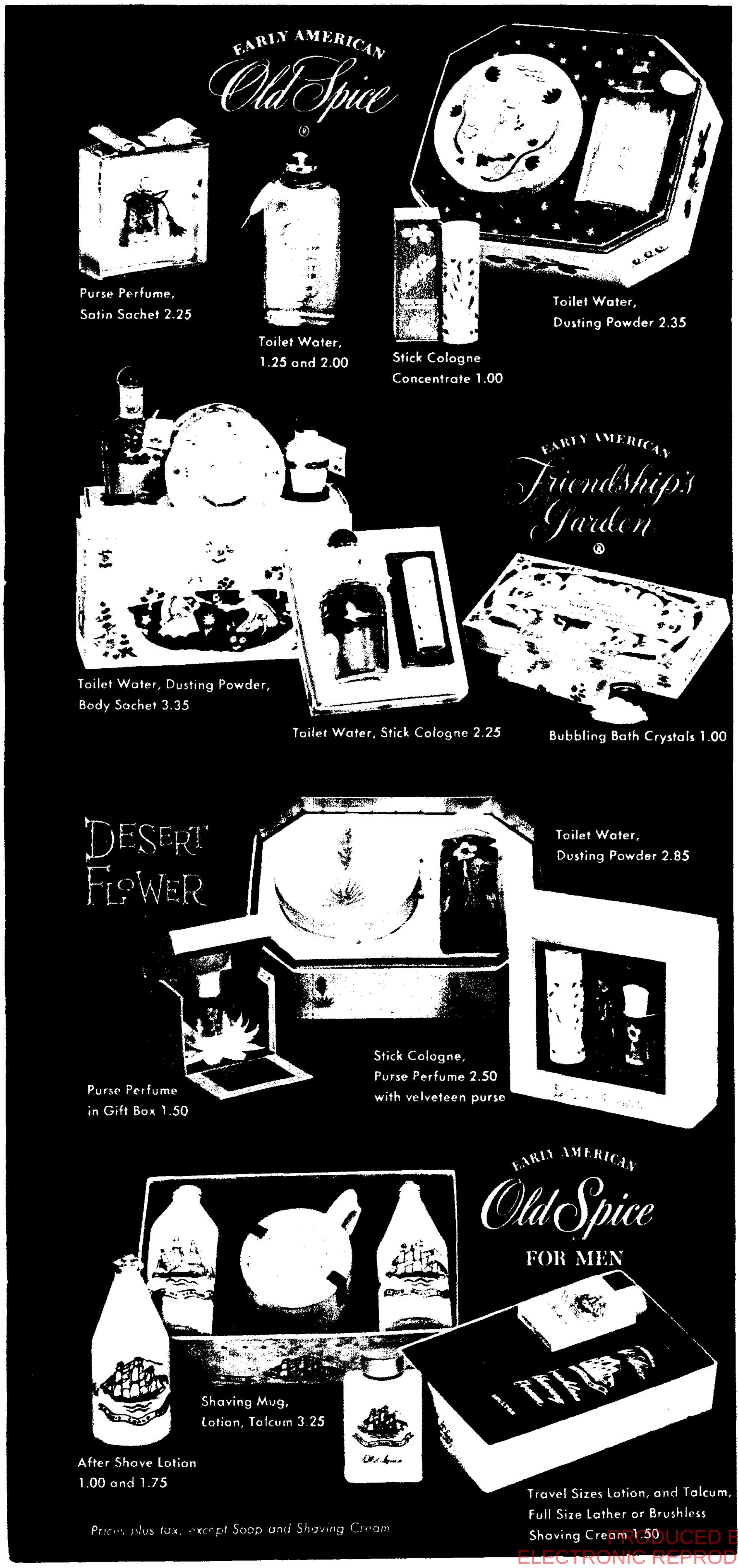
Instilled with the principle that ugliness is next to godliness, woman was careful to avoid any suggestion of aesthetic beauty in such garments as were wholly invisible. A concession was allowed in those of which



"Your case is getting to be quite a bother, Johnson. I wonder if you'd mind just serving the 15 years?"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

Gay and Glistening Gifts from Shulton
New York Toronto



EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice ®
Purse Perfume, Satin Sachet 2.25
Toilet Water, 1.25 and 2.00
Stick Cologne Concentrate 1.00
Toilet Water, Dusting Powder 2.35

EARLY AMERICAN Friendship's Garden ®
Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Body Sachet 3.35
Toilet Water, Stick Cologne 2.25
Bubbling Bath Crystals 1.00

DESERT FLOWER
Toilet Water, Dusting Powder 2.85
Purse Perfume in Gift Box 1.50
Stick Cologne, Purse Perfume 2.50 with velveteen purse

EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice FOR MEN
Shaving Mug, Lotion, Talcum 3.25
After Shave Lotion 1.00 and 1.75
Travel Sizes Lotion, and Talcum, Full Size Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream 1.50

Prices plus tax, except Soap and Shaving Cream

an occasional glimpse was permitted; the border of a petticoat might be exquisitely embroidered, but this concession was corrected by austerity elsewhere, with the body itself in the bleak embrace of plain white longcloth.

The notion of wearing colored undergarments would have caused woman a moral shudder. By 1860 the introduction of chemical dyes, plus the arrival of the sewing machine, made possible an abundance of ready-made underclothes in exuberant hues. But prudery blanched; it seemed incompatible with a milk-white mind to wear colored underclothing.

Yet human nature and the basic instincts could not be smothered even by longcloth, and so a new and more subtle method of attraction developed; underclothing developed into an art, serving sometimes as an accessory to nature's gifts and sometimes as a substitute for their lack.

Expanding Bosoms and Skirts

Contemporary advertisements recommended artificial "bust improvers" and "lemon bosoms." The skirt's substructure was steadily expanded with a complex system of fortifications in depth. By 1851 mere petticoats could no longer support the burden. But necessity is the mother of invention, and nothing could have prevented the introduction of some kind of mechanical support, to wit, the artificial "cage crinoline," an ingenious mechanism which in shape—and almost in size—resembled the Great Pyramid.

What caused the universal demand for this extraordinary undergarment? A garment which frequently revealed extensive glimpses of legs and drawers had erotic functions. The crinoline, as it swung in walking or was lifted when mounting stairs, could be extremely seductive. As a method of attracting the attention of the other sex, the crinoline, at its maximum, afforded its wearer innumerable opportunities. She was practicing on the susceptibilities of a generation to whom the momentary glimpse of a pair of ankles had been, for years, a precious privilege. On such, the vision of scarlet drawers must have acted like a red rag on a bull.

From the diary of Lady Eleanor Stanley (1859) we learn that at country house parties the latest "fast" fashion was for both sexes to indulge in paper chases, or hare and hounds:

"The Duchess of Manchester, in getting too hastily over a stile, caught a hoop of her cage in it and went regularly head over heels, lighting on her feet with her cage and whole petticoats remaining above her head. They say there was never such a thing seen —and the other ladies hardly knew whether to be thankful or not that a part of her underclothing consisted in a pair of scarlet tartan knickerbockers (the things Charlie shoots in)—which were revealed to the view of all the world in general and the Duc de Malakoff in particular."

The duc's subsequent description, *"C'était diabolique!"*, leaves much to the imagination.

The crinoline overshadowed the functions of the corset. But when it began to shrink, in the 1860s, the small waist once more became a desirable feature, the spotlight of sex attraction concentrated upon it, and the corset resumed its former grasp with redoubled force. From The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine of 1866 we learn of a mother urging that daughters should be made to sleep in their stays, which "carries no hardship beyond an occasional fainting fit."

But while the world of fashion was practicing the art of sex attraction by such methods, there was the lesser, though perhaps more important, world of progress toward physical freedom. Such emancipation developed outer fashions like the "walking costume" and later the "tennis costume," suggesting a growing awareness that a woman might have other functions in life than attracting the male or expressing in her clothes the social rank in which he had placed her. Such garments called for "sanitary underclothing" hygienically devoid of charm. In serge knickerbockers and sex-allergic combinations, mercifully hidden from man, woman was revolting—from male supremacy.

With such conflicting impulses—some eager for progress, others shocked by the signs of the time—the resulting picture was confused. There was, in the 1880s, the bride who wrote home to her mama that she was horrified by the sight of her husband's night*shirts;* and that she was spending the honeymoon "making him nice long night*gowns* so that I shan't be able to see any of him."

Yet both sexes were exploring the joys of outdoor sports, for which appropriate costume was needed. The invention of a bicycle which women could ride converted the lady into a biped, and supplied her with a momentum which carried her headlong into the twentieth century. The effect was to produce, for both sexes, a modification of the underclothing adapted to the new activities. For bicycling, arbiters of women's undergarments decreed that "the simplest and best costume consists of warm combinations, a thick woolen vest or knitted bodice, and a pair of tweed or cloth knickerbockers, with a skirt of waterproofed cloth made close-fitting and rather long in front so as to display not a too liberal allowance of ankle."

For formal wear the old constrictions persisted. An evening corset "in apricot and peacock-blue satin" (1886) was perhaps a specially choice example. The 1890s saw a somewhat shortened form of corset with a considerable degree of tight-lacing. It was a girl's ambition to have, at marriage, a waist measurement not exceeding the number of years of her age.

Bust improvers were commonly used all through this period. Early in the 1890s appliances of flexible celluloid were advertised. A simpler type consisted in a shaped piece of material with circular "pockets," each with a slit reverse side in which a pad could be inserted. The original wearer later explained that for a dance, the size she selected "would depend on who my partner was to be."

Men's Styles Stress Comfort

The Victorian era celebrated its pinnacle of progress in the glitter of the Diamond Jubilee in Britain. The spirit of costume, anticipating the actual Edwardian period, changed in character, and we might say that a new epoch began in 1897. Man's clothing was profoundly affected by the growing taste for sports, the influence of which was twofold: it materially broke through the barriers of class, and it spread a taste for more comfortable clothes. The rule of starch was tottering, and when the dickey and detachable cuffs—to say nothing of the washable rubber collar—aped gentility, it was becoming clear that the genuine article was ceasing to mean what it once did.

The Edwardian gentleman shut his eyes to these encroachments creeping in from the ranks below. But the common man was treading on the gentleman's heels; even underclothes were bearing marks of democracy.

Feminine fashions seemed oblivious of these threatening changes. The Edwardian woman suppressed for the time being the aggressive new woman, and the mood reverted to one of picturesque, nebulous mystery. Edwardian underclothes developed a degree of eroticism never previously attempted. They were given a more lyrical title—"lingerie." The appeal of these seductive undergarments even became audible, with their mysterious "froufrou," and fashion writers of the time declared: "We must all froufrou till we can't froufrou any more."

Edwardian petticoats grew steadily more flared and fluffy and frilly. We learn from Elinor Glyn's novel, The Visits of Elizabeth, their uses in a hammock: "As I knew my frillies were all right, I hammocked—and it was *lovely*." A 1902 advertisement

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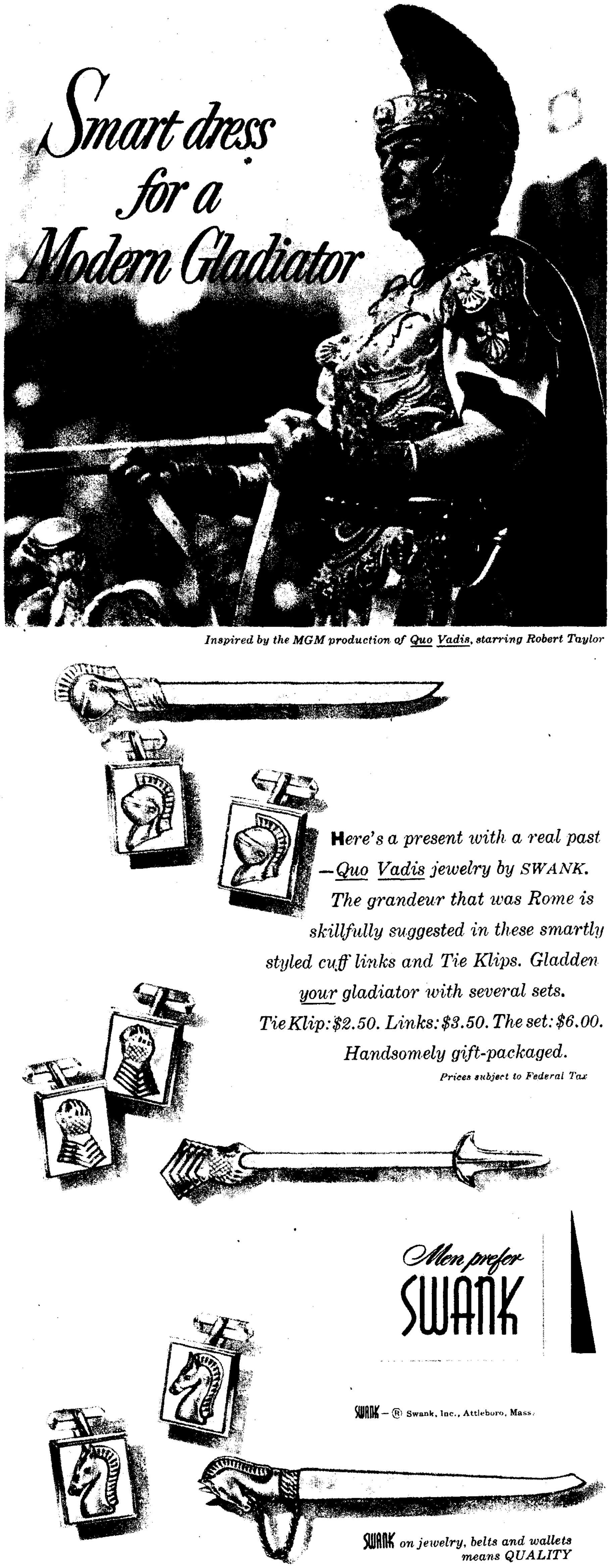

Smart dress for a Modern Gladiator

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Here's a present with a real past—Quo Vadis jewelry by SWANK. The grandeur that was Rome is skillfully suggested in these smartly styled cuff links and Tie Klips. Gladden your gladiator with several sets. Tie Klip: $2.50. Links: $3.50. The set: $6.00. Handsomely gift-packaged.

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proclaimed "the patent bust improver, placing the possession of a bust modeled on that of the famous Venus de Milo at the disposal of every lady."

It would all seem to have been the ultimate illusion of an unreal world, floating blissfully toward—1914.

The war's effect on underclothing was to give it impetus toward simplification. Underclothes were permitting freer movement, but what was still more significant was the growing inclination to reduce the layers which covered the body. It was being slowly realized that in the active life of the modern world so much clothing was unnecessary and a relic of obsolete ideas. A new conception of decency began to appear which has characterized the underclothing of the last 40 years.

Man's underclothing became more rational and therefore ceased to be interesting. Being scarcely more than a detachable lining to his suit, its only trace of class distinction was the frequency with which it could be sent to the wash.

Happily, feminine underclothing has never for long surrendered to the dictates of reason, and in spite of great wars clings for inspiration to the promptings of instinct. However, the prospect of war and the growing burden of taxation called a stop to the frivolous extravagances of the Edwardian modes; underclothing was reduced in amount and much simplified. The actual outlines of the body itself were no longer disguised through the intermediary of complex lingerie. Underclothing became of necessity more "practical." Shortage of labor and laundry facilities meant that lingerie needing elaborate washing and ironing became an impossible luxury.

By the end of the disruptive years of World War I, woman was arranging for herself an entirely new shape. By the aid of long cylindrical corsets, every curve was suppressed. Underclothing no longer functioned to emphasize heterosexual features, but, on the contrary, to obliterate them. A new name was needed for garments which, by attenuation, were becoming slightly absurd, though still preserving a traditional power of charm clinging to their wispy filaments. A kind of playful pet name was obviously required, and woman's innate genius immediately supplied it. Lingerie became "undies."

The first war released, like a genie from its bottle, an aggressive spirit opposed to the symbols of class distinction in costume; and there is, after all, no more thoroughly democratic fabric than bare skin. From 1919 onward, it was the actual surface of the body which was to be exploited.

Underclothes were reduced in number, extent and thickness. Men shortened their pants into trunks. Women's undergarments shrank, until a brassière and short panties under a dance frock were considered adequate (at least for the slim of figure. Girdles replaced corsets for the stylish stout and the not so stylish stout).

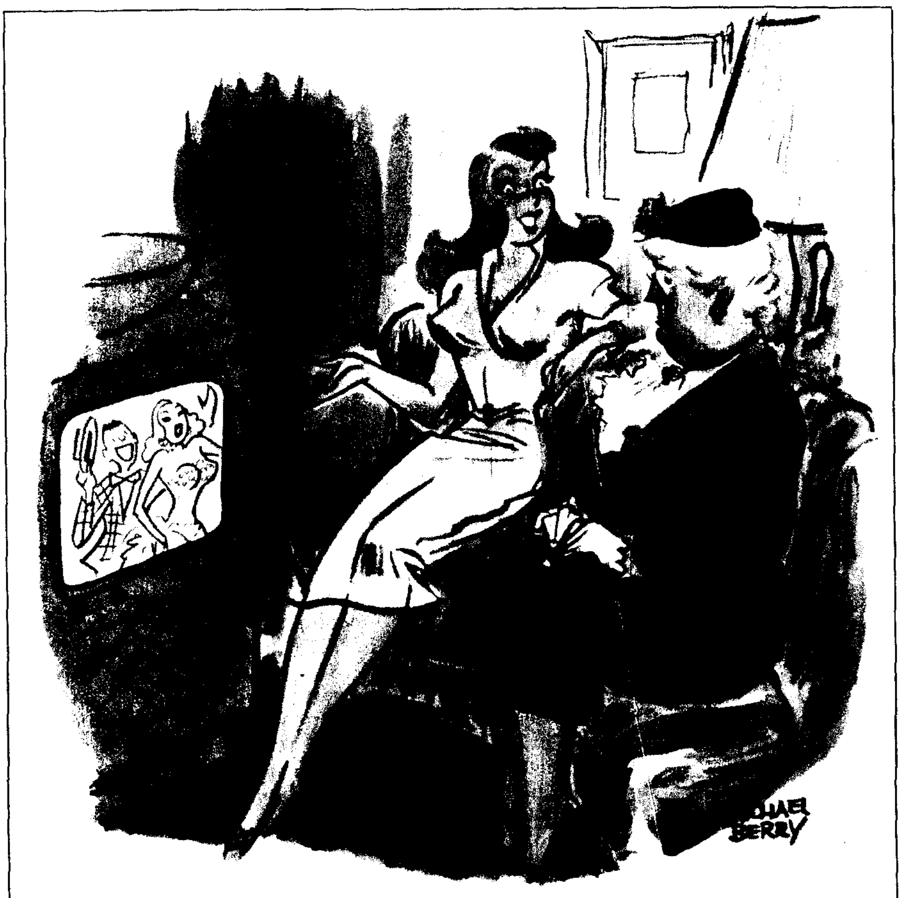
Nevertheless, however attenuated feminine underclothing became, it preserved—and still preserves—its old erotic association of ideas. It is not the reduction in amount but the growing taste for colors in underclothes that expresses the erotic impulse. For centuries "white" has been recognized as a symbol of the chaste "pure mind"; it has no emotional tone.

Today, we may suppose, a girl can be cheered by the thought that beneath her workaday attire she looks a "perfect peach" in peach-colored undies; and the bachelor, in pajamas striped like a tiger, could feel that he, too, in certain circumstances, could simulate a beast of prey. The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, helped establish the modes of the common man; his personal taste for somewhat garish colors in dress was in the new spirit, and encouraged the break with tradition.

We have refrained from tracing the history of underclothes right down to the present day partly because it is difficult to view recent fashions in their true perspective, partly because World War II seemed to close a chapter of this subject. For some 10 years fashion was paralyzed. Men and women wore whatever they happened to have.

Today, again, a revolution in underclothes seems imminent. Out of America have come new designs and fabrics that are easily washable and capable of drying quickly. American ingenuity has taught us to abandon useless and obsolete traditions which have controlled the design of underwear for so long, and to require in their place greater comfort and convenience. It seems that in underwear—as in other things—man must look westward for new ideas, and call the New World to re-dress the old.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Sometimes they have very interesting lectures, but they don't bother me"

MICHAEL BERRY

Can Japan Stay on Our Side?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

had a vegetable garden. The garden is not for fun but from necessity.

Of all the people in Japan, 55 per cent live on farms, and the election next spring will be dominated by the farm vote. But the farmer is close to the edge, too. In the opinion of nearly every political leader with whom I spoke, the farmer will support the present government if he gets a fair price for his rice. If the farmer is in distress as a result of further inflation while the price of rice remains fixed, he may overturn the government.

The Liberal party presently in power is made up of a solid group of able people who recognize that their only hope for the future lies with the United States and the Western World. They are basically in agreement with the Democratic party, which is a bit to the right of the Liberal. Both parties find much in common with a substantial group of independents or nonparty members.

The alternative to these parties, if a change occurs, would be the slightly leftish Socialist party, which has opposed the peace treaty because Russia and Red China are not signers. But the Socialists are split sharply on this issue by a large middle-of-the-road bloc of voters.

The Communist party has dwindled almost to the vanishing point. In the municipal elections this year, where 90 per cent of the men and women of Japan voted, the Communists got less than one per cent of the vote.

Our occupation policy under General MacArthur's brilliant direction robbed the Communists of their most effective propaganda weapon—the promise of land reform. Today 90 per cent of all the farmland of Japan is owned by the men who farm it. This is revolutionary. Before the war, most of the land of Japan was held by landlords who owned 15 to 20 acres apiece. To us this is trifling. In Japan it is enormous.

Experiment in Land Reform

Land Reform is the Communist battle cry in much of the world today, from the Philippines, through southeast Asia, India, the Near East, Italy and elsewhere. Many countries are trying to meet the problem honestly, but none has been wholly successful yet. But in Japan, the first step is a great success.

During the occupation, the government launched a program to buy all farmland owned by anyone who had more than the national average, which amounts to about 2.4 acres per family in Japan. The price was fair, about 40 times the annual rental in 1938. Each tenant was then allowed to buy from the government his share, which usually amounted to a little less than 2½ acres. For this they gave their notes to the government.

Then a tidal wave of inflation swept over Japan and the new landowners struck it rich. The yen had declined very slightly in value under the rigid wartime controls and for some months after the end of the war. But, as always, the dam finally burst. Before the war the yen was worth 40 cents. Today it is worth less than ⅓ of a cent, or about 360 yen to one American dollar.

This terrible inflation nearly wrecked the Japanese economy. The savings of the people were wiped out, life insurance and the working capital of businesses almost vanished.

But the tenant farmers, who bought their new land in the Land Redistribution Program at a fair price in 1946, were able to pay off their debts with the proceeds of two or three crops sold at 360 yen to the dollar. Then they, in turn, began to suffer as other prices rose faster than the price of rice.

The former owners of land were the major victims. They had sold their land at a fair price to the government, which had paid them in bonds. The bonds then lost 99 per cent of their value. The government is struggling with the problem now of providing some fair reimbursement to the former owners.

In Japan, I followed a long-standing habit of spending at least one day visiting farms whenever I am in a foreign country. I am not an industrial expert but I operate a dairy farm, at Pawling, New York, and do know something about farming. Agriculture is a kind of universal language. I find I can talk to people on farms and really learn to know them and how they are thinking. On the farms you find the thoughtful man and his wife who live away from the mass opinion and sometimes hysterical attitudes in the big cities. They are friendly and direct, too, and always pleased when their American visitor shares their feel for the soil and for its problems.

Far Too Many Listeners-In

I tried to arrange my usual farm trip in Japan so I could go alone with an interpreter, and thought I had succeeded. But to my dismay, when I finally got to the country, I found myself in the company of the Minister of Agriculture, the governor of the province, a dozen local officials and 20 newspaper reporters and photographers. Serene private conversation with Japanese farmers was, to put it mildly, not easy.

The twenty-eight-year-old farmer we first visited had bought his land under the Land Reform Program. He had done a little better than the national average and had about 3½ acres. But the thing that really makes him upper crust is that he owns a cow—not a milk cow but a working cow. The cow enables him to plow his land. In addition he can hire his cow out to his neighbors for their plowing. Or, if he cannot trust them to handle the cow, he goes and plows their ground himself. They pay him in hours of labor. As a result, when I found six people working in his fields, he explained they were paying for the use of the cow.

Having a cow is a great asset in another way. Most of the fertilizer of Japan is night soil—human fecal matter. The farmer who owns a cow goes to the village and collects the sewage from a group of families with whom he has a regular arrangement. He can put as many as 10 or 12 large cans on a long cart and after his own needs are met he sells the surplus to his poorer neighbors. In a 50-mile drive in the country you will see 10 manure carts for every automobile. Our American soldiers have gaily dubbed those night-soil cans "honey buckets."

This little farm of 3½ acres supports the farmer, his wife and three children, his father and his grandfather. He raises rice, barley and vegetables. I asked him how they keep the vegetables for use during the winter. He explained that that was his wife's function, that she preserved them and also did the cooking and the meals. What he did not say was that, in addition to those duties, she works as many hours in the field every day as he does.

Former "landlords" are being executed by the Communists of China today. In Japan they were allowed to keep the same share of their own land that anyone else could have. A former landlord we visited used to own about 14 acres. He is now reduced to three which he farms himself. He is obviously an intelligent man. He would be a landowner in any society where a good farmer could succeed.

I managed to make my conversation with him quite private with the help of a local interpreter. He betrayed no bitterness over the land reform. Even before the war he had been selling some of his land to the best tenants. He was still living in the family house and was happy, working his three acres with fine skill and effectiveness, letting his former tenants use his barn for the storage, just as they always did. He still

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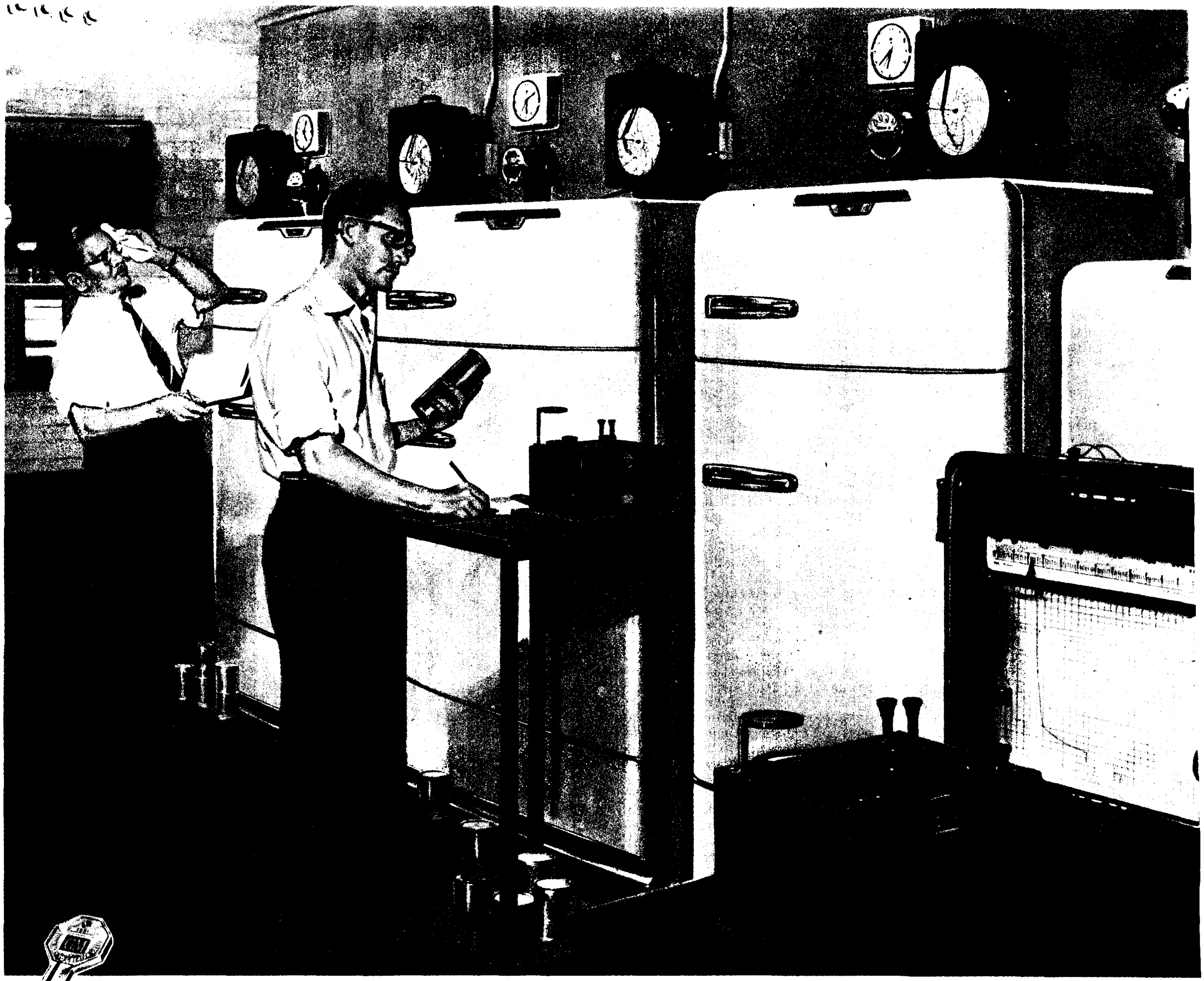

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STEP INTO THE 110° ROOM – one of nineteen test rooms in which engineers work to prove and improve Frigidaire refrigerators. Here they duplicate harsh climates from all over the world–studying temperature variations, the refrigerator's ability to absorb peak loads, even the time to freeze an ice cube when temperatures soar. By studying heat and cold down to the last fraction of a degree, they make design improvements that are reflected in dependable operation under the most rigid conditions.

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LONG LIFE FROM THE GLASS HOUSE. In this virtually dust-free, air-conditioned "glass house," skilled specialists carefully build the Meter-Miser, heart of most Frigidaire cold-making systems. Parts are checked on electro-limit gauges that measure thicknesses as thin as the walls of a soap bubble. This is typical of Frigidaire care and skill in manufacturing in the quantities that spell value, combined with long-lasting quality and thrifty operation.

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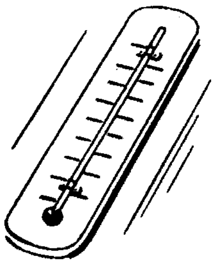

Two big chapters in General Motors' search for ways to serve people with better things deal with a study of heat and cold.

Frigidaire's research problems range from the low temperatures that protect food in household and commercial refrigeration — through temperature and humidity control in air conditioning for comfort and industrial uses—all the way to the heat needed in electric ranges and home laundry products.

Precise control of warmth is fundamental in Delco-Heat automatic heating equipment for cold-weather comfort in the home.

In both cases, the job calls for GM's unexcelled combination of research, engineering and manufacturing skills—aimed at making better products at lower cost. And in both cases, America also benefits with products that are vital to home and industry in peaceful or critical times.

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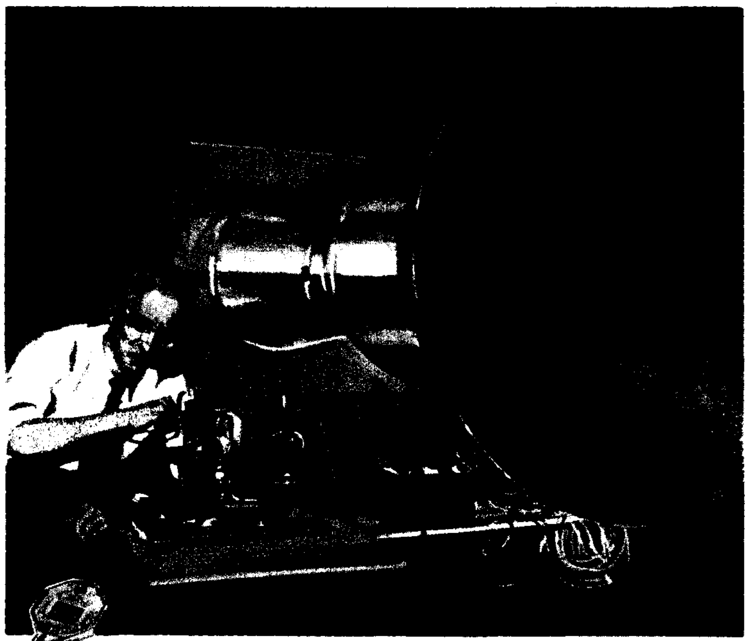

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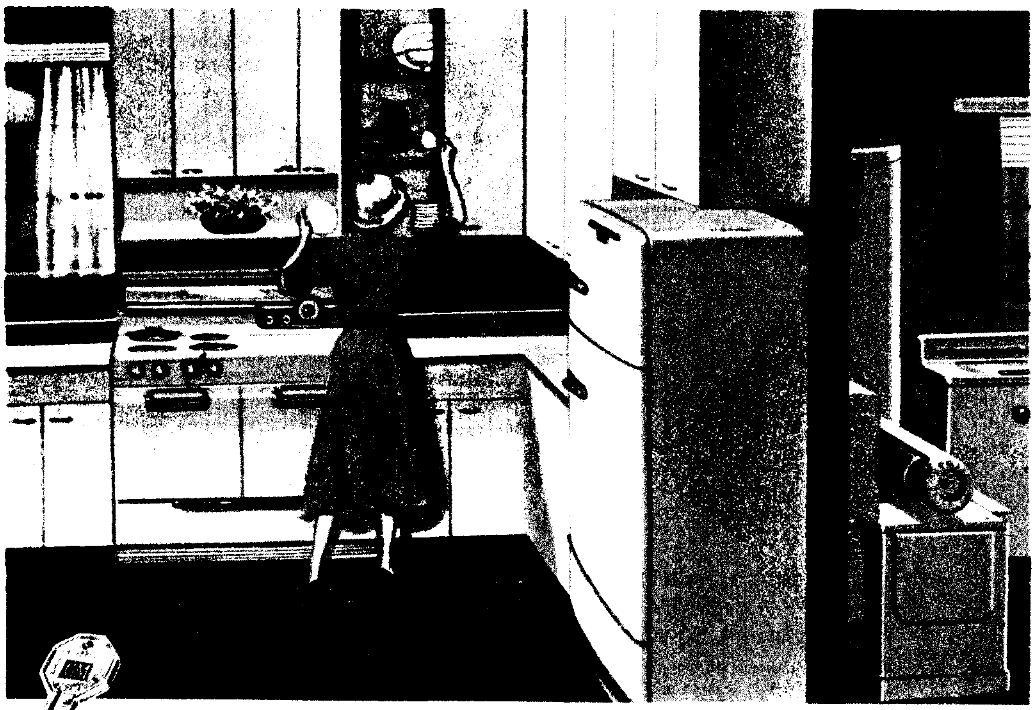
LOOKING INTO A BURNING BURNER. Just as GM automotive researchers strive for more power out of fuel, GM's Delco-Heat research men keep trying to get more and better heat out of oil and gas heating fuels. Here, they hook special laboratory equipment to a Delco-Heat oil burner to "see" the heat building up inside, testing at all degrees. Out of their work will come even better ways of keeping homes warm—with a minimum of fuel, a maximum of comfort.



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Right on the runs . . . *light* on the slopes and in the lodges — no wonder double-action Duofold has become "standard equipment" among top-notch skiers! The comfort you feel . . . the protection you enjoy . . . is *all* in the fabric — *the original*, million-dollar 2-layer fabric — that's slope- and lodge-proven! Duofold allows the flexibility and freedom of movement that skiers demand.

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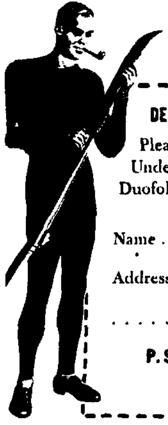
P. S. See Duofold in women's skating *briefs* and underwear for men, women and children.



had a horse and in addition—almost as precious—he had a pig.

His wooden bathtub interested me. Against the outside of the house, under the eaves, it is about three feet deep and four feet long, oval in shape, with a small metal stove in one end. They put a little charcoal or wood into the stove from the outside. The other side of the stove forms the end of the tub and heats the water. This barefooted family works long hours in the rice paddies in mud up to their knees. Nevertheless, they are a clean family. The bathtub is the most used piece of equipment in the house.

Under the Land Reform Program, Japan has greatly increased her food production. But the population has increased also—from 70,000,000 to 83,000,000 in 10 years. So the Japanese are just where they were a decade ago, still importing 20 per cent of their rice. Both the people and the government want to become self-sufficient but they have a tough road ahead.

Stripped of her former possessions, the Kurile Islands, Manchuria, Formosa, Korea, and also denied many of her former fishing areas, Japan must trade for her food or starve.

The Rice Bowl of the Orient is southeast Asia. But will southeast Asia remain free?

Mao Will Drive Hard Bargains

That is the crucial question. If it does, Japan has a trade area which will be vitally beneficial to both. Each needs the other. If southeast Asia is lost, I do not see where Japan will get either her food, her minerals or a market for her manufactured goods. If she is forced to get them largely from Red China, we may be sure that Mao Tse-tung will attach a political price to every cargo. Every transaction will increase Communist power in Japan until both economically and politically she will fall into the grasping arms of Soviet slavery.

Japan is our most populous ally in the Pacific. But a base of 83,000,000 starving people would be a hopeless liability, not an asset.

So, if Japan is to remain free, so must southeast Asia. Economically, Burma, Siam and Indochina are part of the frontline defense of America. It disturbed me considerably to find so little knowledge of southeast Asia among the Japanese. I had hoped to find clear-cut opinions and constructive suggestions as to how to save southeast Asia from Communist aggression. But at meeting after meeting with individuals and groups I ran into a blank wall.

The truth finally emerged: the Japanese military and political leaders who occupied that area have been purged; the remaining people of Japan have been isolated from the world for 10 long years. They have been so isolated that very few are familiar with the conditions in the areas which are vital to their very life. Wherever I went, the conversation drifted back to one simple theme: "America must stand by us or we will be lost."

This does not mean they are not willing to work hard and make every sacrifice. It just means that they know that without American friendship and strong support they are lost to the Red czar.

In talks with intellectuals, I also found an uneasy concern among some of them over the work of the Communist underground. One distinguished scholar said: "The Communist leadership has been driven out of the trade-unions pretty well. But it is still in the teachers' unions and two Communists in a hundred can spoil the other ninety-eight."

A leading member of the judiciary expressed another worry. "Left alone," he said, "I am convinced Japan will have no internal trouble with Communism. But I am worried about what will happen after the treaty, when the necessities of trade may bring an increasing number of Communists in one guise or another into our country."

Generally, however, Japan's problems today are more economic than political. There are excellent men in all parties. One of my best meetings was at the Diet Building with the leaders of the political parties. As usual, tea was served and we sat around a large table. I was delighted to find Frank Matsumota, a Diet member representing Hiroshima, serving as interpreter, just as he had done when the Japanese delegation came to Albany last year.

Abandonment by U.S. Feared

Discussion was free and forceful. Every time a member of one party made a flat declaration, one of the others would crack back at him across the table. One of the Socialist members spoke highly of the proposed Japanese treaty, although his party publicly opposes it without Russia and Red China as signatories. He was thoroughly ribbed by the Liberals present, who said they wished he would say it in public, which brought a gale of laughter from the whole group. Even here, though, the grim question came out again and again: "Will America abandon Korea once more? And if she does, might she not abandon Japan?"

This is quite natural. Stripped back to her four comparatively barren home islands, Japan has no army, navy or air force. Unhappily, we gave the Kurile Islands to Russia at Yalta. So today there are Russian divisions three miles from the Japanese home island of Hokkaido.

If Red divisions should ever occupy all of Korea, Japan would be surrounded on two sides or almost three—and defenseless. Every Japanese I saw feels with great intensity that Japan must be a part of the Western World. They know their safety will require for many years the protection of American ground forces, navy and air forces.

The extent to which Japan will rebuild her own defenses is by no means clear. I am convinced there is a genuine popular revulsion against military domination of the country. I found it in every stratum of society. Yet for her own safety Japan must rebuild her armed forces.

Right now there is little public support for a rearmament program. Moreover, there is no money for one. Only by the most drastic measures, almost coerced by the occupation, was the government able to balance the budget and stabilize the yen. Even the governing Liberal party is not united in favor of a balanced budget because the difficulties are so great.

We have conferred on Japan the dubious blessing of the progressive income tax, and it is very high. So are business taxes. The new defense forces cannot be built out of increased taxes. The money for defense, for hydroelectric dams and flood control and countless other needs can only come from a greatly increased volume of business.

Here again, however, we come right up against the basic lack of capital for expanded business. It will cost billions to build the needed new ships, new factories and new stores. Capital can come only from the savings of businesses or of people. Neither can save much, if anything, today.

Government salaries are an example. The average government employee makes between 9,000 and 10,000 yen or $25 to $28 a month. A member of the Diet is paid 50,000 yen or about $150 per month. The elected governor of a province gets about the same. Cabinet officers get little more.

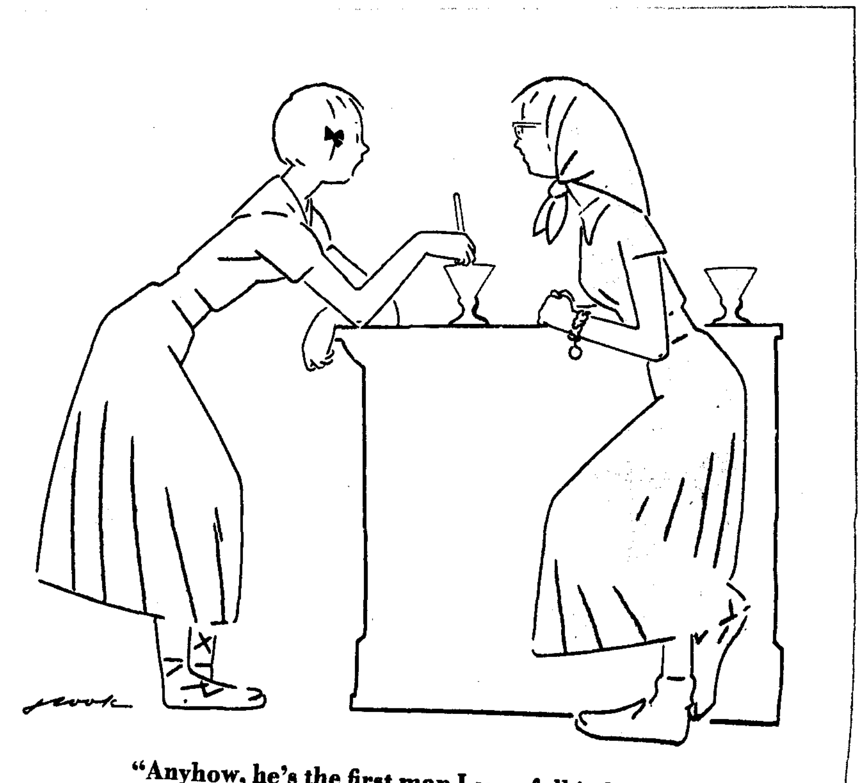
In the silk mills, the girls work intensively and with great skill in the fascinating process of transforming cocoons at one end of the factory into baled silk at the other—all for $2 a month plus board and room. They have little or no opportunity to meet young men. But that isn't important since most of them come from nearby farms and by the time they are twenty years old their parents usually have arranged a satisfactory marriage with an appropriate young man from the neighborhood.

A good stenographer will get about 8,000 yen or about $21 a month. In the steel mills the most highly skilled workers can go as high as 15,000 yen or about $42 a month. Weavers earn from $20 to $40, a locomotive engineer $20 a month.

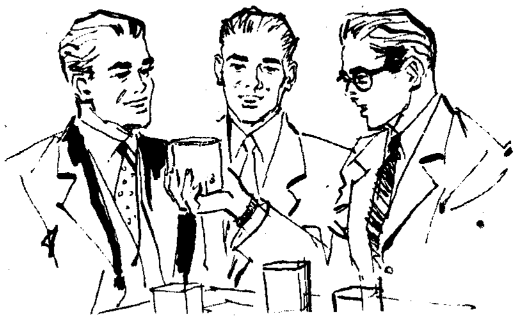
A People Living with Hunger

Very few savings for new capital can come from businessmen or employees. It takes about $28 a month to buy a little rice, a piece of fish and a couple of vegetables every day for a man with a wife and two children. Despite a small bonus for men with children, the simple fact is that no worker in Japan can earn enough to support a family under the present structure. His wife and some of the children must also work to keep a roof over their heads. That thin edge of hunger is so very close there can be few savings.

Despite this low living standard, the cost of Japanese goods is so high that they are being undersold in the world market in many articles. The businessmen blame this on the high freight rates they now have to pay and the eight-hour day which was imposed during the occupation, which means that only six hours of work are done, after deducting a paid lunchtime and tea and rest



COLLIER'S "Anyhow, he's the first man I ever fell in love with after only a two weeks' engagement" JOHN COOK



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periods. Before the war, the Japanese worked a 10- to 12-hour day and I suspect that, rightly or wrongly, a longer working day is coming back.

In addition to new capital, Japan must have raw materials. She is acutely short of iron, coal and salt. Six out of her seven million tons of shipping were sunk in the war and shipping is the very lifeblood of Japan. The gaunt skeletons of bombed-out factories dot the whole country from one end of the nation to the other. One B-29 fire raid on Tokyo did more damage than the atom bomb at Hiroshima. Today most of the Tokyo homes have been rebuilt, but the industrial damage remains.

On our visit to Hiroshima, however, we drove through a vast expanse of terrible devastation, to the heart of the city where only half a dozen buildings still stand, aside from new houses built since the war. After a visit to the museum showing Hiroshima exactly as it was after the atom explosion, we went to the city hall with the mayor, and up on the roof he showed us the plans for the new and beautiful Hiroshima which is to rise in the future. The psychology of the people of Hiroshima was very interesting and surprising. They eagerly welcome visitors. They want everyone to come and see the devastation of the bomb because they want Hiroshima to be a city dedicated to peace—a living demonstration of the horrors of war.

It was a startling change to go on a short flight from the horror of the past to the bustling, vigorous present of Osaka, the Pittsburgh of Japan. Here in Osaka and in Kobe which adjoins it, one gets the full impact of Japanese industry. In contrast to the charming rural atmosphere surrounding the silk factories and the brocade mills, these industrial plants are mighty and profoundly impressive.

Japan's Industrial Leaders

The men who run them are impressive, too. They have all survived the exhaustive purging and the breakup of the cartels which dominated Japanese business before the war. From Governor Bunzo Akama of the Osaka Prefecture to Governor Sachio Kishida of the Hyogo Prefecture, they are typical of the Japanese leaders of today. Alert, intelligent, almost all of them speaking English, they represent the future of Japan.

In the course of one day I saw dramatically almost all of Japan's critical problems other than food: the shortage of capital, raw materials and flood control and power.

On arrival at the harbor of Kobe we transferred to a launch in a driving rain and rode across that large and beautiful harbor to the Central Japan Heavy Industry Shipyard. On the way across the bay another great shipyard was pointed out which was standing idle. Each shipyard has to close down one day out of five for lack of electric power.

The Central Japan Shipyard was impressive. They have been building fine ships for 50 years, and a 10,000-ton freighter was about ready to be launched. This yard, as well as the steel mill we visited next, seemed to my inexpert eyes to be models of efficiency and productive power. With every passing hour I could see more forcibly than ever why Japan is a prime object of Stalin's desire—and why Russia must never get Japan.

The Japanese believe that if they can find the capital and if they can get the raw materials, they can rebuild their lost shipping in 25 years. But they do not know where the capital will come from.

The power shortage is equally critical. Only in America where the power industry has largely remained free of government ownership is there still an almost adequate supply of power. I have always appreciated the value of the American free enterprise system, and everywhere I went it was driven home again and again that competitive private enterprise is the only system which can meet the needs of a modern society.

In Japan the need for flood control and electric power go together. Each year thousands of acres of priceless ricelands are devastated by floods. Each year the shortage of power grows worse. During a long ride in from the country one day, the Minister of Agriculture told me of his dream of a tremendous flood control and power program. He sees the absolute necessity of a $2,000,000,000 program over a 10-year period. If half of that or $100,000,000 a year could come from the United States either by Marshall Plan aid or as a loan, he believes Japan could match it. Then, he believes, the food problem of Japan as well as the electric power shortage would be solved.

Even wood is in short supply. The old forests and even the trees in the cities were cut down during the war for fuel by the shivering, freezing, miserable Japanese people. To a newcomer it is hard to realize that Japan, which we think of as a hot country, is cold in the winter.

I asked repeatedly how the Japanese keep warm in the winter with their thin wooden houses and the glazed-paper windows. The best answer I got was from an American who shrugged his shoulders and said: "They don't." It is a pitiful sight to see women, old men and children spending hours each day searching for the few twigs and sticks they must have even in summer for cooking. It is a sight you never escape in Japan, in city or country.

Yet, on the whole, the people I talked with in the shops and on their farms, in the factories and in the stores, were quite cheerful. In a letter from a member of the Cabinet which I received after I came home, he said:

"Once again I want to express the hope that you will inform the leaders and the people of America of the concrete progress Japan is making in recovery and that she is so democratized she will become a member of the family of the peaceful nations of the world and also a leader in Asia to be a bulwark to stop Communism in this part of the world."

As of today I believe this is a genuine expression of Japanese sentiment. They know they have a tough but simple choice. Their choice is hard work, freedom and progress with the Western World or slavery under the claw of their ancient enemy—the Russian bear. They have made their choice and hope to be able to stick to it.

In the background of the Japanese scene there always remains Emperor Hirohito. He was rarely discussed except by a few Japanese who have been in the West enough to know they could be quite frank. They all knew that the issue of the emperor was very acute. The Russians as well as many of the left-wing elements in our own government thought the emperor should be executed as a war criminal. They were frustrated and disappointed by the findings of the War Crimes Commission that, in fact, the emperor had held out to the end against the war. It appears that this finding was correct.

Personally the emperor is very little understood. I certainly do not pretend to be an authority on the subject after 10 days in Japan and a one-hour visit with him. But some things are clear. He has been through a dreadful period of strain, finding his country launched on a disastrous war which he opposed with all the authority left to the crown. After the war he took every action required by the occupying authorities to make it clear that he favored a free constitutional monarchy and that the crown no longer claimed divine powers.

In his discussions of foreign affairs and matters of state he is obviously nervous and under strain. But immediately when the subject goes to science or farming, he relaxes and becomes completely absorbed in what his visitor has to tell him and in what he himself contributes to the conversation. He becomes himself.

The emperor is an amateur biologist of considerable distinction and an avid student of the technical literature in the field. He has written a two-volume work on the flora and fauna of Tokyo Bay which is regarded as excellent and authentic.

It is a strange contradiction that today, stripped of all claims of divinity, at the end of a terrible war, the emperor is personally more influential than before.

Help Must Come From the West

Right or wrong, I left Japan, convinced that as of today, the Japanese, from the emperor down, feel that their whole future is bound to the Western World. In the race against hunger, time and the Communists to rebuild their factories and their ships, to develop new areas for trade and to expand their production of food, they will need substantial help.

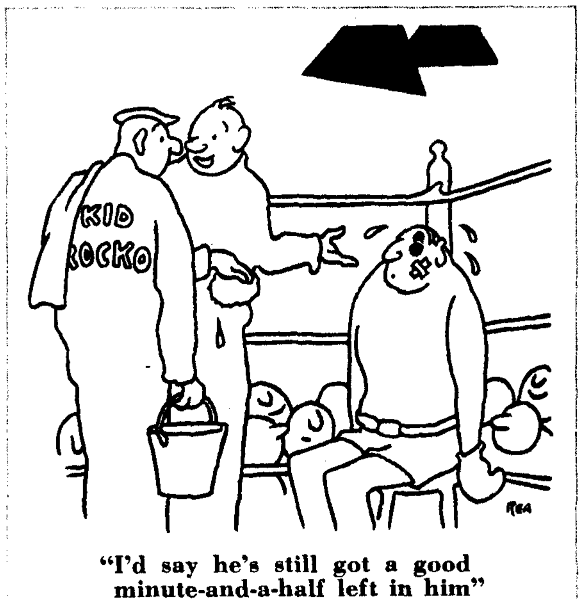
Without southeast Asia as a trading area, I do not see how Japan can avoid falling into the clutches of the Reds or, in the alternative, becoming a permanent dependent upon the generosity of America. If the Rice Bowl of southeast Asia, the Philippines and Indonesia are kept in the free world, Japan will have a trading area nearby. She can ultimately succeed as a self-sustaining member of the family of free nations. In time she can develop her own defenses.

How to be sure to save Indochina, Burma, Siam, Malaya, Indonesia? These are burning questions for Japan, for the whole Pacific, for the defense of our own shores. I was eager to get on to see them at firsthand.

One thing is clear. We of America will have to do practically everything right if we are going to keep this decisive balance of power on our side. We cannot afford to make a single mistake or to let any more nations in southeast Asia fall to Communism.

If our national influence is firm and constructive, if we solve the critical problem of southeast Asia and if the rice crop is good next year, I think our chances of keeping the Pacific free, without war, are good.

Japan's hopes for economic security rest largely on building trade with southeast Asia. But the Communists are moving into that vital area of the world, threatening the defenses of America—and all of the Western World. Gov. Dewey gives a firsthand account of the struggle in southeast Asia in next week's Collier's. Be sure to order your newsstand copy now



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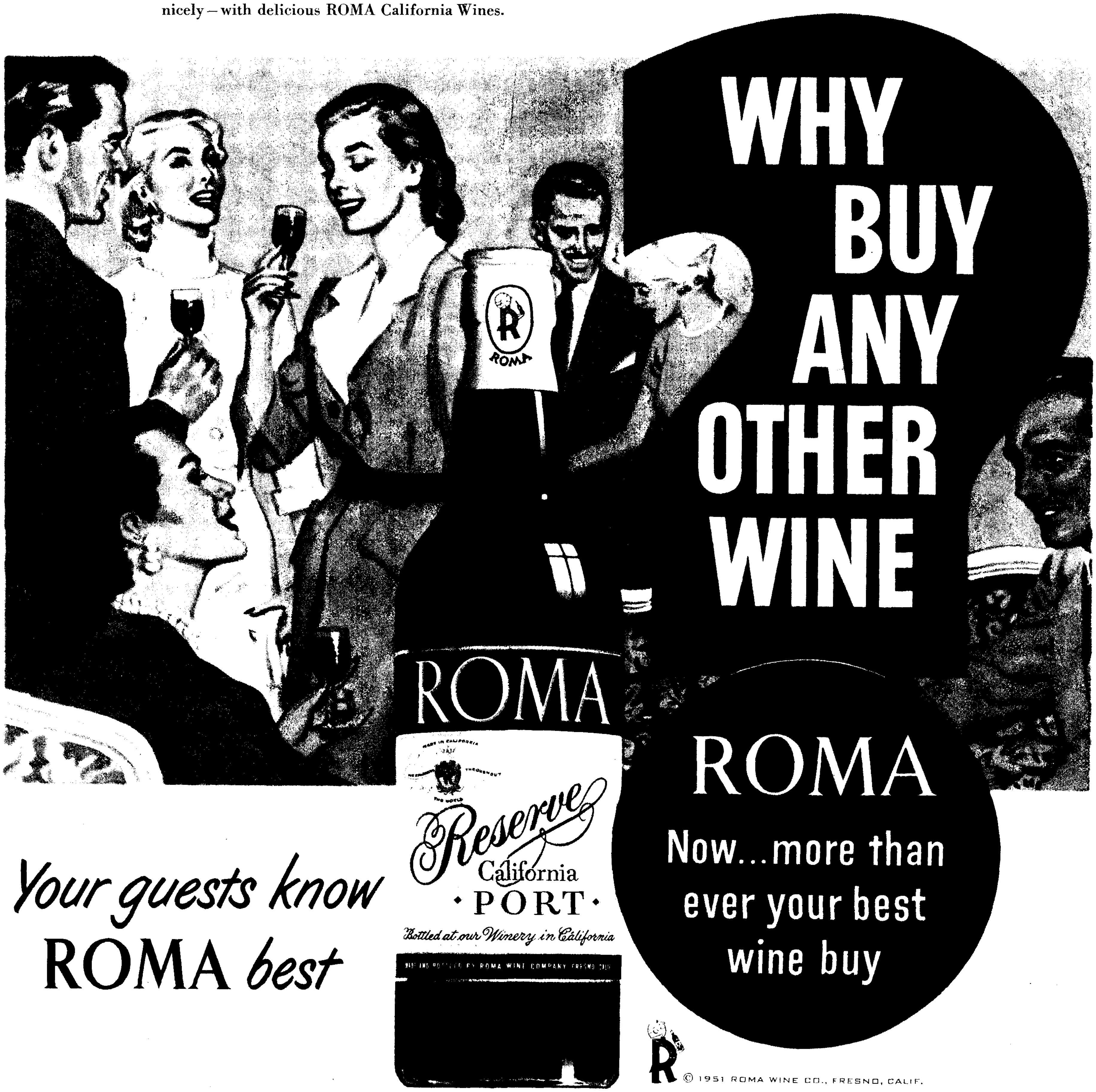
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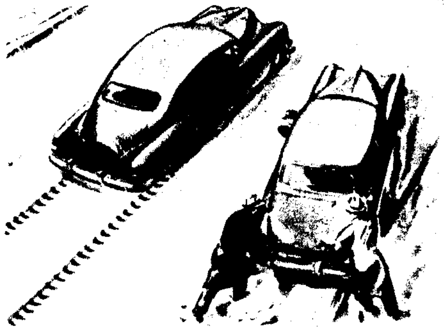

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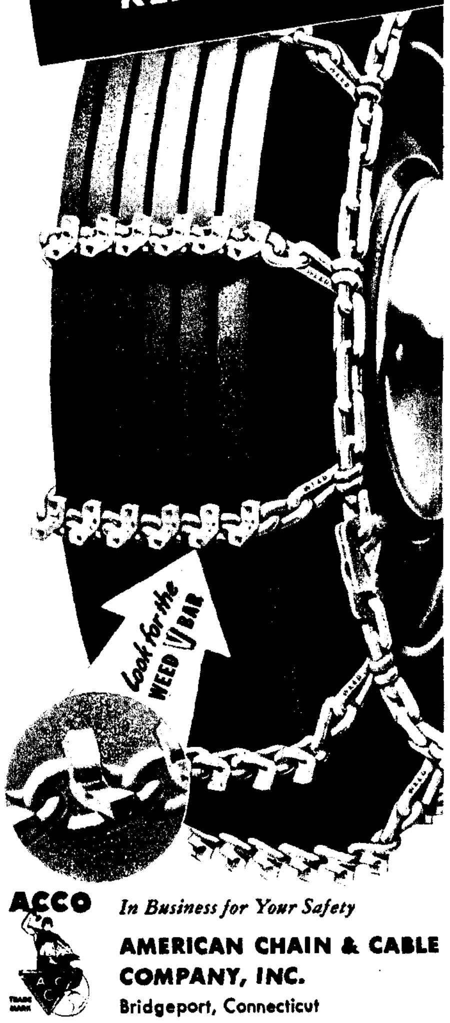

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Raft of Fun

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

which he inverted over a hole sawed in the deck, and fitted with a seat. The girls then enclosed the area with canvas curtains, and it made such a snug retreat that Brown often used it as a private reading room during the trip.

The crew fitted the raft with two immense 20-foot, 45-pound oars to row with, despite the warning of the U.S. Army Engineers, who advised them to get a motor, because the current might be as slow as one-half mile per hour in the Ohio. (Later, they followed this advice.) The Engineers generally were very co-operative, sending along other suggestions and charts of the river, which proved invaluable. Emboldened by this attitude, Mary Ellin wrote to the Coast Guard, asking to have the Lethargia registered as a U.S. pleasure craft plying inland waterways. The Coast Guard replied with one chilly sentence: "We are not authorized to register rafts."

Don's major contribution during this period was the purchase of a tiny mongrel puppy (which he named Samson, after a young man in Europe who originally had helped Mary Ellin plan the trip) to serve as a combination mascot and watchdog against "river rat" hoboes, who, they had been warned, might attempt to steal the raft or attack the women. Samson was a charming, friendly pup who was so housebroken that after the trip started he often swam ashore rather than soil the raft.

While the construction went on (it took nearly a month), the local newspaper, the Daily Dispatch, assiduously covered every day's activity, and even inaugurated a daily column of tidbits called "Raft Ripples." This brought out crowds of the curious, so that as many as 40 people were watching the construction at all times, giving advice or actually helping with the work. On July 17th, while newsreel cameras ground, a crane lifted the 5,000-pound raft and gingerly deposited it in the water.

Hoopla at the Christening

The Lethargia was towed to another location for its finishing touches and christening. This ceremony, and the departure, took place on July 19th. A crowd of 1,000 people watched, and the area swarmed with reporters and newsreel cameramen, as the pure New Kensington water was smashed across the deck. With much hoopla, Chamber of Commerce president Fred Lyle next hoisted an aluminum pennant to the roof of the raft. The oversized pennant read: "From New Kensington, Pa., to New Orleans."

Finally, at 12:15 P.M., to the accompaniment of loud cheers, the Lethargia pushed off. At 12:16 P.M., it suffered its first semi-disaster. There was a sudden downpour of rain—while the canvas cabin still lacked its roof.

The crowd on the bank dispersed, and the crew and the equipment got soaking wet while they struggled to tack a tarpaulin over the cabin—hampered by a group of juvenile pranksters who threw rocks at them from the shore. But the rain stopped, the roof went on, and they rowed doughtily down the Allegheny, looking for all the world like a floating section of shantytown. A short distance down the river, in fact, two small boys approached in a tiny dory and expressed great surprise and disappointment at finding anyone aboard. "I thought that thing tore loose from somewhere up the river," one of the youngsters explained, "and I come out to catch it and get me some money for it."

The first 4½ miles went smoothly, mostly because various small boats came along to give them brief tows. Then they reached the Acmetonia Dam, and they made their way safely through the locks, but not until they got their first glimpse of the perils they faced on the river.

This dam was constructed for the principal purpose of breaking up ice floes before they could reach heavily industrialized Pittsburgh. Accordingly, across most of the width of the river, the stream pours over a concrete wall, at the foot of which, after a 12-foot drop, the torrent dashes itself against a bed of sharp-pointed steel stakes designed to pulverize the floes. The preceding year, a cabin cruiser had missed the lock, on the left side of the river, and blundered over the wall and onto the steel stakes below. The cruiser disintegrated and four people on board were killed; two rescue boats met the same fate a short time later.

Cognizant of all this, the Lethargia hugged the left bank, as far as possible from the dam, inching into the locks at about one quarter mile per hour—to the exasperation of the lockmaster, who had been ordered by the Coast Guard to keep all shipping away from the Lethargia. When they finally got through, the perspiring lockmaster shook his head in disbelief and said, "I'm sure glad I don't have to worry about *that* any more." But he was pleasant and helpful, and he assured them that his dam was the worst hazard they would encounter until they reached the Mississippi.

Actually, he was wrong. In the next lock, at Highland Park Bridge, the raft came too close to the lock wall, and to prevent an oarlock from being shattered, Borden whipped his 45-pound oar back toward the stern of the raft. The blade caught Gerry squarely on the forehead, and Borden scored a clean, one-punch knockout. She sank to her knees and they transferred her to her bunk, where she grew a large bump on her forehead and remained speechless for hours.

In another "harmless" lock just downstream, they forgot to untie their lines to the side wall; as the water was lowered, the raft began to tilt sideways. Borden sprang to the ropes and hacked at them with a hatchet. They broke free just as crew and equipment were about to spill into the swirling water of the lock. "If Milt hadn't chopped us loose," Brown says, "the raft would have been left hanging on the wall, like a picture."

Their first night on the raft, they tied up along the shore of the Allegheny, not far from where George Washington, then a young British colonial officer, had seen the French and the Indians hack General Edward Braddock's forces to pieces in 1755. They cooked a hot meal on their gasoline stove aboard the Lethargia, and spent a pleasant evening listening to Mary Ellin sing folk songs, accompanying herself on her guitar (which she called "Stella"). The next morning a speedboat came along and asked if they wanted a tow into the next lock. They accepted the offer, but couldn't hoist the anchor; the line snapped, leaving the anchor on the bottom of the river. This caused the crew's first argument afloat.

Bargain Anchor Brings Peace

"The women carried on," Borden says, "exactly the way a woman carries on when you do something foolish in an automobile, like leaving the headlights on all night and wearing out the battery." The argument ended fairly soon, however; they hitchhiked into Pittsburgh and purchased a secondhand anchor, with one point chipped off, for half price.

The following day, the Lethargia floated through the industrial jungle of Pittsburgh—past the Golden Triangle and the site of old Fort Duquesne—and out to the broad, slow-moving Ohio River. It was then that the crew members had their second argument. A big towboat, the Colonel Morris, came along and asked them if they wanted a tow. The girls blanched as they looked up at the towering, powerful Morris from their flimsy little raft. "We had been towed for short distances by small boats when we were becalmed," Geraldine says, "but we didn't know how to tie up to such a big boat. And after all, we were supposed to *drift* to New Orleans."

The argument ended when they figure out that it would take them something li' a year to reach New Orleans at the ra they were drifting. So the Morris towe them into the Emsworth Lock, and then to the Dashields Lock, 13.3 miles west of Pittsburgh. Here, they had priority to go ahead of some 15 vessels waiting in line. But it was getting dark, so they cowered all night in the shadow of a powerful towboat,

Next Week's Fiction

●

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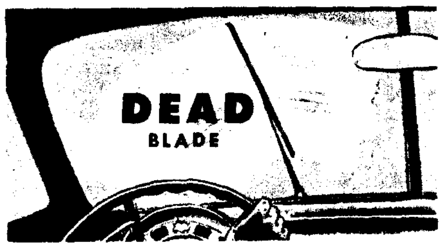
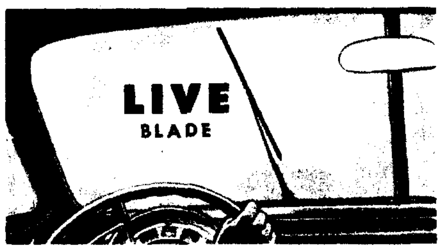
Some small-town churchgoers show an upright young preacher that they are worthy of him By ELIZABETH STARR HILL

DEAD BLADES MAKE DEAD DRIVERS



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still may look okay but it streaks glass dangerously.



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the L. M. Smith, completely surrounded by a forest of masts and expecting to be crushed at any moment between barges.

Actually, the most acute danger they faced was when the captain of the L. M. Smith leaped to the deck of the raft at dawn, shouting, "Ticktock time! Come aboard for breakfast!" The captain weighed 250 pounds, and when he landed on the Lethargia, half the deck went under water.

After the Dashields lock, the traffic thinned out and the travelers began to appreciate the beauty of the countryside. "The Ohio is one of the prettiest rivers I've ever seen," says Borden, "and because of the dams that retard the current, it is almost lakelike. The steep, wooded hills rising from the bank are like the lakes in New Hampshire, and I imagine the beautiful Scottish lakes, too, must look like this."

The weather continued magnificently sunny and mild on the river (they had no more than a few brief showers of rain all the way downstream); and they continued to be impressed by the historical riches they were passing—like the mouth of Wheeling Creek in West Virginia, for example, where in 1755 the Indians had beheaded British colonists and mounted their heads on poles to warn other white men away from their country.

By this time, the four adventurers were beginning to be at home on the Lethargia—a fairly moist home, to be sure, since the raft rode only 12 inches above the surface of the water, and passing vessels often sent waves rolling right through the middle of the cabin. They were able to keep dry in their bunks, however, and they soon learned to store only waterproof items, like canned foods, on the deck beneath the bunks. Later, they got waterproof containers for the below-bunk space. Samson, the dog, soon learned the hazards of sleeping below the bunks, and he either climbed in with one of the girls or curled up in the cabin atop a box or container.

The crew soon worked out a division of labor among themselves. Contrary to the newspaper stories, Mary Ellin was *not* the skipper. Neither was anyone else. "We operated as a pure democracy," she says, "with everything decided by majority vote. And," she adds wistfully, "maybe that was the reason we had so many arguments." Ultimately, Gerry took over publicity (by this time, there was considerable newspaper interest in the voyage) and arrangements for sight-seeing; Mary Ellin shopped for food; Milt took care of gasoline and kerosene supplies; and hefty Don lugged water.

The Girls Did Kitchen Chores

Gerry cooked the meals on a little gasoline stove on the after deck. The raft carried mostly canned foods, but there was also a little chest filled with ice (when it was available) to preserve eggs, butter, milk and vegetables, all gathered at stops along the river. Mary Ellin assisted Gerry with the preparation of the food, which the crew ate out of tin plates, sitting on their bunks. She also kept the daily journal of the trip and assisted with the steering. They steered, in those early days, by pulling furiously on the oars; later, when they procured an outboard motor, they used *it* to steer—and eventually they learned that the raft was so flexible it could be directed merely by walking down the side of the deck in the direction of the desired turn.

Their other navigating techniques were not quite so crude. They carried kerosene running lights fore and aft for sailing at dusk, and they all became quite adept at interpreting the charts they had obtained from the Army Engineers. To signal other vessels, the deep-chested Don Brown shouted at startled passing deck hands through a huge cheerleader's megaphone. This megaphone served a double purpose: when he wanted to be alone, Brown fitted the big cone over his head and sang to himself.

Aside from the use of stratagems like this, it was difficult for any of the crew members to be alone on the raft. They tied up every night, generally in a sheltered cove or inlet, and ran only in the daylight hours. Each day's work was split into two watches of one boy and one girl each, and the watches took turns getting up at dawn. The man would swab the deck and get the raft under way, and the girl would fix breakfast. To brush their teeth, they used drinking water which they carried in jugs; for other washing they used river water—which in the Ohio was acid enough to turn their fingernails brown, and in the Mississippi muddy enough to give their clothes a perpetual tattletale gray.

Virtually their only clothes afloat were T-shirts, halters, denims and shorts; the girls also carried one cotton skirt each for shore visits, and the boys one pair of cotton slacks. They had thin jackets and heavy Army blankets in which to wrap themselves when it really turned cold.

When they changed clothes, they generally went into the canvas-curtained head. In addition to this, the girls had a blanket device which they could lower over the bunks on their side of the raft, if they preferred to undress there. Sometimes they slept in their clothes until they got a chance to bathe and change ashore.

Rivermen Discuss Romance

With the crew living in such close proximity, the possibility of romance became the big $64 question along the river. At Donaldsonville, Louisiana, for instance, while eavesdropping at the radio in the chartered boat in which I was following the Lethargia down the river later in their journey, I heard the pilot of the towboat Bull Calf remark, "They may be platonic like they say—but they'd have to prove it to me." To which the skipper of the Totty McCool replied, "Yeah. It's a long trip—two boys—two girls—I dunno—"

Actually, the crew had plenty to do merely to keep alive. Mary Ellin says, "The safety of all of us depended on keeping our minds on our business and on our split-second co-operation. And any attachment formed would have meant a division in the group and the end of the co-operation—and we all could have been killed."

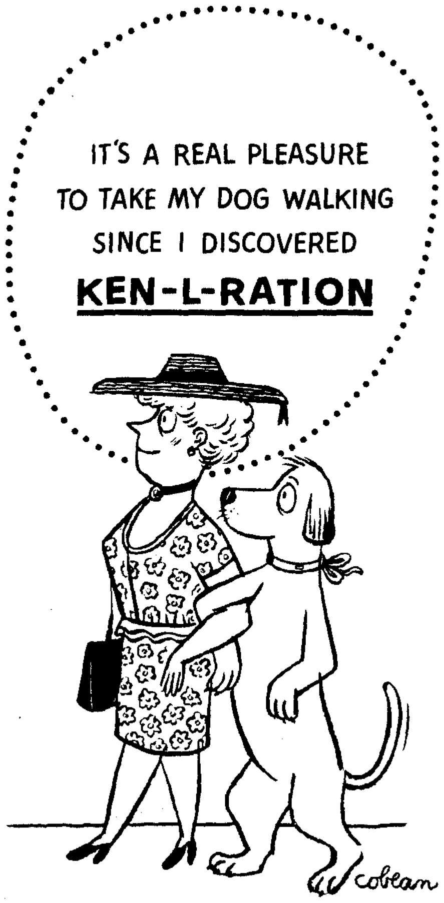
Milton Borden admits that the thought of romance entered his mind a few times, this time there had had an argument-free period and there was a full moon and guitar playing. "But I immediately put it out of my mind," he says, "because romance would have wrecked the trip. If two of us had done any hand-holding, the other two would have resented it and there would have been an explosion—and that would have been the end of the voyage."

He says the girls were so sensitive about public reaction that they flared up if the boys so much as patted them on the back in brotherly fashion. "So when the thought of romance came up, I knew that nothing could be done about it or even said about it. I didn't let it become a big thing in my mind, and it died a natural death the next time a quarrel developed."

One reporter, apparently puzzled over this aspect of the journey, labeled it a "sociological experiment to determine how people get along when forced to live in close quarters." Although the crew denied this, the "sociological" label stuck all the way down the river—and, indeed, the trip did serve that purpose, however unintentionally.

In those early days, as they floated down the beautiful upper Ohio, the quarrels were few, and Don Brown—except for one flare-up over the girls using the dishpan to wash their feet—kept everyone in good humor, shouting such nautical phrases as, "Steamboat round the bend!" and "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" He also kept audiences along the shore atitter by asking them questions like, "What river is this?"

At 8:25 P.M. on July 26th, the eighth day out, while Geraldine Garcia was waving furiously at a crowd of about 200 people along the West Virginia bank, Brown suggested, "Gerry will look like the Statue of



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Liberty before we get to New Orleans." This wasn't a very good gag, but it was a memorable one because it was the last they were to make for some time.

Five minutes later, as they drifted in the current approaching Devil's Elbow near the city of Moundsville, West Virginia, they encountered the towboat James Zubik headed their way, and asked for a free tow—if the Zubik could slow down to their maximum speed, five or six miles per hour. "Sure," the captain said. "Just tie her alongside." As the Zubik picked up speed again, Borden was on the forward deck and Brown was aft, handling the stern line; the two girls were aft too, but making their way forward—when suddenly Geraldine Garcia screamed, "Everybody jump!" and flung herself up onto the deck of the towboat.

Brown, at the stern, was startled by this, but he says, "Gerry is inclined to be extremely nervous, so I didn't pay any attention to her." Then, at the bow, Borden noticed water piling up in front of the raft. He instantly realized that the Zubik was going too fast, and he yelled to the towboat to cut its speed. But by that time it was too late. The water foamed up over the forward deck of the Lethargia. Then it no longer was foaming; it was coming up over the deck in a solid mass, and the raft was tilting forward at about a 20-degree angle.

At that moment, Mary Ellin McCrady heard Borden yell, "Go aft, everybody, go aft!" Then she heard Gerry scream from the deck of the Zubik, "Get off the raft, it's turning over!"

Mary Ellin says, "I heard a cracking noise, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw the cabin coming at me. I threw myself at the after rope going up to the towboat. Later, the men on the boat told me that the corner of the cabin just missed me. When they pulled me aboard, I was soaked; the raft was completely turned over. I couldn't see Milt and Don and I yelled, 'Where are the boys?' I thought they were drowned. I also knew that our dog, Samson, must have drowned, because he had been tied in the cabin to keep him from jumping to other boats."

Both Men Almost Drowned

While all this was running through her mind, Brown and Borden actually *were* on the verge of drowning. Brown says he heard Borden shout, "Everybody aft, the bow's going under!" The next thing Brown knew, he was deep under water.

"I don't know what happened," he says, "but I must have been catapulted off, like a diver from a springboard. I realized I was about 10 feet down, and that my greatest danger was to be cut to pieces by the towboat's propeller. It's amazing how you can think so fast at a time like that, but I decided to swim to the left and down, to give the towboat and the raft plenty of time to pass over me. I swam maybe 25 feet and came to the surface about 50 yards astern of the towboat. I didn't see Milt or the girls, and I thought they were all drowned."

Borden had the most terrifying experience of all. As the Lethargia started to go over, he half fell, half jumped into the water ahead of the raft, sinking far beneath the surface. "I had a feeling of dismay that this should happen to the raft and that we were losing our equipment," he says. "The possibility of loss of life just never occurred to me." Then he thought to himself: How am I going to get out of this predicament? He decided he must come up slowly, and he put his hands over his head. Then, he says, "My hands touched something hard."

He was under the raft!

"It was only then," Borden says, "that I realized there might be loss of life—my own. I said to myself, 'Borden, you've got to swim like hell.' And that's what I did, moving downward and off to the left, out from under the raft. It was a lucky guess, because if I had gone to the right, I would have come up without breath under the hull of the towboat. Then I felt my glasses being swept away. I thought of grabbing them, but I realized I wouldn't need them if I didn't get out of there in a hurry. Then I don't remember any more until suddenly I was on the surface. I looked around and didn't see anyone, and I thought the others all were dead."

It soon became apparent to all members of the crew that nobody was dead, with the possible exception of Samson, the dog (they weren't yet certain about him). Borden and Brown clambered up on the oil drums of the overturned raft, and began reaching underneath, in vain, for Samson. The girls huddled in the towboat's galley, drinking hot coffee. The captain came in, wringing his hands and saying, "You can have anything on my boat that you want to replace what you lost—dishes, clothes, food, anything."

Flotsam from Capsized Raft

A half hour after the raft overturned, the sun went down and it was pitch-black on the river. The upside-down raft was once again tied to the Zubik, and Borden, Brown and the towboat crew were searching for items bobbing to the surface, in the eerie glow of the towboat's searchlight and the auto headlights of a curious throng that had gathered on the bank. In the midst of this, while everyone was still tense and overwrought, Borden and the Zubik's first mate had a violent argument—almost a fist fight—over whether to right the raft immediately, or to tow it to the shore (as Borden wanted to do) to save as much as possible of the equipment pinned in the cabin.

While the argument raged, Mary Ellin came on deck. She saw what seemed to be her guitar floating past in the water, and she yelled, "There's Stella!" At this, the first mate, rising gallantly to the occasion, made a flying leap into the water, fully clothed, to rescue Stella, who he thought was another member of the crew. By the time he emerged, sheepishly clutching a bit of driftwood, he was in no condition to argue any further. And so Borden won his point.

The overturned raft was towed to the shallow water near the bank, and the bedraggled crew spent the night in the home of a kindly spectator named Roland Mercer. The next morning, they began salvage operations, prying off the floor boards to get the equipment pinned underneath. As each item was dredged up, it was spread along the riverbank to dry in the sun. At this point, a strange psychological reaction took place.

"We all suddenly felt very happy," says Don Brown. "It was like Christmas and receiving gifts, as we kept finding things we never expected to see again. It was peculiar, because here we had just come through a near tragedy, and this possibly was the happiest, most carefree time of our trip."

The only thing that marred this happiness was the finding of Samson's body in the cabin. "I was feeling very happy with the rest," Mary Ellin says, "and then Don, who was poking around in the overturned cabin with his feet, quietly told us that he had just touched Samson. We cut Samson loose and let him float down the river. We didn't even want to look at him. A chill came over me as I thought of rebuilding the Lethargia and heading downstream once more.

"But then the chill passed, and we started rebuilding; somebody gave us a new pup named Delilah, and I was happy again."

Their spirits restored, the doughty crew of the raft Lethargia continued down the Mississippi, past the scenes Mark Twain made famous, to Louisiana. Other adventures lay ahead; read all about them in Collier's next week. Order your newsstand copy now

Collier Regional All-Star Teams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

55 outstanding players now under consideration for the 62d All-America:

East

Army never recovered from the wholesale dismissals which left Coach Earl Blaik with only one varsity holdover from 1950. The Cadets endured four successive beatings before they edged past Columbia, 14 to 9. Meanwhile, Princeton became the dominant Eastern power by soundly whipping Penn and Cornell.

Dick Kazmaier, the East's best halfback, carried the offensive load for Princeton with phenomenally accurate on-the-run passes and skillful open-field maneuvering. Kazmaier seldom was able to break loose on long gainers (because Princeton's offensive line lacked the downfield blocking speed which distinguished the Tigers' lethal 1950 forward wall), but his consistent slashes off tackle provided just enough of a running threat to set up his more profitable passing efforts.

Mel Massucco, a fine runner and punter from Holy Cross, moved into the All-East backfield opposite Kazmaier, despite strong competition from Fred Shattuck of Penn State and Villanova's sophomore sensation, Ben Addiego. Harry Agganis, returned from the Marines to T-quarterbacking duty at Boston University, and Jim Monahan, Rutgers' hard-running fullback, rounded out the All-East backfield.

Frank McPhee of Princeton—one of Kazmaier's primary pass targets and a tremendous defensive wingman—and Ed Bell of Penn, whose jarring tackles made opponents' ears ring, were the East's finest ends by a wide margin. Paul Tetreault of Navy and George Young of Bucknell topped the tackles. Brad Glass of Princeton and Nick Liotta of Villanova were outstanding among the guards, and Villanova also supplied the All-East center—jet-charging Joe DeRose, a very effective blocker.

South

Georgia Tech surprised with a virtually airtight pass defense which suppressed four of the nation's most accomplished ball tossers—Haywood Sullivan of Florida, Vito Parilli of Kentucky, Fred Benners of Southern Methodist and Bill Wade of Vanderbilt. Key men in Tech's passproof defense were agile halfbacks Jakie Rudolph and Bobby Moorhead, and a great fast-charging guard named Ray Beck, who fills an All-South spot.

Offensively, Georgia Tech produced another surprise in the combination of quarterback Darrell Crawford (rated just an average passer for two previous seasons) and All-South end Buck Martin. Against vastly improved Auburn, Martin took four Crawford aerials for touchdowns to equal the Southeastern Conference record for one game.

However, Vito Parilli remained the section's standout passing T-quarterback. Despite three early Kentucky defeats, his superaccurate tossing brought the team victories and a high national ranking again by midseason.

Tennessee produced Hurryin' Hank Lauricella, the South's finest halfback since Georgia's Charley Trippi. Bob Neyland, Tennessee's head coach, calls Lauricella a quadruple threat. "Hank can beat you with his running and passing," Neyland says, "and he can demoralize you with his quick kicks and shrewd play calling. Hank works from a halfback spot in our single-wing offense, but you could easily call him a quarterback because he runs our club in the huddle."

One of Lauricella's best quadruple-threat afternoons was experienced against Alabama. Hank pitched two touchdowns and ran 35 yards for the decisive third touchdown in the Vols' 27 to 13 triumph. However, it was Hank's booming 76-yard quick kick which deflated Alabama at the outset of the second half.

Tennessee also produced another All-South nominee—end Vince Kaseta—from a powerful squad which included such outstanding players as tackle Bill Pearman, guards Ted Daffer and John Michels, halfback Bert Rechichar (ace safety man and pass receiver), and two piston-footed fullbacks, Dick Ernsberger and Andy Kozar.

The coaches nominated elusive Steve Wadiak, South Carolina halfback, and burly Ed Modzelewski, Maryland fullback, for All-South backfield duty with Parilli and Lauricella. There were half a dozen big, tough tackle possibilities, but the coaches finally decided on Marion Campbell of Georgia and Jerry Helluin of Tulane from a roster listing Ed Listopad of Wake Forest, Charlie LaPradd of Florida, Bill Turnbeaugh of Auburn and Pearman of Tennessee. The two other All-South line positions went to guard Bob Ward of Maryland and center Doug Moseley of Kentucky.

Midwest

Three freewheeling halfbacks—Bobby Reynolds of Nebraska, Vic Janowicz of

NEXT WEEK
in
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The 62d ALL-AMERICA

The American Football Coaches Association names *the* 11 players of the year from the 55 sectional stars selected in this issue. Complete with thrilling color photos, it's the official All-America team as determined by the nation's top coaches from actual movies of games and reports from scouts

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Ohio State and Johnny Karras of Illinois—were expected to provide most of the headline histrionics for Midwestern fans. Unfortunately, injuries hampered Reynolds and Janowicz most of the season. Only Karras had a real chance to run—and how he ran!

Against Wisconsin, Karras' 35-yard dash set up the winning Illinois touchdown; against Indiana, Johnny broke up a scoreless game by scurrying 88 yards for the longest touchdown run from scrimmage in Big Ten history.

"Whenever we got in a tight spot," commented Illini coach Ray Eliot, "Karras carried the ball."

Next to Karras, the most valuable Midwest halfback was Vince Pisano of Michigan State. Pisano's clutch running and experience were the steadying factors which enabled the Spartans to come from behind and win four successive midseason battles.

Quarterbacks Johnny Coatta of Wisconsin and Johnny Mazur of Notre Dame dueled on virtually even terms, with Coatta finally earning No. 1 rating off his pinpoint passing and greater play-calling experience. Bill Reichardt of Iowa was the Midwest's best fullback, despite spectacular competition provided by a hot-footed Wisconsin freshman named Alan Ameche. Significantly, Reichardt starred even in defeat. While the Hawkeyes were being beaten, 21 to 0, by Michigan's defending Big Ten champions, Reichardt gained 152 yards (outrushing the Wolverines' entire backfield).

The injury jinx also side-lined end Bob Carey, Michigan State's captain and strong All-America candidate. With Carey out of contention, Gene Felker of Wisconsin and Lowell Perry, Michigan's talented pass grabber, overshadowed Midwestern wingmen.

Rosters in this region bulged with tackle talent, including Chuck Ulrich of Illinois, Don Coleman of Michigan State, Tom Johnson of Michigan, Bob Toneff of Notre Dame and Joe Masnaghetti of Marquette. From this talented quintet the coaches picked Toneff and Coleman, double-duty performers who backed up their effective blocking with sharp tackling.

It was an off year for Midwest guards, but Dan Thomas of Indiana and Don MacRae of Northwestern earned sectional ratings for consistently capable work; and Minnesota's Wayne Robinson was the best of a comparatively undistinguished group of centers.

Southwest

Down in Texas, where great forward passers are not exactly a novelty, lanky Fred Benners of Southern Methodist performed tricks with a football which even the immortal Sammy Baugh never attempted. Against Notre Dame, for example, Benners threw 25 consecutive passes (good for three touchdowns) before the Mustangs tried their first running play. Benners' complete personal passing statistics against the Irish totaled 22 completions in 42 attempts for 336 yards and four touchdowns.

Admittedly, Benners was a more proficient passer than Baylor's Larry Isbell, but Isbell's versatility made him the coaches' nominee for All-Southwest quarterback. Isbell was a brilliant play caller. He could throw under pressure (his two fourth-quarter touchdown passes salvaged a 21-21 tie with the Texas Aggies). Equally important, he was a dangerous runner and one of the nation's finest punters.

Although passers dominated the headlines, there was no scarcity of driving ball carriers in the Southwest. Among the halfbacks, Gib Dawson of Texas and Glenn Lippman of the Texas Aggies topped the coaches' list, which also gave high ratings to Dunny Goode of Hardin-Simmons, Dan Drake of Rice and Billy Tidwell of Texas A&M.

With Bob Smith of Texas A&M slowed by injuries in early-season games, Bobby Jack Floyd of the surprising Texas Christian squad was selected by the Collier's board as the top fullback in this power-laden section.

Rice's 28 to 7 conquest of Southern Methodist spotlighted the fake-and-go pass-grabbing ability of end Bill Howton. Three times the elusive Howton broke away from SMU defenders to snare Dan Drake's touchdown tosses. Howton shares All-Southwest end assignments with Stan Williams of Baylor, who specialized in fielding Isbell's passes.

Oklahoma slumped far below 1950 performance, due partly to the loss of injured halfback Billy Vessels. However, tackle Jim Weatherall, who earned All-America status last year while the Sooners were achieving their No. 1 national ranking, didn't slump. Weatherall and Dave Hanner of Arkansas were the coaches' All-Southwest tackle choices.

There were five outstanding centers in the Southwest—Dick Hightower of Southern Methodist, Hugh Meyer of Texas A&M, Tom Catlin of Oklahoma, Bob Griffin of Arkansas and Aubrey Phillips of Texas Tech. Hightower matched his competitors in blocking and tackling, and surpassed them in maneuverability. One Southwest coach remarked: "Hightower plays in the line, but he's fast enough to run with the backs."

The coaches voted the All-Southwest guard positions to Jack Little of Texas A&M, and Herb Zimmerman of TCU.

Far West

For a time, last winter, it seemed nobody wanted the job of head football coach at Southern California left vacant by Jeff Cravath's resignation. Finally, the Trojans drafted their track coach, Jess Hill, to succeed Cravath, and there was considerable newspaper speculation that Jess might not last as long as his one-year contract.

But Hill fooled everybody. During spring training, Jess discarded most of Southern Cal's T-offense and converted Frank Gifford (a third-string quarterback) into a slashing tailback. After that, Jess concentrated on conditioning. He ran his linemen so hard in practice that an overweight tackle gasped: "What're we training for, the Olympics?"

Hill's tough conditioning methods and emphasis on power football paid off when the Trojans battled California's Bears. After softening up the Bears (who lost six key players on injuries during the game), Hill's rugged Trojans rallied for three touchdowns and a 21 to 14 triumph which blasted California's string of 38 consecutive games without a defeat in regular-season competition.

Southern California's return to prewar prominence marked a general upsurge in Far West football strength. No other section boasted a trio of fullbacks comparable to California's Johnny Olszewski, Washington's Hugh McElhenny and San Francisco's Ollie Matson.

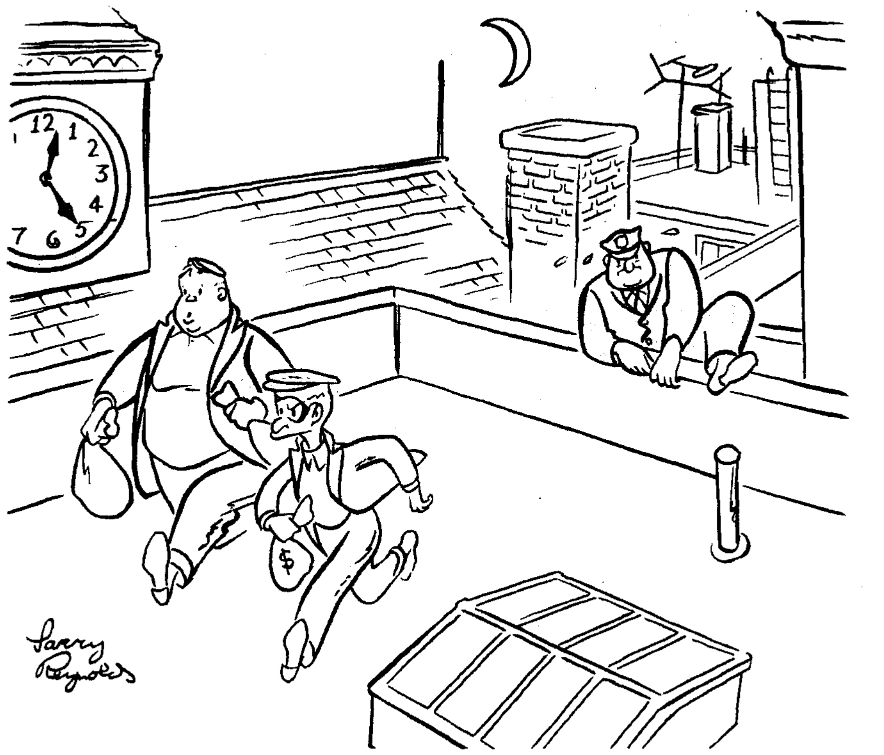
In order to provide maximum speed in the Far West backfield, the Collier's board moved Matson into a halfback position opposite Gifford. The fullback post was awarded to Olszewski, and Don Klosterman, Loyola's pass master, topped such talented quarterbacks as Bill Mais of California, Ed Brown of San Francisco and Gary Kerkorian of Stanford.

Bill McColl, Stanford's versatile pass catcher and destructive line-backer, shared All-Far West end assignments with Washington State's Ed Barker. Jack Jorgensen of Colorado and Herm Clark of Oregon State topped the tackles; and Donn Moomaw, burly UCLA center, anchored the middle of the line between a pair of rugged guards, California's Les Richter and Southern Cal's Pat Cannamela.

That's the run-down on Collier's 1951 Regional All-Stars, the group from which the official All-America will be selected. It works this way, as an illustration: In picking 11 outstanding All-America candidates for each of the five major grid sectors, Collier's board nominated Johnny Karras of Illinois as the Midwest's No. 1 halfback. But the big question remains: How does Karras rate with the All-Star halfbacks in *other* sections? Was he a more potent ball carrier than Tennessee's Lauricella? Or Princeton's Kazmaier?

Collier's board will carefully check Karras' performance against that of the other All-Star halfback nominees; for, again this year, the coaches will select the 11 men in the 1951 All-America line-up after comparing film evidence on each of the 55 sectional All-Stars. Watch for the 62d All-America in next week's issue. THE END

BUTCH



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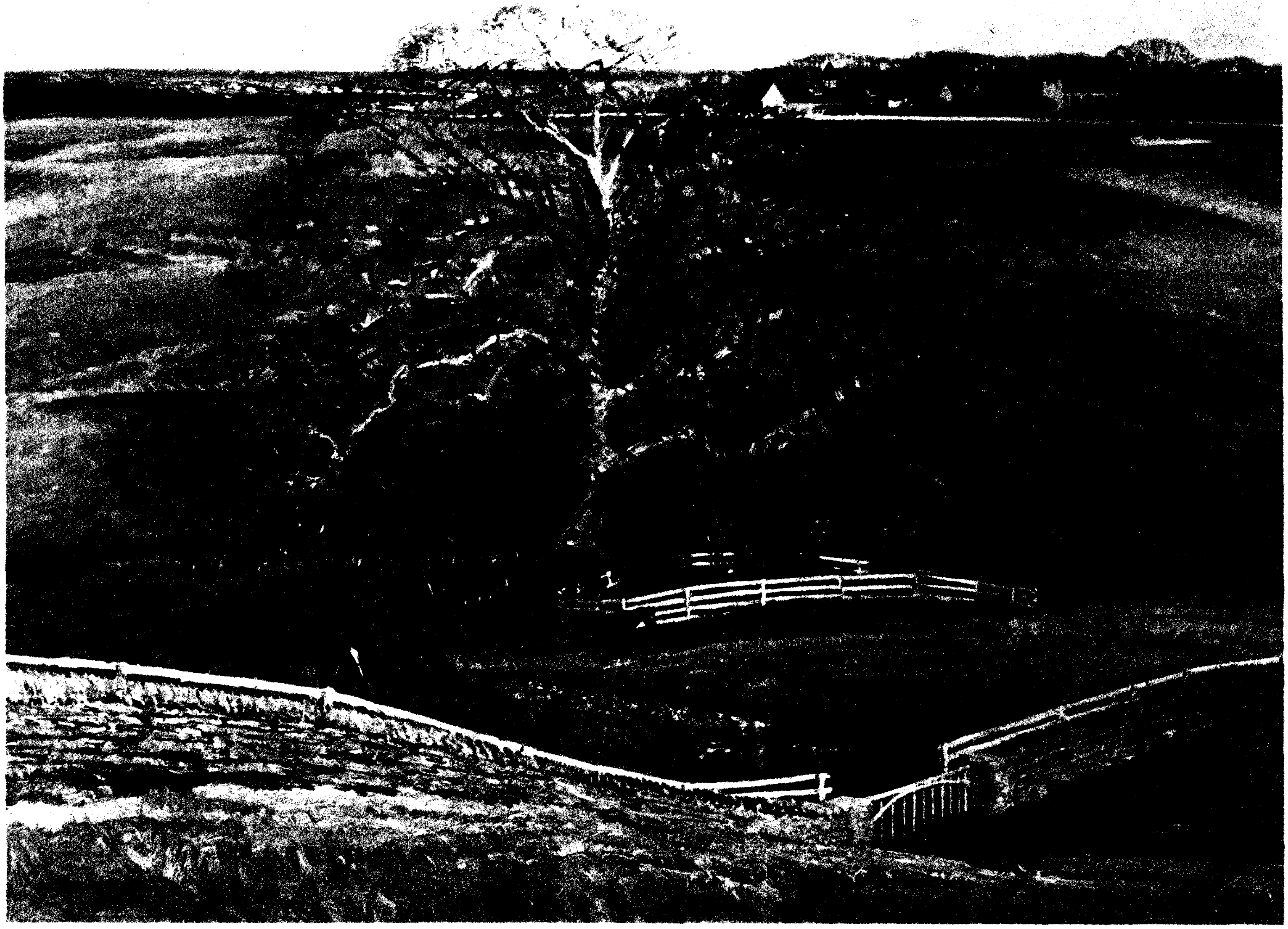

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Ma and Pa Kettle—Hollywood Gold Mine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

shared the directing of the pictures, Charles Lamont, Edward Sedgwick and Charles Barton are, in fact, old-timers belonging to the Sennett era. But the real kingpin of the series is producer Goldstein, who served as associate producer on the film version of the Betty MacDonald book, The Egg and I, in which the Kettles were born. In that picture Marjorie and Percy, playing Ma and Pa, were only incidental characters who supported Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in the starring roles.

"But," says Goldstein, "I noticed something at the previews of The Egg and I. Every time the Kettles appeared on the screen, the audiences would perk up and lean forward. Main and Kilbride were stealing the picture. One night it suddenly occurred to me: Why not a low-budget series based on the Kettles?"

At the time, Universal-International was suffering a financial hang-over from a cultural binge. The studio had bought a slew of Broadway plays, most of them heavily laced with messages; imported a number of New York directors; and stacked the payroll with "name" writers. Pictures produced under this policy, though often beamed on by critics, simply were not favorites with the movie-going public. With exhibitors screaming, the studio knew there had to be some changes made.

It was at this time that Goldstein was elevated to full producer and given the green light on the Kettles. They've been his babies ever since. The studio secured the film rights on the series from Betty MacDonald for $10,000 per picture. Ma and Pa Kettle were on their way.

Amazing Popularity Abroad

The series found its greatest popularity in the Midwest, especially in small-town, neighborhood and drive-in theaters. But they clicked in other parts of the country, too—and, to Hollywood's utter bewilderment, they are becoming increasingly popular abroad, especially in England, South America and Australia.

Exhibitors cry for more Kettle films. But Universal-International, afraid of glutting the market, is limiting their release to one a year. A picture in which the Kettles tour Europe is now in production; it may be followed by Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki. Goldstein thinks the series can continue successfully just as long as Main and Kilbride are on hand to do the title roles (Marjorie is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, on loan to Universal-International for the Kettle pictures).

The Kettle characters are not precisely those conceived by Betty MacDonald. They've been toned down a little for films; Ma, particularly, has lost some of the lusty earthiness of the original character. The reason for this is twofold: the pictures had to be made acceptable to the family trade, and they had to be made acceptable to Marjorie. A woman with extremely high moral standards, she keeps a sharp eye on the Kettle scripts.

One sequence in Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm had a billy goat chasing a nanny over a hill in a manner that unmistakably indicated romance was a-brewing. Marjorie raised such a howl that the scene was eliminated. In Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town, the writers wrote in a scene that called for Miss Main to be slightly, and very innocently, tipsy. Marjorie roared. "No drunk scenes in any of *my* pictures!" she said. That scene, also, was dropped.

"My grandmother," she explained later, "was one of the founders of the W.C.T.U., and I guess I'm a throwback to her."

The actress also has other idiosyncrasies. For one thing, she cooks on the sets, cheerfully borrowing utensils from the prop department. Sometimes work waits until she has finished frying her bacon and eggs. Her dressing room, unique on the lot, is equipped with a hot plate, a commode, a couch, and numerous sprays to ward off the germs with which she imagines the sound stage to be teeming. Arriving on the set, she booms, "Open all the doors and let the bugs out!" And she sees that it's done.

Goldstein, whose shooting schedule is usually limited to 30 days, is faced with an assortment of other problems. In Ma and Pa Kettle, the first of the series, mild-mannered Percy balked at a sequence in which Marjorie was supposed to carry him over the threshold of a new home he had won in a slogan contest. Kilbride maintained that *it* was the *man's* job to do the carrying. Director Lamont, looking over frail, 125-pound Percy, and robust, stocky, five-foot-five Marjorie decided: "Impossible." Considerable persuasion was necessary to get Kilbride to submit to the indignity of being carried by a woman.

As Pa Kettle, Percy is supposedly an experienced farmer; in reality, he is city-bred and mortally afraid of the domestic animals with which he has to work in pictures. For the milking scene in Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town, he requested that the cow's feet and tail be tied. Then, since he was unable to draw forth any milk, a double's hand had to be used for the close-up.

On one personal appearance tour, Percy and Marjorie were interviewed over the radio before an audience of Four-H club members in Wichita, Kansas. A question involving soil cultivation was tossed at Percy, leaving him dumfounded. Marjorie had no answer either, but rushing into the breach, she said to the interviewer, "First, *I* would like to know something. As a farm child, I was told that more chicks were produced from brown eggs than white ones. Is that true?"

The flabbergasted interviewer allowed that Marjorie's observation was extremely interesting, and ended by promising to start a research project on the matter. By that time, the original question had been forgotten. Marjorie and Percy were still good farmers to the Four-H club members.

As a matter of fact, neither Marjorie nor Percy knows why they were picked to play Ma and Pa Kettle in the first place. Marjorie believes that the rowdyish comedies she made with the late Wallace Beery were responsible for her being cast as Ma. Says Percy wryly, "In the book, Pa is described as being shiftless. I suppose Goldstein said, 'That's Kilbride, all right.' "

Goldstein has his own explanation: "I chose them because nobody else could do the parts. They were just right."

Although they're personally modest, Marjorie and Percy have nothing but kind words for each other. "Marjorie's too busy for temperament," says Percy approvingly; "her gusto and versatility are fascinating."

"I consider Percy the best dead-pan actor in the business," says Marjorie. "And a complete gentleman."

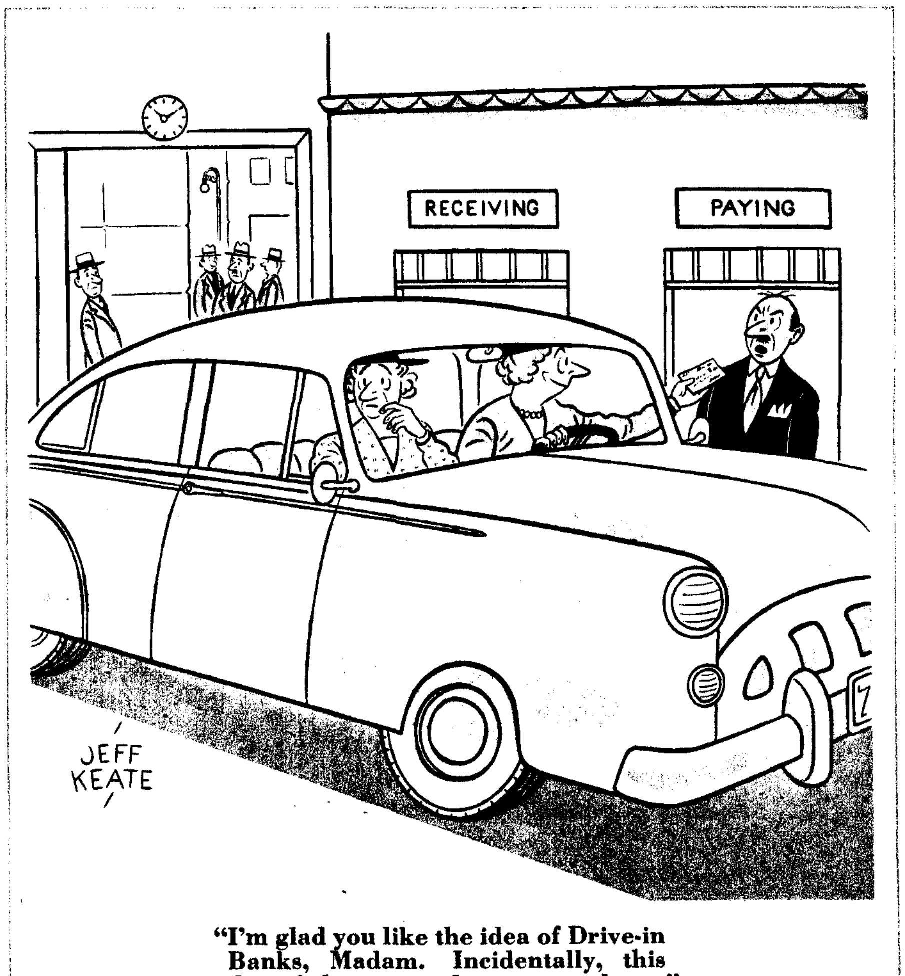
Gentleman of the Old School

Percy's gentility is, indeed, strictly of the old school. He bows gravely to children and tips his gray felt hat to ladies. His clothes are conservative, and, unlike Pa Kettle, he is always impeccably dressed. Modest, diffident, shy, he presents a perfect picture of meekness. He even acts embarrassed at his own fame.

On the set, he is as retiring as he is in private life. While the exuberant Marjorie storms all over the place, and his screen children, with their 15 mothers, scream and clamor, Percy retreats to his dressing room and quietly rehearses his lines.

Extremely co-operative, the actor is a great favorite with all of his fellow employees—including those who keep watch over the Universal-International finances. After one personal appearance with a Kettle picture, Kilbride handed in an expense account for $3.10. The 10 cents, he carefully explained, was for a soft drink.

Percy prefers soft drinks to hard ones, and he has only a mild interest in food. He used to cook some of his meals in the small, immaculate apartment he maintains just off Hollywood Boulevard, but he gave up his kitchen activity as a needless complication



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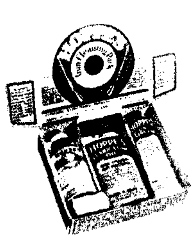

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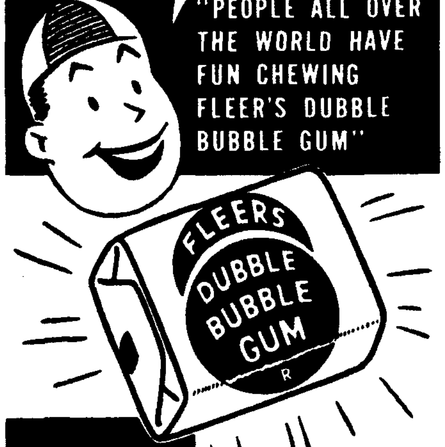

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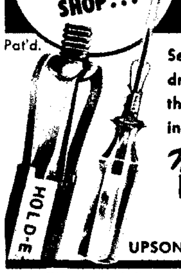

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of his life. To duck the crowds, he usually eats dinner nowadays at 5:00 P.M. in such places as the Tick Tock Tea Room.

His favorite diversion is walking, and he is a familiar sight to shopkeepers along Hollywood Boulevard. Many of them call out greetings to him as he strolls by, serenely puffing on one of the five cigars he allows himself daily. Percy has never owned an automobile. "When I was young I couldn't afford one," he says, "and now I wouldn't increase the hazard of Hollywood traffic by attempting to drive one." Several months ago, as if to illustrate his point, he was knocked down by an automobile while crossing a street.

Kilbride has few intimates in the film capital; the occasional visitor who appears at his apartment is usually a man he knew in the old days, toward the start of his 46-year-career in show business. "Life in Hollywood is a bit on the lonely side for a man like me," he says.

Now sixty-three, Percy has never married. "I've been mighty close to getting hitched," he recalls, "and sometimes I'm heartsick at the thought that I never went through with it. The responsibility of a family might have given me the push that would have made a big star of me." He has received a number of marriage proposals by mail, which he has studiously ignored. In 1949, he was named "Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor" by the Midwestern Practical Nurses Association. He still shakes his head in wonder at that. "What woman," he asks, "would want to marry Pa Kettle?"

Actually, Kilbride and Kettle have little in common. But Percy has become so closely identified with the character of Pa that producers think he can play nothing else. He was considered for the part of the old counterfeiter in Mister 880, but it went to Edmund Gwenn (and brought him an Academy Award nomination). More recently, Kilbride was in the running for the part of the father in Bing Crosby's Here Comes the Groom, but that went to James Barton. "The trouble with Percy is that he plays Pa too well," says Marjorie sympathetically.

Last year a confused radio announcer introduced him over the air as Percy Kettle. It depressed him no end. After all, the role of the absent-minded farmer has been his for only a few years; he has been in show business constantly since 1904, except for a spell in the Army in World War I.

Beginning His Stage Career

Although people are always mistaking him for a New Englander because of the way he speaks, Percy was born in San Francisco on July 16, 1888. He started his career in show business there as an usher in the Central Theater, graduated from that to a job as a callboy backstage, and then went on to acting: his first part was that of a fop in a production of Charles Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities. After five years with the San Francisco theater, he joined a road company of The Manxman, touring the West Coast and getting as far as Chicago.

His great ambition, like that of most actors, was to play Broadway. "But I never had enough money to hang around New York and wait for a good part," he explains. "In order to keep working I had to hit the road." During his long acting career he estimates that he has played between 800 and 900 roles, varying from romance to villainy. But with his dead-pan face and droll voice, it was inevitable that he would be typed for comedy.

Not until 1938 did the dream of his life come true, with a part in the Broadway hit Those We Love. That play was followed by another fair success, Post Road. And finally came his big chance, as the eccentric caretaker in George Washington Slept Here. The play was a smash hit, and Percy scored a great personal triumph in his supporting role. When Warner Brothers turned the play into a picture in 1941, Percy was imported to repeat his stage characterization. Ever since, except for one fling in an unsuccessful play, he has stuck to movies.

Marjorie first saw him in one of his Broadway plays. "I told myself," she says, "that there was a man with whom I'd like to work someday." Her chance came when shooting started on The Egg and I, and she has worked with him constantly ever since.

Despite their close association before the camera, Percy and Marjorie never see each other socially. "I've been intending to ask Percy out for a visit for a long, long time," said Marjorie recently. "But somehow or other I just can't get my house straightened up. Percy's so neat."

Neatness is not Marjorie's strong point. Like Ma Kettle, she finds it impossible to keep a house tidy. This is partly a hangover from the theater years when she lived in hotel rooms, partly the result of her sheer inability to keep her mind focused on a chore long enough to complete it. A few years ago, she bought a modest bungalow near the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. A widow, she lives there alone, surrounded by a clutter of objects, useful and otherwise.

Uses for a Dining-Room Table

Her dining-room table is used as a catchall filing cabinet (it's rarely used for eating, since she almost never entertains). In the heaps of material stacked on it may be found anything from garden seeds to valuable personal papers; when Marjorie wants to show a visitor something in the pile she usually makes a determined pass at it, then gives up with a helpless gesture. The odds are just too great.

Marjorie purchased her house with the assistance of a white-bearded individual named Peter the Hermit, who wanders around Hollywood looking like a Biblical character. They visited a number of places before they settled on the one she now lives in. "There was another one I liked," she says, "but Peter went sniffing around the place and said, 'No, there's death in this house.' Found out later an undertaker had lived there."

A picture of Peter hangs on Marjorie's wall, and she pointed it out to a reporter who visited her recently. "He's a great friend of mine," she said. "Want to meet him?" Without further ado, she grabbed the reporter's hand and sallied forth into the night. By the time they reached Hollywood Boulevard, Marjorie, heedless of amazed onlookers, was running full tilt down the sidewalk, with the reporter panting behind her.

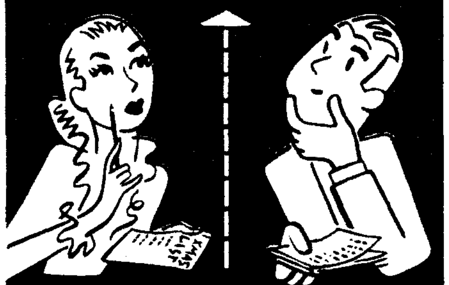
The search for Peter proving unsuccessful, Marjorie offered to take the reporter for a ride in her new convertible. It was the first car she had ever owned, and she had splurged and got all the trimmings. Noting the array of instruments on the dashboard, the man asked their functions. "Oh, I don't know," said Marjorie indifferently, "I just play them, kind of like an organ." With that she gave a demonstration. Horns blew, the top folded back, the engine hood raised, the radio blared. Later, after the car got rolling, it developed that the one button Miss Main had failed to push was the headlight switch.

Recently, to save gasoline, she also acquired a small British car; Marjorie diving in and out of traffic in the little vehicle is something to behold. But the people in her neighborhood are used to being startled at the sight of Miss Main—as, for example, when she comes pedaling home from the grocery store on her bike, wearing shorts and halter.

"Why wear a mink coat to buy a pork chop?" she asks. "A barrier is immediately raised. And so is the price."

Price is important to Marjorie. Although extremely well off financially, she does all her own domestic chores, and she raises some of her own vegetables. "The one consolation I got from the last war," she says, "is that I could do all my own gardening and wear old clothes. People attributed it to patriotism." At home, her favorite costume is a blue cotton dress, cotton stockings and battered low-heel shoes.

Miss Main has never owned a formal evening dress. For real swank occasions,



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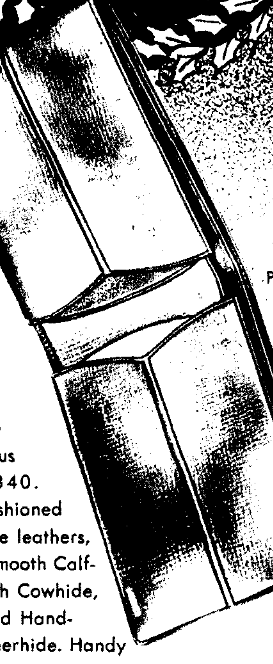

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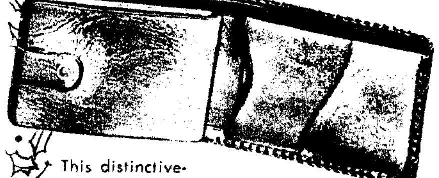

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10:00	Church of the Air	**R**
11:00	Salt Lake City Choir	**M**
11:30-11:35	Bill Shadel	**N**
11:35	Invitation to Learning	**DI**
12:00	People's Platform	**DI**
12:30 pm	Howard K. Smith	**N**
12:45	Charles Collingwood	**N**
1:00	String Serenade	**M**
1:30	Starlight Melodies	**M**
2:00	Symphonette	**M**
2:30	New York Philharmonic	**M**
4:00	Bill Shadel	**N**
4:15	World News Roundup	**N**
4:30	It's Always Sunday	**C**
5:00	King Arthur Godfrey	**V**
5:30	How To	**DI**
6:00	My Friend Irma	**C**
6:30	Our Miss Brooks	**C**
7:00	Jack Benny	**C**
7:30	Amos 'n' Andy	**C**
8:00	Bergen & McCarthy	**C**
8:30	Horace Heidt	**M-V**
9:00	Meet Corliss Archer	**C**
9:30	Contented Hour	**M**
10:00	The People Act	**DI**
10:30	Choraliers	**M**
11:00	News	**N**
11:15	Where the People Stand	**DI**
11:30	Dance Orchestras	**M**
12:00	News	**N**
12:05 am	Dance Orchestras	**M**
12:30	Dance Orchestras	**M**

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C-comedy	**D**-drama
N-news	**DD**-daytime drama
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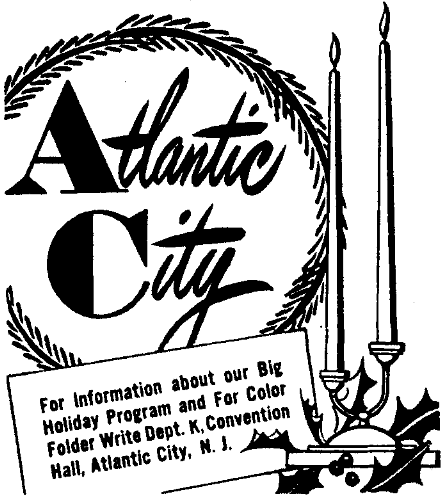
Atlantic City

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which are few in her life, she borrows a gown from the Metro wardrobe department. Not long ago, she was guest of honor at a reunion of the sorority she joined while attending Hamilton College, Delta Delta Delta. As she entered the banquet hall, there was a clearly audible clinking and clanking; when she got home she discovered that she had neglected to remove the weights inserted by the wardrobe department to hold the gown straight in storage.

In conversation, as when she tells stories like this on herself, Marjorie is always in motion. She is a very nervous person; as she talks, she leaps up frequently to attend to some small, forgotten business; seated again, she squints and frequently brushes her hand across her pale-blue eyes (she's shortsighted, but hates glasses); occasionally she pushes up her graying hair, which slips down continually, much in the manner of Ma Kettle's. A reporter who interviewed her in her back yard not long ago had to shoot his questions between rounds of a three-cornered fight involving a belligerent mockingbird, a cat with murder in his eye, and Marjorie, bent on preserving the peace.

Miss Main's voice in conversation is quiet and pleasant. Her screen voice, as thousands of movie-goers know, is something else again. Writers have vainly sought adjectives and similes to describe it. It has been called strident, grit-packed, galvanized, cinder-throated; it has been likened to shifting gears, a stone crusher, a coffee grinder, a file, and rusty nails.

The only time the Main movie voice is given full vent off screen is when she thinks the studios are not doing right by her as an actress, or by her pictures as a product. Then she squawks like a yardful of peacocks. Universal-International has shown some reluctance to publicize its profits on the Kettle series, and the studio executives indicate that one big reason is the fear that Marjorie will put up a holler for a bonus. She believes in sharing the wealth when she's had anything to do with earning it.

Her forthrightness in protecting her own interests has given her the reputation around Hollywood of being somewhat difficult. Her nervous search for peace and quiet has added to this. Marjorie simply cannot stand noise.

A Fugitive from City Noises

While making one Kettle picture in New York, she was given a room on the twentieth floor of a hotel. Trying to escape the street sounds, she moved three times, going higher and higher. The management finally put her in an elaborate suite on the top floor. From there she telephoned Leonard Goldstein that she could *still* hear the rumble of the elevated trains a block away. "I can't believe that," said the harassed producer, "and I am coming up to investigate for myself." He did, and found to his astonishment that Marjorie was right. She was moved to a hotel near Central Park.

Such incidents are sometimes misinterpreted as a highhanded attitude on Marjorie's part. But the truth is that she simply cannot work without proper rest. Her health, despite her vast energy, is not very good. She suffers from a chronic sinus condition, and recently bought a small house in Palm Springs, the desert air being more pleasing to her irritated sinuses than Los Angeles' smoke and fog.

Her fellow workers at the studios think Marjorie is a hypochondriac. It is true that she is a fanatic on diets and new medical fads, and has an absolute phobia about disease. When a director on one of her pictures caught cold she asked him to wear a surgical mask. He did. So did Marjorie—between scenes, of course—saying, "There are 15 kids working in this picture. It's a cinch a couple of them have sniffles." She washes her fruits and vegetables, even strawberries, with soap when preparing them for the table. Her favorite eating places are cafeterias, where she often wears long white cotton gloves while dining.

Marjorie Main was born, appropriately enough, in the middle of a cornfield near Acton, Indiana, on February 24, 1890. Her real name is Mary Tomlinson. She and her late husband, Dr. Stanley Krebbs, chose Main as the last part of her professional name because of its common usage. "There's a main street, main entrance, main event, main everything," says the actress. Dr. Krebbs added Marjorie for euphony.

Since then, Marjorie has come to detest the name. And there are others who like it no better. "I like everything about you except your name," Louis B. Mayer told her when he signed her to a long-term contract.

"We huddled," said Marjorie, "but we both agreed it was too late to do anything about it."

The late Damon Runyon once wrote in his column: "It is difficult for me to reconcile the name Marjorie with Miss Main's appearance, and her manner. She has a dead pan, square shoulders, a stocky build, a voice like a file, and an uncurried aspect. She has a stride like a section boss. She has bright, squinty eyes. She generally starts off looking as if she never smiled in her life, then suddenly she smiles from her eyes out."

Marjorie's father was a minister, to whom the theater was synonymous with brimstone. She says now: "I got my first dramatic training under the guise of elocution, a term which covered a multitude of so-called sinful things in my youth."

The truth is, the Reverend Tomlinson was something of an actor himself. He frequently sat under a shade tree and read the works of Dickens aloud to his wife and children, with appropriate intonations and gestures. "I hope some of Mr. Dickens' characters are in heaven," his wife once remarked. "Else Father will never be happy there."

It was her father's reading voice that first inspired Marjorie's interest in the theater, an interest that was aided and abetted by the family maid, who took the youngster to a Negro jubilee at which dramatic skits were performed. The little girl began to prepare herself for a dramatic career.

At fourteen she won a gold watch as first prize in a county-fair speaking contest. Characteristically, she tried to sell it to the little boy who had won the second prize—a five-dollar bill.

After leaving high school, Marjorie talked her father into letting her study dramatics at Hamilton College by insisting she wished to teach the subject. For a while she did teach expression at a private school in Paris, Kentucky, but she lost the position after holding out too long for a raise in salary.

Her father finally permitted her to go on tour with a Chautauqua—one of those educational tent shows so popular in the days before the movies—after she promised she'd stick strictly to Shakespeare. As Katherine in The Taming of the Shrew, she earned $8 a week. Ever on the alert for an extra dollar, she picked up another couple of bucks by singing between acts.

While touring with the Chautauqua, Marjorie met the one love of her life: Dr. Krebbs, an ex-minister who had turned writer and lecturer on psychological topics. Though he died 17 years ago, Marjorie still grieves for him. At the time of his death he was preparing to write a book on the psychology of sex, and had collected a number of reference books on the subject. Marjorie, strictly a puritan at heart, still keeps those books on her living-room shelf, though she blushes furiously when some curious visitor spots them.

From Chautauqua to Broadway

Encouraged by her husband, Marjorie graduated from the Chautauqua into straight drama, serving her apprenticeship on the road. Eventually hitting Broadway, she achieved notable success in the plays Dead End and The Women. She was brought to Hollywood to do the film versions of both plays.

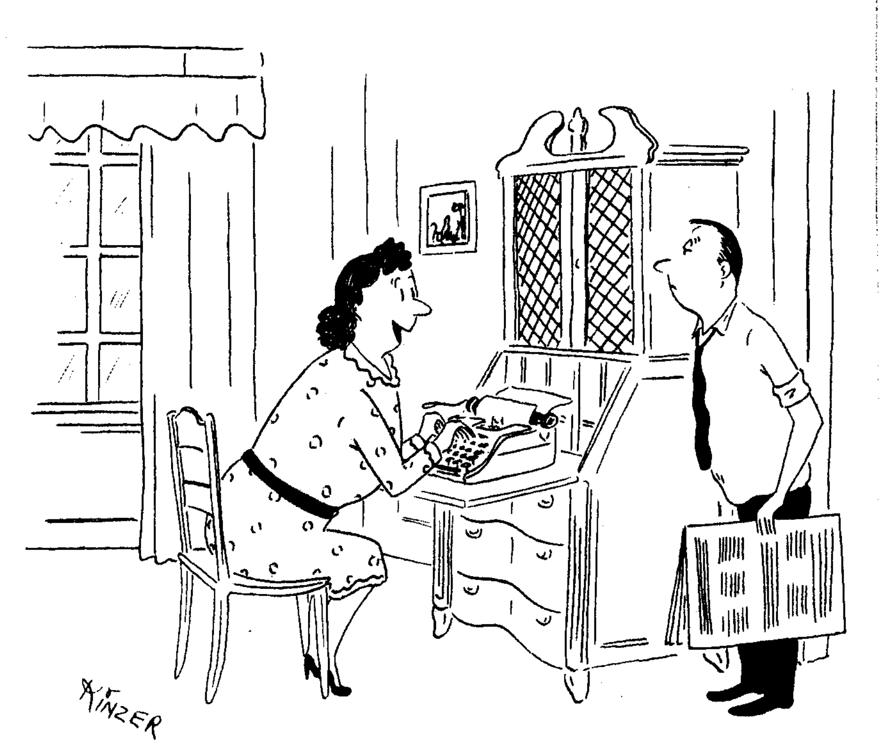
Marjorie gave fine performances, but it failed to sell her to Hollywood, which, in 1937, wasn't in the market for tragediennes. Two years later The Women did the trick. In that film, she played a blowzy, rowdy role, and that typed her for pictures. Metro, on the lookout for another Marie Dressler, latched on to her, and has never let her go except, as in the case of the Kettle pictures, on loan. Marjorie averages three pictures a year for M-G-M.

Meanwhile, the Kettles keep rolling along. The announcement that production was starting on their latest film, in which they cross the Atlantic, caused smiles on the faces of prop men, secretaries, publicists, electricians. They know that with Marjorie and Percy grinding out that golden corn, there will be no wage cuts or firing. "As long as Ma and Pa Kettle keep working," said a studio prop man, "so will we. It's the best job insurance a person can have."

Marjorie has her special problems with this new picture, tentatively called Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Paris. Set somewhat on edge by the working title, she is keeping an eagle eye on the script and direction.

"After all," she says. "Ma and Pa in *Paris* . . ."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I have decided to write a novel. What shall I call it?" ALBERT KINZER

It Had to Break

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

easy to say, "Let us always be friends," and not mean it. I'd like to put on record that I do *mean it, that from my side of the counter, at least, there's the genuine wish to go on seeing you and hearing from you and talking to you.*

I mustn't ask you, I know, what decision you'll make about Ralph. Let me say that I do understand, though I have often resented, his importance to you.

Could you send my new shirts to the club? The six blue ones in the bottom drawer. And I'd like my Hopkins poems, the collection you gave me. They're on the bedside table.

Thank you, my dear. I'll be waiting to hear from you, and—do I have to say it again?—I am so deeply sorry about everything. *Leland*

P.S. One thing I forgot in last week's letter: I met Mrs. Close in Piccadilly. She looked just the same, only larger—wearing a tiny hat like a meringue—talking about founding a club for Greek Thought.

He folded this letter, and picked up the letter to Jane.

Beloved,

Here I sit, tethered in Gander, straining toward you in my heart, talking to you because I can't not *talk to you, and cursing the four-hour delay that's just been announced. Four hours in terms of this flight equals four years.*

Hell—how I pray that you won't go to Idlewild without checking first on our time of arrival. But you won't. (You who always do the efficient, or *the right,* or *the intelligent thing so instinctively that you sometimes frighten me.)*

God knows what time I'll get in this evening. God knows what time I'll hold you to my heart again. God knows whether you'll want this scribble anyway. L.

This letter he also folded. Then he smiled wistfully. The sense of guilt faded. It had to break, he thought, and then Mark Lewis' hand on his shoulder made him jump.

"Bad luck. Just what would you give to trade places with me?" Mark was saying.

"Judging from what our plane did over the Atlantic, it may well fall to pieces on the next hop."

"Oh, nonsense. Jane meeting you?"

"She was. I talked to her from London last night. Hope she won't, now." He was noticing again the unspectacular quality of Mark's good looks. If there could be a dull version of Jane's face, Mark's was the dull version. "You'll be there by two o'clock, New York time, lucky devil," Leland said. "Driving down to the country tonight?"

"Yes," Mark said.

Leland hesitated. "Would you mind mailing two letters for me?"

"Sure," Mark said, and looked away while Leland addressed the envelopes.

"Thanks," Leland said. "And in the event of any trouble between here and there, I can trust you to give my love to Jane—and then set about pinching all the best authors on our list, can't I?"

"You can," Mark said.

"Attention, please. Global Airways announces the departure of Flight 001 for New York. Will passengers please put out their cigarettes and proceed to the plane?"

"Happy landings," Leland said. He walked with Mark to the gate, and stood watching the fortunate passengers move across the apron to the throbbing silver shape of their plane. He stood still a long time, staring ahead of him.

VIOLA FRENCH said to the man with the graying hair and the square chin, "Ralph, I'm sorry, but the answer has to be no. Would you like to finish your iced tea or would you rather have a proper drink?"

As she got up from the garden chair under the willow, she hoped that he would go soon. She did not like hurting people, and she had made him look like a sorrowful mastiff. Besides, there was half a poem in her head and she wanted to get it on paper. And if he stayed much longer she would have to cook dinner for him. Her own dinner was planned: a scrambled egg, to be eaten at her desk. Surely he didn't want to stay for dinner? Even her iced tea had been very nasty. "I am the kiss of death in the kitchen," she said firmly, as though this would help him to be happier.

"We could afford a cook," the sorrowful mastiff said.

She saw now that she had been ridiculously sloppy about Ralph; she'd been unable to be unkind; she'd let him go on hoping. That was the sort of behavior that men found intolerable. It had just happened, the way food burned to cinders on the stove in one minute while she was thinking of something else. And the suspicion in Leland's mind that she really loved Ralph was so startlingly silly that she could not believe in it.

"I've told you," she said gently. "I can't marry you when I still love Leland."

"But do you? Isn't it just a dream in your head? I can't help thinking that if you loved him, you wouldn't let him go."

"It doesn't work like that. For me."

RALPH grunted. "Well, it should," he said, staring at her with—it must be—loving pleasure. She did not know why. She had taken no trouble with her appearance and, being given to detached self-study, she knew just how she looked. There was the fluffy brown hair that lost its contours three hours away from the hairdresser; the petal-thin shiny skin from which powder vanished at perplexing speed; the rouge at its doomed, different level on each cheekbone. Her face, as Leland had told her years ago, was the face of a clown, with wide, melancholy eyes, turned-up nose, and big mouth. And though her body was neat enough, her summer dresses had a way of creasing and crumpling when other women's dresses stayed in shape. This green cotton was already a mass of wrinkles and she had spilled iced tea in her lap. When she stood, as she was standing now, caught in perplexity by Ralph's loving stare, she knew that she looked awkward, like a schoolgirl in a hurry.

Still he would not let her go. "Tell me," he said, "what you really feel about Jane Berisford."

Viola bit her forefinger thoughtfully. "What could I feel, except hopeless admiration? I don't mean I envy Jane. I wouldn't want to compete in her fields any more than I'd want to build Bailey bridges. All her talents and advantages are miles out of my reach. And so," she said, "miles out of the reach of my jealousy. Don't you want a drink?"

"Not yet," he said. "Isn't that just rationalization because Leland's in love with her? Did you always feel that way?"

"Since the first day we met her. Which was, incidentally, the day he fell in love with her. So your argument can't be proved or disproved."

She went back in her mind to that day—the day of Mark Lewis' party for his sister, who had come back to America after living in England for six years. She recalled that she had made Leland late for the party, sitting too long over her typewriter, then changing her dress three times. By the time they arrived, he was in a state of jangled irritation, and the third dress was no better than the first choice, and all the women at Mark's party were dazzlers. And they all dimmed beside Jane. That first sight of her lingered in Viola's memory: the tall head over the crowd; the lion-colored hair, the broad forehead and golden-brown eyes; the sculpture of the bones, and the smile.

"She has the thing," Viola said, "that

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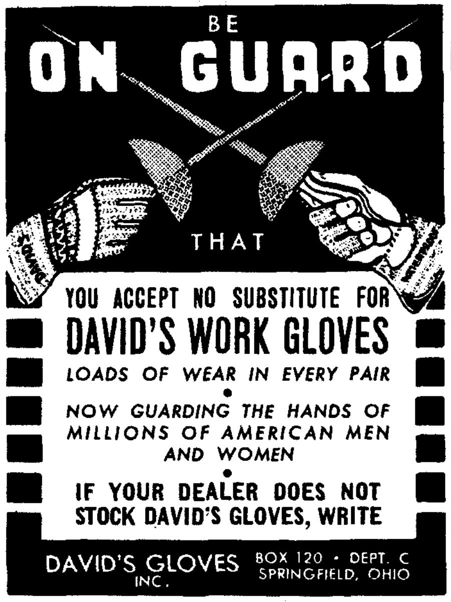
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professional beauties don't have, as a rule—the warmth and friendliness."

"Why not?" Ralph said. "With a five-figure income and her social background, anybody'd be warm and friendly."

"Stop," Viola said. "I hate everybody's implication that Leland's marrying her to Better Himself."

Ralph made grumbling and indignant noises.

Viola picked a blade of grass and nibbled on it. "You see," she said, "Jane's assets—her money and her background and her talent for running a house or a career—seem to me incidental. The true answer to Jane is that she's a devastator; and it wouldn't matter how little money or background she had. She'd still devastate."

"I assume," Ralph said, "that somewhere beyond the divorce courts there's a Mr. Berisford, duly devastated."

"Her husband," Viola said, "was killed playing polo in England. She saw it happen. And now I'll get you your drink." Because, she thought, I can't go on talking like Jane's best press agent, without sounding insincere. Truth *will* sound like a lie; that's its trouble. And the truth is that I can't resent Jane any more than I can resent weather. She's just *there,* like weather. Would it be any nicer if I could be angry, instead of resigned and alone, with my heart that's cracked down the middle? It couldn't hurt more, could it, than this sad silence going on and on?

She walked hurriedly across the lawn and into the house. Relieved to be alone, she lingered, mixing the drinks. The room was beginning to lose the echo, the traces of Leland. Across the long windows, she had set her own desk, now in a fine state of disorder. On his desk there lay magazines, still unopened, cylindrical in their wrappers; parcels of books; unpaid bills clipped together; the small white radio; and a pair of gardening gloves.

Is he back yet? she wondered. No, I'd know if he were back. She turned up the radio.

THE announcer's voice said, "This afternoon, search parties patrolling over stretches of Newfoundland forest have reported sighting wreckage of the missing transatlantic air liner strewn over a hillside. It is unlikely that there are any survivors among the forty-eight persons on board."

Slowly, Viola's hand separated two ice cubes that had stuck together and dropped them into Ralph's drink. She heard the words going on and ceased to hear them.

She heard her own voice talking aloud: "Why should he be on that plane? You don't even know what day he's coming back."

She looked at the room, at the litter of her own possessions obscuring the traces of Leland.

It would happen, she thought with certainty. It would happen. Just as he was happy, on his way to all the things I couldn't give him. Oh, Leland, I'm sorry, sorry I didn't make it nicer for you.

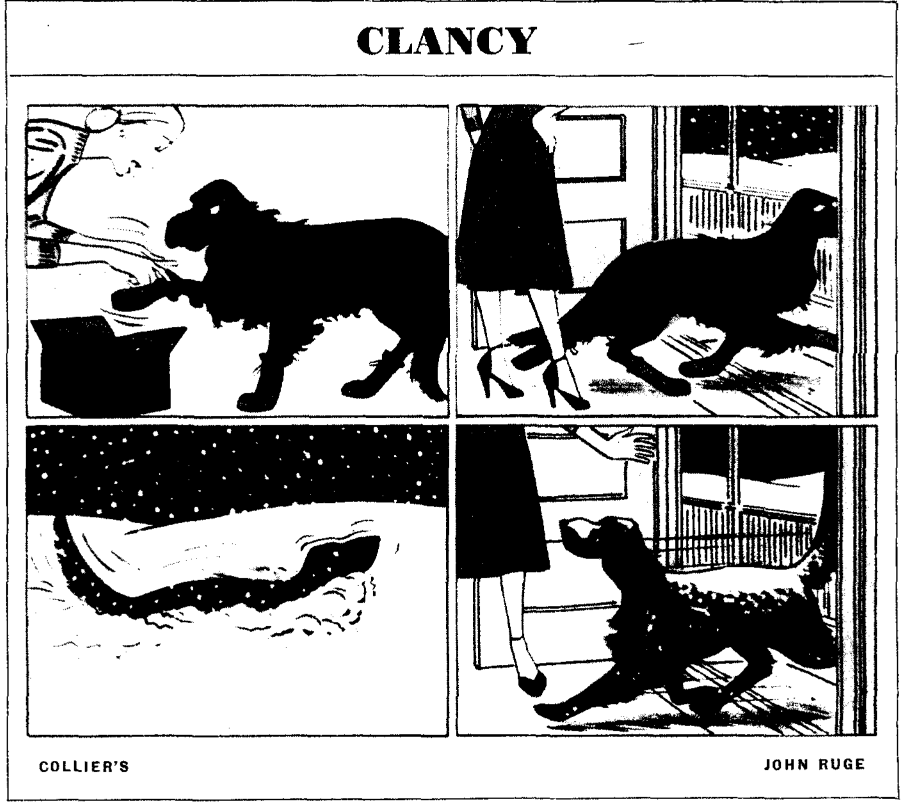
The racing film of memory began to unwind; with a cruel lack of taste it showed her the first stove that they had bought together—a square, white symbol of failure. She saw the two-room apartment in Somerville, Massachusetts, where Leland had worked on the novel he never finished, saw his young, keen profile and his wild, dark hair.

She saw the profile change, become saddened and wary. She saw all the backgrounds afterward, flawed by her own dreaming selfishness. She had been so certain that their love, their meeting place of laughter, was enough for him as it was for her, so certain that it didn't matter about ordering the things that he liked, about keeping accurate accounts, about punctual hours or smooth-running domestic machinery. The film had a sound track now. It recorded his patient voice: "But I *told* you, darling. Oh, well, never mind."

Then, cruelly speeding the scenes of the last year, its sharpest picture became the picture of Leland frowning at her in perplexity. On the sound track he was saying, "I believe that Ralph means more to you than you realize." Hurt and proud, she had let the truth go; she had left his question unanswered, despising her own act; driving him one step further toward Jane.

"Oh, *please* don't let him be dead." Her voice choked on the prayer. The sound of a car stopping in the road was just what she expected to hear: some messenger bringing the bad news. She went out onto the porch. She saw Mark Lewis sitting at the wheel of his blue roadster and she ran down to meet him. Yes, his face wore the authentic look of the messenger.

WHEN Mark had first looked at the two envelopes, addressed in Leland's handwriting, he had decided that he would deliver Jane's in person and mail Viola's from the local post office. Jane was the first to defeat his project. "Darling," she had said when he telephoned her, "it's lovely to hear you but I can't see you. As soon as I knew Leland was delayed, I made a date with Geraldine Kirsch. You know she's doing over the apartment and there's awfully little time. Poor Leland, bless him; drop his letter with the doorman, darling. Did he tell you Viola was going to Reno this week? Bless you, Mark; see you tomorrow, maybe. Sorry; so many things."



The warm, exciting voice shut off; the telephone clicked.

Mark was disappointed. There was nothing to be done. He subscribed to the majority view in finding his sister Jane as definite as a slammed door.

He left the note with her doorman, and drove out to the country. He was still sleepy after the flight. When he took the road that looped past Leland's property, he remembered that he hadn't mailed Viola's letter. Here was the white house with the green shutters and the wide lawn in front of it. Could he risk dropping the letter in the mailbox without Viola's seeing him? Last time he saw her she had been friendly enough, but now, with the divorce well and truly on the way, a meeting would be awkward. He slowed the car; he hesitated, looking toward the windows. At that moment she came running out of the house and cut off his escape.

"Hello, Viola," he said awkwardly. She looked terrible; her face was white and her eyes were red; her hands made little jumping movements, clutching at his arm.

"Leland was in that plane, wasn't he? That's what you've come to tell me. I just heard it on the radio."

"Heard what? Take it easy, Viola."

"The plane that crashed in Newfoundland."

Poor darling, he thought; this, on top of everything else. Tough. He said, "No, no, he wasn't. I heard that report earlier on my way down. It was a chartered plane. Leland's flying Maritime Airways."

He saw her waver and gulp and shut her eyes.

"I promise," he said, "I saw him at Gander when I came through this morning. He was held up. He—gave me this for you."

Still she trembled. "Mark, you're *sure?*"

"Positive. He's on Maritime, Flight 222. He'll be in late tonight." Her look of dazed joy was worse than anything; he wanted to get away. He said, "You're all right, are you, my dear? I have to get home."

"Of course I'm all right," she said. "Thank you, Mark." She took the letter and turned toward the house.

Mark's car drove off. Viola stood on the path, opening the letter. Still dazed with the relief of being able to think of Leland who was still alive, she said to herself, "Not very tactful of him to send this to me by Mark—his future brother-in-law. One of his sleepier moments. Now, don't let your fingers shake. This will just be more stuff about the divorce."

She unfolded the letter and read:

Beloved,

Here I sit, tethered in Gander, straining toward you in my heart, talking to you because I can't not *talk to you . . .*

STANDING between the tall vase of lilies and the blue alcove, Jane Berisford said, "This room is to be a library for Leland. Nobody wants a dining room this size in a modern apartment. Bookshelves along these three walls; here are the measurements. The desk will go there."

Geraldine Kirsch stood, her little dark face thrust forward, admiring, envying, and resenting Jane. She had been admiring, envying, and resenting Jane for years. Jane had told her once that a stream of compliments could be as tiresome as a stream of abuse; it irritated Geraldine to find that compliments sprang to her lips so often in Jane's company. So she held her tongue and nodded and made notes. She was an efficient young woman. Jane, efficiency's worshiper, would not otherwise be employing her on this job.

"The important thing," Jane said, "is that Leland should have somewhere to write." She smiled her astonishingly charitable smile. "My future husband, in case you don't know, isn't a publisher at all. He's a novelist. Let's have a drink, shall we?" Decorative as a fashion drawing, graceful as a lioness, she picked up the crystal shaker.

"You mean," Geraldine said, "that he's always wanted to be a novelist?"

"Darling, it's what he's going to be. Because it's what he is. Naturally he could never get around to it with Viola playing up her creative talents to him all these years. Leland's an extraordinarily subtle *psychologist;* he's got the X-ray eye, and the sensitivity. More like a woman's sensitivity than a man's. That," Jane said with compassion, "is why he went through such miserable hell over breaking up his marriage."

"He's kind."

"Much too kind. Too kind, incidentally, to make a successful businessman."

"Do you want him to give up publishing altogether?"

"No, I don't," Jane said. "I want him to stay with the firm in an adviser's capacity. I've discussed it with Merrick. I know exactly the right man to replace Leland on the executive side. Once he takes over, Leland only needs to look in at the office twice a week. He'll be so much happier."

"And I guess," Geraldine said, "that he's thanking God on his knees for you right now." She heard the note of uncharitable envy in her own voice and wondered if it got through.

Jane said sunnily, "Quite a trick in an airplane. But—yes, I know he is. Clear of the untidiness. Would you believe it, Gerry—up to the last evening, he was prepared to leave it untidy? Even with the divorce agreed to, there he was with a brand-new compromise. He must go on seeing her, meeting as friends. His kindness again." She stroked her smooth forehead with her fingertips. "So I had to be brave."

"And veto it?" Geraldine asked.

"*And* it was the night before he flew to Europe. Not easy. Not nice—telling the person you love your terms. It isn't bossy, is it, to see so clearly for someone else?"

GRUDGINGLY, Geraldine found herself forced to see once again that Jane was right. She said, "No, I don't call it bossy. Did *he?*"

"Leland? Goodness, no. He half admitted that it was Viola's idea to go on meeting. In her gentle, incompetent way she probably thought it would work. You know," Jane said, "that was the first time I ever staked a claim. I never tried to get him away from her, not once."

"You wouldn't have had to try very hard, surely."

"No." Jane got up and refilled their glasses. "I didn't knock that house down. It was in ruins already. I was merely the bulldozer appointed to clear the wreckage. My function in life, I believe."

"A bulldozer? I'd describe you as a catalyst," Geraldine said. "Mind if I ask you something? Why didn't you get married again before this?"

"I never found the right man. All the other candidates overstressed the fact that I was their idea of a perfect wife. Nobody wants to be loved for her abilities."

"There," said Geraldine, "speaks the owner of an unfair share of abilities."

When Geraldine had gone, Jane looked at the clock. Only seven now; he would not be here till ten.

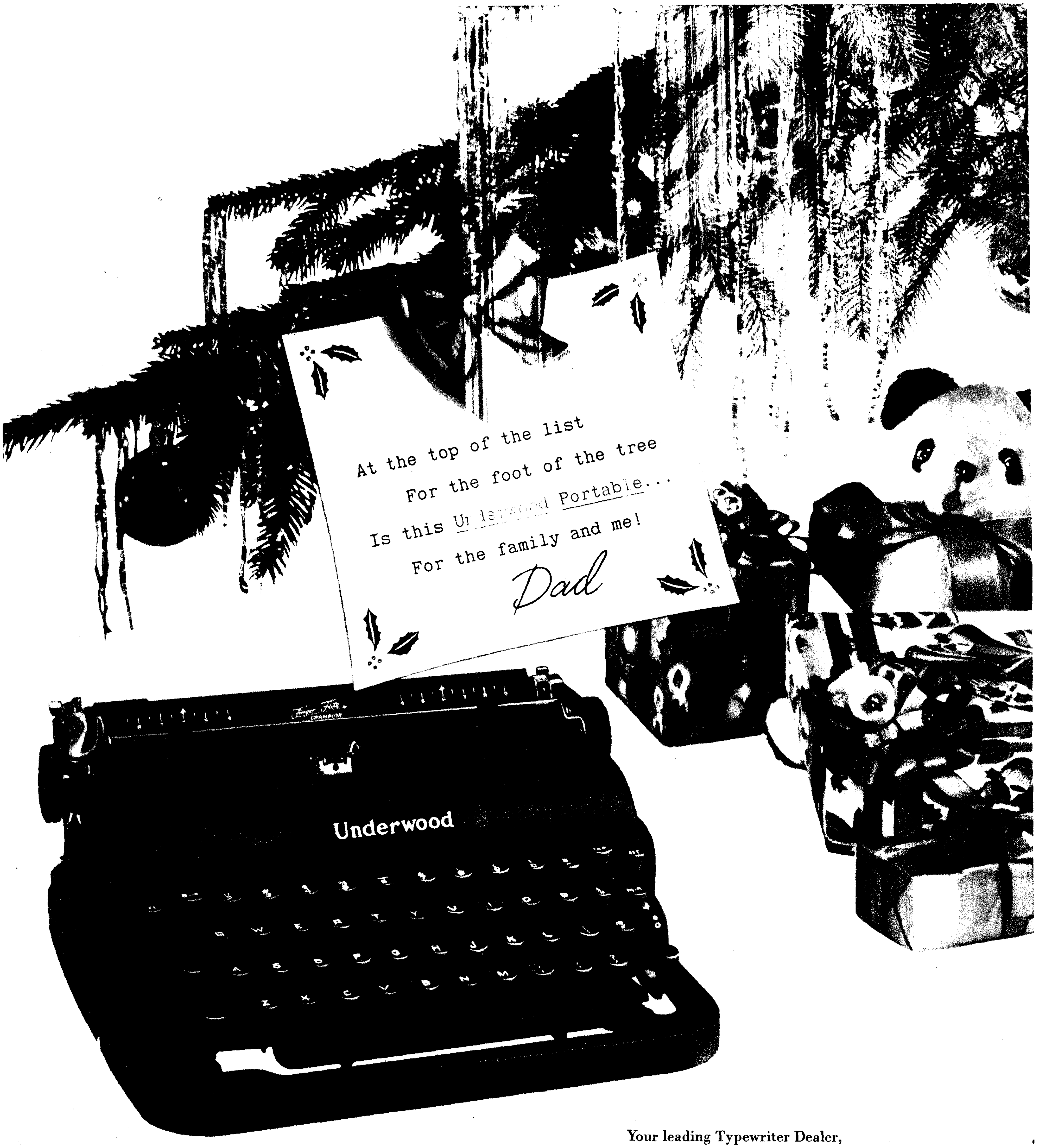
She was treasuring the note he had sent her by Mark; she hadn't wanted to read it in front of Geraldine. She took it out of her bag and put it on the table. She would save it up just a little longer. She went into the kitchen.

"I won't eat any dinner, Lucy; just make me a sandwich. I'll have some supper with Mr. French when he gets in. Is everything ready?" She was satisfied with the preparations: Vichyssoise, kidneys in wine that would be served in the chafing dish, strawberries, a bottle of claret.

"I'm sorry you have to wait so long," Lucy said.

"Not so long now. I may go to a movie before I go to the field. Good night, Lucy."

And now for the letter. She laid the



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smudged envelope against her cheek. She blew a kiss to his photograph. "Not so long now," she said again, making the *words caress him with more than their* immediate meaning. Not so long now, my darling, she thought, till I can give you all the things you ought to have had long ago; till I can make you the person you were meant to be. She opened the envelope.

She read:

My dear,

I meant to write again last week, but London as usual filled itself with dates and dooms . . .

By the time she reached the postcript about meeting a Mrs. Close in a hat like a meringue, her hands were shaking so much that the letter tore in half. . . .

Leland French, searching among the faces as he came through the barrier at Idlewild, was not disappointed. He would rather, he told himself as he stepped into a taxi, find Jane at her apartment. Tired, and with a sudden stillness in his mind, he blinked at the lights of Manhattan. He felt the speed of the taxi cut off these last moments of waiting; he gazed attentively at his future. He left his bags at the club, and took the taxi on to Jane's apartment. He was whistling as he went up in the elevator.

Jane opened the door for him. She stood there in silence; so did he, because the black dress made her so much more white and gold than he had remembered.

"Hello," she said quietly, and no more.

"What's wrong, Jane?"

"You are, Leland."

He waited.

"You'd better come in; we have to talk. I hope I'm going to keep my temper, but I wouldn't bank on it if I were you. There are sandwiches and drinks—I imagine you had dinner on the plane."

"I'll have a drink," Leland said. He filled his glass, watching her move to the table with a torn letter on its polished surface.

She pointed. "Mark brought me this. Will you look at it?"

LELAND stood staring at the first lines of his letter to Viola. "Not very smart of you, was it?" Jane was saying. "I imagine that she'll be equally delighted to get mine."

"Do you?" he heard himself asking stupidly. "Now, do you?" And then: "You're very angry?"

"What do you expect me to be? My God, Leland, is that how you keep a promise?"

"I never promised you not to write to Viola."

"You promised to cut clear, didn't you?"

He was silent.

"But you couldn't bring yourself to do it," Jane said. "And you never will. Divorce won't make any difference. Marriage to me won't make any difference. You'll go right on feeling guilty and sorry and looking back. You'll go on messing up your life and mine, just because you're too weak to get free. You'll lie to me again. Did you write her from Europe every time you wrote me? Cute little letters— Somerville, Mrs. Close, send my shirts, let's all be boys and girls together? Well, don't stand there blinking like a doped monkey. Isn't it the truth?"

"What do you want me to do?" he said.

"I don't want you to do anything," Jane said. "It's quite clear that whatever I ask won't have the slightest effect. I can't save you, because you don't want to be saved. You're content to be a mess. You've lived with her too long not to be a mess. And I don't want any part of it."

"Meaning," he said, "that you don't want to marry me?"

"Meaning precisely that."

He put his glass down on the table.

"So," Jane said, "you can go back and have a glorious guilty reconciliation, and sob over the shirts and the Somerville heat wave and feel sacrificially purged for a week or two before you start running wild again. Nice for Viola. Yes, on second thought, it *will* be nice for Viola; she'll throw Ralph out the window and lick your boots. It's what she's used to. And, God help you, it's what you're used to. Where *I was a fool was to think I could ever* change it; ever change you; ever make you into a man."

The flash of anger warmed him. "That's enough, Jane, please."

"Go, will you?" she said, with her back to him.

"Now?"

"Now. And you might remember to warn the next lady that you've got a habit of mixing up letters and getting them into the wrong envelopes."

Now there was nothing in Leland's mind but a stunned disbelief. He wasn't sure that any of this had happened. He said, "I'm sorry, Jane," and went.

HE SAW Viola looking at him from the other side of the fireplace, still wonder*ingly, still with the face of the bewildered* clown. He smiled at her. He wondered when that look would fade, whether she would ever again trust the future and trust *him.*

"Darling," he said.

"Yes?"

"I've got to say this. If Ralph still means anything to you, you must tell me. Please—"

"Oh, fool," she said. "He never did. He never could. He was just part of my general sloppiness, that's all. In the beginning, I never thought he took me seriously. And what still staggers me is *your* taking *him* seriously."

Leland was silent. He looked about him. The neatness of the room touched his heart, the fresh flowers and the order on her writing desk. None of it would last, he knew. In a little while the room would have its usual look at the end of the day: as though a hurricane had passed through it. Tomorrow, the wave would be out of her hair, and he doubted whether she would ever again get the rouge in level patches on her cheekbones. He saw that he would again be annoyed by these things, familiarly annoyed and with an affectionate resignation. If that was all it was—his thoughts began. Her light, hesitant voice interrupted the thoughts.

"One thing *I* have to say, Leland. I've been waiting because I thought you'd mention it first."

"Yes?"

"The letters you wrote from Gander—"

"Yes, Viola?"

"I don't want to know what happened when she got mine. It isn't my business. I just wanted you to know that I didn't read hers beyond the first two lines. I saw at once that it wasn't for me. So I just put it in another envelope and mailed it to her."

"Thank you, darling." After a pause, he said, "You would." He felt a sudden temptation to laugh. Lifting his eyes, he saw that Viola was on the verge of laughter too.

"Leland, is this in bad taste? Don't answer if it is. But, letters in the wrong envelopes—the oldest story in the world. How on earth did anyone as intelligent as you make a mistake like that?"

"*Mistake?* Who said it was a mistake?"

He saw her turn pale, and he had to go on talking. "It's a bit hard," he said, "to have the only stroke of genius that ever came to me in my life written off as a mistake."

Her voice was a whisper. "What are you saying? What do you mean? You did it on *purpose?*"

"I mean, my love, that when I reread those two letters at Gander, I realized that mine to you was the one thing that Jane wouldn't forgive. The one thing that would break it forever. And it had to break."

He saw the tears come up in the wide eyes of the clown, and he went to take her in his arms. His mind fled back to the moment of decision, to the dream when the light voice spoke in his ears, saying, "You can only save one of us, Leland; you know that," and to the moment, just before waking, when he had known that the person he must save, the only person who mattered, was Viola, and not Jane. THE END

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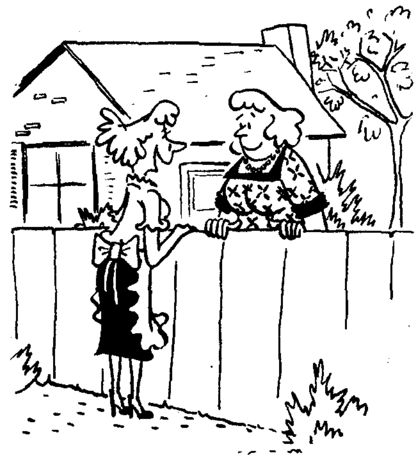
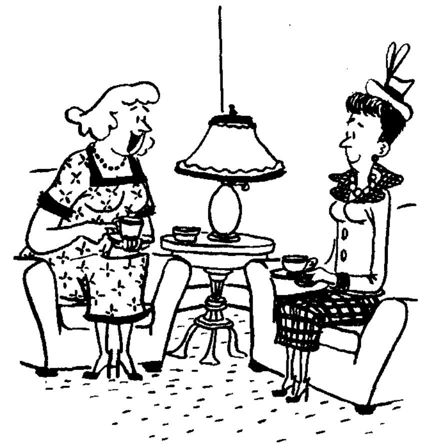
"THAT'S NOT WHAT I SAID!"

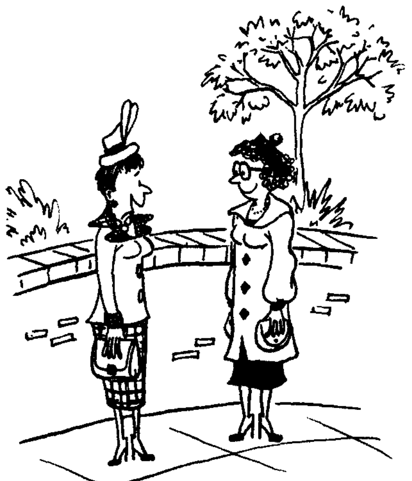
By ERNEST MARQUEZ



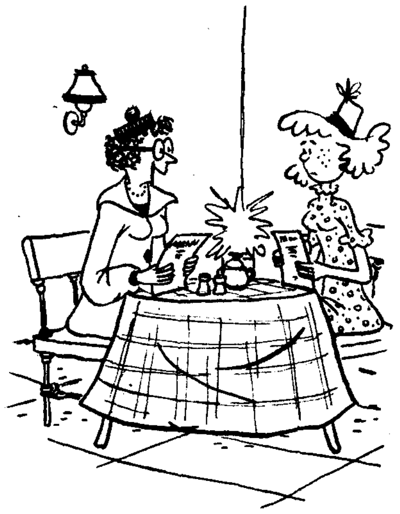
1 "Mary has got herself a new job as a governess"



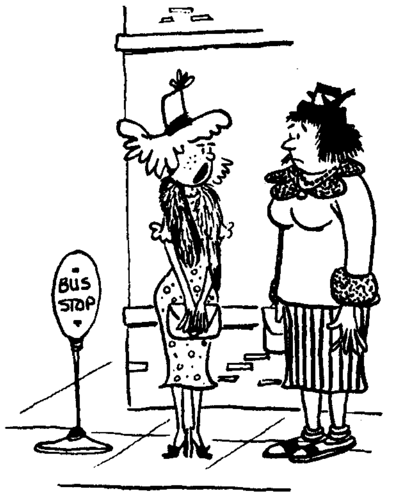
2 "Mary's taken a new job with the government..."



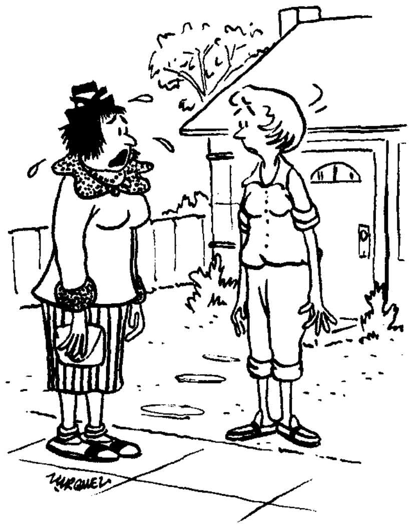
3 "Marie is taking a job in Washington"



4 "Marie left Tom and is working in Washington"



5 "That bum Tom is in the Capitol"



6 "They have just atom-bombed Washington!"

Gee, Mom... won't Dad be proud of his...

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Granger TRADE MARK

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HARRY DEVLIN

Our Eyes Are Open Now

TEN CONVULSIVE YEARS of history have now passed since the Japanese attack of December 7, 1941, and once again we shall remember Pearl Harbor. But today we remember in the light of all that followed, and we can see what was not visible before. Among other things, we can see one casualty which was not counted in the toll of that tragic Sunday. For on that day, though we could not know it, the doctrine of isolationism ceased to exist as a vital, dominant force in American life and policies.

Isolationism still exists, of course. But though it has supporters, it has long since lost its meaning and its reason. Before Pearl Harbor it was ingrained to some extent in the whole nation's thinking, for reasons of geography, habit and tradition. It must have had its influence on even the best-informed and most world-minded Americans. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, they must have believed that Europe's, and particularly Asia's, quarrels were none of our business, and that somehow we could escape involvement in them. How else can we explain the fact that the men who died in the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor were no more surprised and unprepared than the government and the nation that stood behind them?

On December 7, 1941, the United States was brutally forced to recognize reality. It had to face up to the awesome might of the conquering Nazi forces. It had to revise its contemptuous estimate of Japanese power. It had to close ranks and meet the gravest challenge to American strength and resolution that had confronted the country in this century.

It was a terrible, painful, bloody lesson that America had to learn, but such lessons are likely to be remembered. To see how obviously it was remembered we have only to contrast the present with the tenth year after this country's entry into World War I. In 1927, Americans were basking in the sunny atmosphere of Coolidge prosperity, and most of them were blissfully, indifferently willing to let the rest of the world go hang. Today—well, it is scarcely necessary to explain today to those who are living in it.

There are differences, now as always, over our foreign policy. There is confusion among the policy makers. But except in the lunatic fringes, there is a hard core of determination in American minds. And there is a new realism in their attitudes.

Americans have not forgotten Pearl Harbor. But they have put the old animosities aside because they must be put aside. We have made formal peace with the Japanese, and we have granted limited sovereignty to the former enemy in free Germany. This has been done not because there is necessarily any love between victors and vanquished, but because both are faced with a common threat to their freedom and existence. And it has been done because we realize what we could not realize while the desperate fighting still continued.

The war of 1939-'45, like the first World War, was a war against ideas and philosophies as well as a war between people. Human beings fought the war, and killed one another by the millions. But, however vast and merciless the slaughter, ideas could not be killed with bullets and bombs.

The idea of world mastery by a "master race" is not dead. It certainly remains in the minds of many Germans and Japanese. The United States and its Allies must vigilantly guard against a re-emergence of those ideas in the policies of the German and Japanese governments.

But we have no quarrel with the deluded and enforced millions who were sent forth to translate the delusions of Hitler and Tojo into global conquest. They must be helped, not hated. For we need them, as they need us, at a time when the Soviet masters of a deluded and subjugated empire threaten to send *their* millions forth in a mad attempt to make real the obsession of world mastery by a "master political philosophy."

This time, unlike 1941, the United States is arming against the threat of arms. It is not ignoring the rest of the world, because it knows that Generalissimo Stalin will never ignore it, whatever America may do. The United States is awake and aware. It has met the constant threat of Soviet aggression, even at the cost of thousands of lives in Korea, and of great and growing amounts of money, material and effort. It is not a pleasant or easy or encouraging situation that we find ourselves in today. But at least we know one thing—there will not be another Pearl Harbor.

Willie Strikes Up the Band

"Softly at first, Willie began a chant, making up words as he went along. The tune, in strict marching cadence, captured the aching feet and vocal chords of Willie's mates and they arrived at the post on the double, on time—and on key."

THUS READS A PORTION of a newspaper story about a day, back in 1944, when Private Willie Lee Duckworth, a Stateside soldier, improvised a song on a 13-mile hike back from a 24-hour bivouac. The song stayed in the Army for seven years, gathering popularity and additional verses as time went along until, like its composer, it eventually broke out of service into civilian life. Unless you're completely insulated from radio, records, television, college bands and other blessings of modern life, you can't escape having heard the piece. Its title is Sound Off.

We mention this only to recall that Private Duckworth didn't really do anything new. Music and war—whatever you think of either of them—have been going steady for some time now. American soldiers in the Civil War and the Revolution marched into battle to the music of fife and drum. And before that, soldiers of all nations had done the same with the help of trumpets, bugles, hautboys, and probably rebecs and nose flutes, since the beginning of recorded history. But modern, mechanized war had no place for such tuneful fripperies. So today it's news when a private has made up a song to lighten the step, ease the weight of gun and gear, shorten the march, and otherwise lend melodic stimulation to the martial emotions.

Just goes to prove, we guess, that aside from atomic bombs, jet planes, guided missiles, etc., soldiering hasn't changed much over the years.

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